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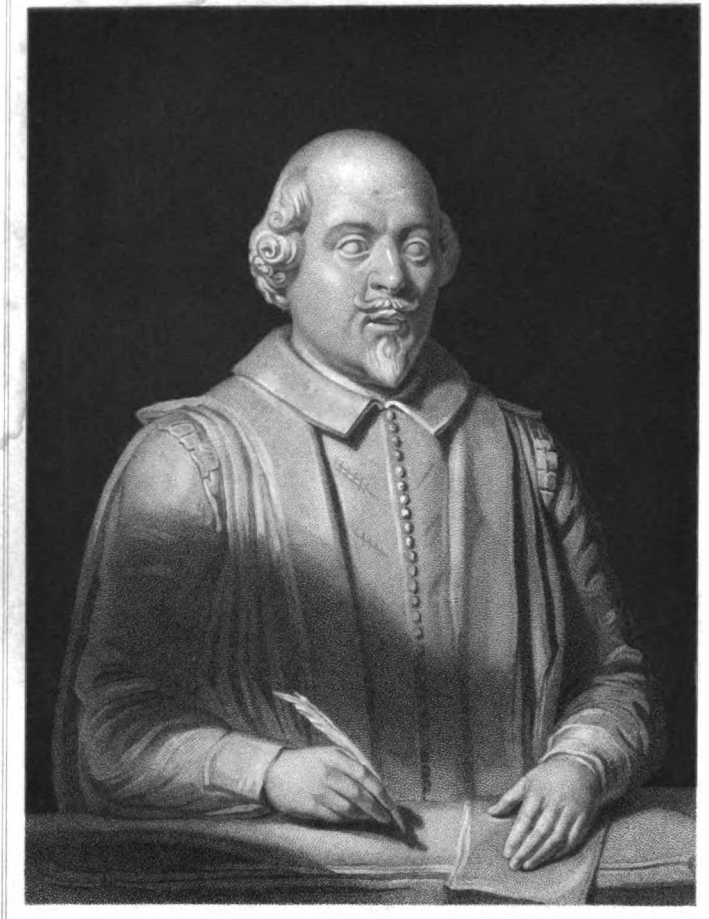

Engraved by Francis Holl

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

(From his Monument at Stratford.)

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THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE TEXT REVISED

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN NINE VOLUMES.

VOL. VII.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.
1866.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. VII.

	PAGE
MACBETH	1
HAMLET	99
KING LEAR	245
OTHELLO	369
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA	493
CYMBELINE	631

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MACBETH.

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MACBETH.

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623.—Dr. Simon Forman in his *Ms. Diary* (*Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*) has given an elaborate account of this tragedy, which he saw "at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday." Malone thinks that it was originally performed in 1606, because in act ii. sc. 1, the Porter says, "Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty," and "here's an equivocator that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven,"—the former passage, he conceives, alluding to the state of the corn-market in 1606, the latter to Garnet's avowed equivocation and gross perjury at his trial (for the Gunpowder Treason) on March 28th of that year. See *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 407 sqq. Mr. Collier believes that *Macbeth* was not a new play when Forman saw it acted, because "the words,

'some I see
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry,'

would have had little point, if we suppose them to have been delivered after the king who bore the balls and sceptres had been more than seven years on the throne. James was proclaimed King of Great Britain and Ireland on the 24th of October 1604; and we may perhaps conclude that Shakespeare wrote *Macbeth* in the year 1605, and that it was first acted at the Globe, when it was opened for the summer season, in the spring of 1606." *Introd. to Macbeth.*—Farmer conjectures, very improbably, that the tragedy might have been suggested to Shakespeare by an interlude which was played at Oxford before King James in 1605: see the notes appended to *Macbeth* in the *Variorum Shakespeare.*—Holinshed, it is plain, furnished all the materials for *Macbeth.*

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, king of Scotland.

MALCOLM, } his sons.
DONALBAIN, }

MACBETH, } generals of the King's army.
BANQUO, }

MACDUFF, }
LENNOX, }
ROSS, }
MENTEITH, } noblemen of Scotland.
ANGUS, }
CAITHNESS, }

FLEANCE, son to Banquo.
SIWARD, earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.
Young SIWARD, his son.
SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.
Boy, son to Macduff.
An English Doctor.
A Scotch Doctor.
A Sergeant.
A Porter.
An Old Man.

Lady MACBETH.
Lady MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

Hecate.
Three Witches.
Apparitions.

SCENE—*in the end of the fourth act in England; through the rest of the play in Scotland.*

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MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An open place.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or[1] in rain?
Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch. Where the place?
Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!
Sec. Witch. Paddock calls:—anon!
All. Fair is foul,[2] and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A camp near Forres.*

Alarums within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, *with* Attendants, *meeting a bleeding* Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought

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'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king thy knowledge of the broil[3]
As thou didst leave it.

Serg. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for, to that,
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;[4]
And fortune, on his damnèd quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:[5]
For brave Macbeth,—well he deserves that name,—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage till he fac'd the slave;
And ne'er shook hands,[6] nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Serg. As whence the sun gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;[7]
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells.[8] Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?[9]

Serg. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly[10] redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,

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I cannot tell:—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both.—Go get him surgeons.

[*Exit Sergeant, attended.*

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.

Len. What haste looks through his eyes![11] So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.[12]

Enter Ross.[13]

Ross. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began[14] a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursèd, at Saint Colme's-inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest:—go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III. *A heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?
Sec. Witch. Killing swine.
Third Witch. Sister, where thou?
First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—"Give me,"
quoth I:
"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.
First Witch. Thou art kind.
Third Witch. And I another.
First Witch. I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.(15)
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary seven-nights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.—
Look what I have.
Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.
First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*
Third Witch. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

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And thrice again, to make up nine:—
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO; Soldiers *at some distance.*

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres?[16]—What are these
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her chappy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—what are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal:—to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak, then, to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail![17]

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Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I'm thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.
[*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—whither are they vanish'd?
Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind.—Would they had stay'd!
Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?
Macb. Your children shall be kings.
Ban. You shall be king.
Macb. And thane of Cawdor too,—went it not so?
Ban. To the selfsame tune and words.—Who's here?

Enter Ross *and* Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post;[18] and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.
Ang. We are sent
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.[19]
Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,

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He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. [*aside*] What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [*aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind.—[*To Ross and Ang.*] Thanks for your pains.—
[*Aside to Ban.*] Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. [*aside to Macb.*] That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [*aside*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears

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Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. [*aside*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Macb. [*aside*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.(20)

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour:—my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
[*Aside to Ban.*] Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. [*aside to Macb.*] Very gladly.

Macb. [*aside to Ban.*] Till then, enough.—Come, friends.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Forres. A room in the palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, *and* Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not(21)
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life

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Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, *and* ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou'rt so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I've left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants;
Which do but what they should by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so; let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,(22)
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,

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But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:[23]
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach:
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [*aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo,—he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed,—
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Inverness. A room in* MACBETH'S *castle.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady M. "They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;

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Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries "Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter an Attendant.

What is your tidings?

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true:—our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings great news. [*Exit Attendant.*
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits(24)
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect and it!(25) Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,

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Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,[26]
To cry "Hold, hold!"

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now[27]
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dear'st love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters:—to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. Before* MACBETH'S *castle.*

Hautboys. Servants *of* MACBETH *attending, with torches. Enter* DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, *and* Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This[28] guest of summer,

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The temple-haunting martlet,[29] does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heavens' breath
Smells wooingly here:[30] no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most[31] breed and haunt, I have observ'd
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess!—
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE VII. *The same. A lobby in* MACBETH'S *castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over, a Sewer, *and divers* Servants *with dishes and service. Then enter* MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if th' assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal[32] of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor: this[33] even-handed justice
Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on th' other.[34]

Enter Lady MACBETH.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

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Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' th' adage?

Macb. Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.(35)

Lady M. What beast was't, then,(36)
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They 've made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I've given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.(37)

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail.(38) When Duncan is asleep,—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,

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Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenchèd natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I'm settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Inverness. Court of* MACBETH'S *castle.*

Enter BANQUO, *preceded by* FLEANCE *with a torch.*(39)

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword:—there's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out:—take thee that too.—
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep:—merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursèd thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword.—
Who's there?

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Enter MACBETH, *and a* Servant *with a torch.*

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your officers:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.(40)

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.—
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they've show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,—when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

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Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates(41)
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear(42)
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.—Hark!—Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night.—He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I've drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*within*] Who's there? what, ho!

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us.(43)—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em.—Had he not resembled

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My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband!

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. I've done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a noise?
Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
Macb. When?
Lady M. Now.
Macb. As I descended?
Lady M. Ay.
Macb. Hark!—
Who lies i' the second chamber?
Lady M. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*
Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried "Murder!"
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.
Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen!" the other;
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear:(44) I could not say "Amen!"
When they did say "God bless us!"
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,"—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—
Lady M. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house:

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"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more,—Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things.—Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking within.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
[*Knocking within.*

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Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter a Porter. *Knocking within.*

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key.—[*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't.—[*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator.—[*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.—[*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.—[*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENNOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him,

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though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Re-enter MACBETH.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.
Macb. Good morrow, both.
Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him:
I 've almost slipp'd the hour.
Macb. I'll bring you to him.
Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.
Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit.*
Len. Goes the king hence to-day?
Macb. He does: he did appoint so.
Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' th' air; strange screams of death;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confus'd events
New hatch'd to the woful time: the obscure bird(45)
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!
Macb. Len. What's the matter?
Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building!

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Macb. What is't you say? the life?
Len. Mean you his majesty?
Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon:—do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves. [*Exeunt Macb. and Len.*
Awake, awake!—
Ring the alarum-bell:—murder and treason!—
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo![46]
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! [*Alarum-bell rings.*

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,[47]
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!
Macd. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

Re-enter BANQUO.

O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murder'd!
Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
Ban. Too cruel any where.—
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENNOX.[48]

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessèd time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

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Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd,—the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.
Mal. O, by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows:
They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make's love known?
Lady M. Help me hence, ho!
Macd. Look to the lady.
Mal. [*aside to Don.*] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Don. [*aside to Mal.*] What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?
Let's away;
Our tears are not yet brew'd.
Mal. [*aside to Don.*] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

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Ban. Look to the lady:—
[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and thence
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Macd. And so do I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' th' hall together.
All. Well contented.
[*Exeunt all except Malcolm and Donalbain.*
Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.
Don. To Ireland I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.
Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Without* MACBETH'S *castle.*

Enter ROSS *and an* Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time I've seen
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Ross. Ah, good father,

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Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage:[49] by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:[50]
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horse',[51]—a thing most strange and certain,—
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so,—to th' amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't.—Here comes the good Macduff.

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.[52]

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,

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And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there,—
adieu,—
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Forres. A room in the palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now,—king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, *as king;* Lady MACBETH, *as queen;* LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, *and* Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness

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Command upon me;(53) to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice—
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous—
In this day's council; but we'll take(54) to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow;
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [*Exit Banquo.*
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God b' wi' you!
[*Exeunt all except Macbeth and an Attendant.*
Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. [*Exit Attendant.*
To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,

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He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My Genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar's.(54*) He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed(55) of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to th' utterance!—Who's there?

Re-enter Attendant, *with two* Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit Attendant.*
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
First Mur. It was, so please your highness.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion craz'd
Say "Thus did Banquo."
First Mur. You made it known to us.
Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,

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That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

First Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valu'd file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And[56] not i' the worst rank of manhood, say't;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

First Mur. And I another,
So weary[57] with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall

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Who I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

First Mur. Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I'll come to you anon.

Both Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide within.
[*Exeunt Murderers.*
It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another room in the palace.*

Enter Lady MACBETH *and a* Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady M. Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

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Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making;
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd[58] the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,[59]
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on; gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love;
And so, I pray, be you: let your remembrance
Apply to Banquo; present him eminence, both
With eye and tongue: unsafe the while that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces visards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done

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A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:(60)
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.—
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A park, with a gate leading to the palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?

Third Mur. Macbeth.

Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

First Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [*within*] Give us a light there, ho!

Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.

First Mur. His horses go about.

Third Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace-gate
Make it their walk.

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Sec. Mur. A light, a light!
Third Mur. 'Tis he.
First Mur. Stand to't.

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE *with a torch.*(61)

Ban. It will be rain to-night.
First Mur. Let it come down.
[*They assault Banquo.*
Ban. O, treachery!—Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge.—O slave! [*Dies. Fleance escapes.*
Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?
First Mur. Was't not the way?
Third Mur. There's but one down; the son is fled.
Sec. Mur. We've lost
Best half of our affair.
First Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A room of state in the palace.*

A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.
Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.—
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:

Enter first Murderer *to the door.*

Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's, then.

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Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is scap'd.
Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?
Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenchèd gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone: to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves, again. [*Exit Murderer.*
Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May't please your highness sit.
[*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.*
Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!
Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.

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Macb. The table 's full.
Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?—
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*
Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady M. Fie, for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;(62)
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for th' ear: the time has been,(63)

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That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,(64)
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget:—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down.—Give me some wine, fill full.—
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me(65)
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Ghost disappears.*
Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,

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With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.(66)

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt all except Macbeth and Lady M.*

Macb. It will have blood; they say blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations,(67) have
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow—
And betimes I will—to the weird sisters:(68)
More shall they speak; for now I'm bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse

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Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, *meeting* HECATE.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.
Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside.
I am for th' air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know security

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Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music and song within*, "Come away, come away," &c.(69)
Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

First Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Forres. A room in the palace.*

Enter LENNOX *and another* Lord.(70)

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—(71)
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;(72)
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought,(73) how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damnèd fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,—
As, an't please heaven, he shall not,—they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son(74) of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing

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Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid[75]
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these—with Him above
To ratify the work—we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours;—[76]
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate the[77] king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute "Sir, not I,"
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, "You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer."

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.[78]

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A cavern. In the middle, a caldron boiling.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
Third Witch. Harpy[79] cries:—'tis time, 'tis time.

First Witch. Round about the caldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.—
Toad, that under the cold stone[80]
Days and nights hast thirty-one

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Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmèd pot.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.
Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,—
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.
Third Witch. Scale of dragon; tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat; and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,—
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our caldron.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.
Sec. Witch. Cool it with a báboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE.(81)

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains:
And now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
[*Music and song*, "Black spirits," &c.(82)
[*Exit Hecate.*

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Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes :—
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks !

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags !
What is't you do ?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I cónjure you, by that which you profess,—
Howe'er you come to know it,—answer me :
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches ; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up ;
Though bladed corn(83) be lodg'd, and trees blown down ;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads ;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure
Of nature's germens(84) tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken,—answer me
To what I ask you.
First Witch. Speak.
Sec. Witch. Demand.
Third Witch. We'll answer.
First Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters ?
Macb. Call 'em, let me see 'em.
First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow ; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.
All. Come, high or low ;
Thyself and office deftly show !

Thunder. An Apparition *of an armed Head rises.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—
First Witch. He knows thy thought :
Hear his speech, but say thou naught.

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App. of armed Head. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—enough.
[*Descends.*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou'st harp'd my fear aright:—but one word more,—

First Witch. He will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition *of a bloody Child rises.*

App. of bloody Child. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. of bloody Child. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. An Apparition *of a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.*

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

App. of Child crowned. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never,(85) till the wood

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Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth[86]
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me,—if your art
Can tell so much,—shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that caldron? and what noise is this? [*Hautboys.*

First Witch. Show!

Sec. Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

Eight Kings *appear, and pass over in order, the last with a glass in his hand;* BANQUO'S Ghost *following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs:—and thy hair,[87]
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!—
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?—
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight!—Now[88] I see 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so:—but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights:
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round;
That this great king may kindly say
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish.*

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Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursèd in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?
Len. No, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No, indeed, my lord.
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England!
Len. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights![89]—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Fife. A room in* MACDUFF'S *castle.*

Enter Lady MACDUFF, *her* Son, *and* ROSS.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
Ross. You must have patience, madam.
L. Macd. He had none:

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His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dear'st coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but for your husband,
He's noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves;(90) when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

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L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit.*

L. Macd. Whither[91] should I fly?
I've done no harm. But I remember now
I'm in this earthly world; where to do harm

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Is often laudable; to do good, sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I 've done no harm?

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces?

First Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain![92]

First Mur. What, you egg! [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! [*Dies.*

[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying* "Murder!" *and pursued by the Murderers.*

SCENE III. *England. Before the* King's *palace.*

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom:[93] each new morn
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;

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He hath not touch'd you yet. I'm young; but something
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up[94] a weak, poor, innocent lamb
T' appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;[95]
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I've lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare[96] not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,
Thy title is affeer'd![97]—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

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Macd. What should he be?
Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.
Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.
Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.
Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We've willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.
Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

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Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming[98] lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perséverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar[99] the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she livèd. Fare thee well![100]
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above

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Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself:—what I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:—
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,(101)
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point,(102) was setting forth:
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I've seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves

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The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Enter Ross.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now:—good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country,—
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or e'er they sicken.

Macd. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the new'st grief?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes 't?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumqur
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:

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Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be 't their comfort
We're coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!—
My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I've said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,

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To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say all?—O hell-kite!—All?[103]
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou[104] this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.[105]
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic *and a* Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen

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her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature,—to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching!—In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.—Lo you, here she comes!

Enter Lady MACBETH, *with a taper.*

This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense' are shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One, two; why, then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

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Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician:—
God, God(106) forgive us all!—Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—so, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II. *The country near Dunsinane.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, *and* Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff:
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I've a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd course(107)
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who, then, shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,

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To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, *and* Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus,
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee."—Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?
Serv. There is ten thousand—
Macb. Geese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.
Macb. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
Serv. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. [*Exit Servant.*
Seyton!—I'm sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will chair me ever, or dis-seat me now.(108)
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life(109)
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,

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Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.—
Seyton!

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.—
Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her(110) of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff(111)
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs,—I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.—
Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna,(112) or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?
Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,

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Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

[*Exeunt all except Doctor.*

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Country near Dunsinane: a wood in view.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD *and young* SIWARD, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, *and* Soldiers, *marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be ta'en,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;(113)
And none serve with him but constrainèd things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*

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SCENE V. *Dunsinane. Within the castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and* Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, "They come:" our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd(114) with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. [*A cry of women within.*
What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*(115)

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd(116)
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,

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I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.(117)

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt(118) thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution;(119) and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;"—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish th' estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum-bell!—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. A plain before the castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c., and their* Army *with boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leafy screens throw down,
And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

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Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The same. Another part of the plain.*

Alarums. Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They've tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Macb. My name's Macbeth.
Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorrèd tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*
Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited:—let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

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Enter MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
Mal. We've met with foes
That strike beside us.
Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarums.*

SCENE VIII. *The same. Another part of the plain.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!
Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words,—
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*
Macb. Thou losest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmèd life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Macb. Accursèd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,

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That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope![120]—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit
"Here may you see the tyrant."

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last:—before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries "Hold, enough!"

[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Retreat. Flourish.[121] *Enter, with drum and colours,* MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, ROSS, LENNOX, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, MENTEITH, *and* Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so, his knell is knoll'd.

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Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.
Siw. He's worth no more:
They say he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God b' wi' him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH'S *head on a pole.*

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
Th' usurper's cursèd head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, King of Scotland!
All. Hail, King of Scotland! [*Flourish.*
Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls,—the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,—
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

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P. 5. (1) "*or*"

"Read, with Hanmer, 'and'." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 5. (2) "First Witch. *I come, Graymalkin!*
Sec. Witch. Paddock calls: anon!
All. *Fair is foul,*" &c.

The folio has

"1. I come, Gray-Malkin.
All. Padock calls anon: faire is foule," &c.

but surely it is evident that the author intended only the concluding couplet to be spoken in chorus.

P. 6. (3) "*Say to the king thy knowledge of the broil*"

The folio has "*Say to the King*, the *knowledge*," &c.—Corrected by Walker, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 232.

P. 6. (4) "*gallowglasses is supplied;*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*Gallow*grosses," &c.—"Read, with Pope, '—— was *supplied*:' the corruption was caused by '*Do*' just above." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 6. (5) "*And fortune, on his damnèd quarrel smiling,*
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:"

The folio has "—— *on his damned* Quarry *smiling*," &c.; but, long before Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector was heard of, most of the editors had agreed that "*quarrel*" is the genuine reading.—"The word *quarrel*," observes Steevens, "occurs in Holinshed's relation of this very fact, and may be regarded as a sufficient proof of its having been the term here employed by Shakespeare: 'Out of the westerne Iles there came vnto him [Makdowald] a great multitude of people, offering themselues to assist him in that rebellious *quarell*.' *Hist. of Scotland*, p. 265, ed. 1808."—"Again in this play [p. 57]," says Malone,

"'and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted *quarrel!*'

Here we have *warranted quarrel*, the exact opposite of *damned quarrel*."

On this passage Boswell has a note, which would almost seem to have been written in ridicule of the commentators: he suggests that here "quarry" may mean "arrow," and that there may be no more objection to the expression, "Fortune smiling on a warrior's quarry [i.e. arrow]," than to "Fortune

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smiling on a warrior's *sword*."—Mr. Knight, who retains "quarry" in the sense of *prey*, says; "the 'damned quarry' is the doomed army of kernes and gallowglasses, who, although fortune deceitfully smiled on them, fled before the sword of Macbeth, and became his *quarry*—his prey." How, on earth, could "*his*" mean *Macbeth's?* surely it must have escaped Mr. Knight that *the name of Macbeth has not yet been mentioned in this scene!*—Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 250) is also a defender of the old lection; "The epithet '*damned*' is inapplicable to *quarrel* in the sense which it here bears of condemned [which sense I am convinced it does *not* bear here]. Mr. Collier himself says that *quarry* 'gives an obvious and striking meaning much more forcible than *quarrel*.'" The note by Mr. Collier *ad l.* to which Mr. Singer approvingly refers is; "*His damned quarry*, i.e. His army doomed, or damned, to become the 'quarry' or *prey* of his enemies,"—as forced an explanation as well can be; for "*his quarry*" could only signify—HIS OWN *quarry* or *prey*. (Indeed, a defence of "quarry" is nothing new: according to Heath, in his *Revisal*, 1765, here "it means the slaughter and depredations made by the rebel. THUS in the same play [p. 59],

> 'to relate the manner,
> Were, on the *quarry* of these murder'd deer,
> To add the death of you.'"

Now, *if the two passages are to be considered a parallel*, and "his *quarry*" means "the slaughter and depredations made by the rebel," must we not understand "the *quarry* of these murder'd deer" to mean "the quarry made by these murder'd deer"?)—1865. "Read, with Pope, '—— *but all too weak*.'" W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 6. (6) "*And ne'er shook hands,*"

The folio has "Which *new'r shooke hands;*" the "Which" being evidently repeated, by a mistake of the scribe or compositor, from the commencement of the third line above.

P. 6. (7) "*thunders break;*"

So Pope.—In the folio both the sense and metre are imperfect,—the line ending with the word "*thunders*."—The editor of the second folio printed "*Thunders* breaking."—"Perhaps, '*burst*' would be better [than '*break*']. (Or was the word '*threat*'?)" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 250.

P. 6. (8) "*So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,*
Discomfort swells."

"I have not disturbed the text here, as the sense does not absolutely require it; though Dr. Thirlby prescribes a very ingenious and easy correction;

> '*So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd come,*
> *Discomfort* well'd.'" THEOBALD.—

Hence Capell printed "*Discomfort* wells."—See note 75 on *The First Part of King Henry IV.* vol. iv. p. 298.

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P. 6. (9) "*Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?*"

Here "*captains*" was probably to be pronounced "*capitains:*" see note 145 on *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* vol. v. p. 339.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom has just pointed out to me the following passages;

"I sent for you, and, *captain*, draw near."
Beaumont and Fletcher's *Faithful Friends*, iii. 3,—*Works*, vol. iv. p. 262, ed. Dyce.

"I hear another tune, good *captain*."
Fletcher's *Island Princess*, ii. 3,—*Works*, vol. vii. p. 443, ed. Dyce.

"Sirrah, how dare you name a *captain?*"
Shirley's *Gamester*, iv. 1,—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 246, ed. Gifford and Dyce.

P. 6. (10) "*Doubly*"

"I suspect that '*Doubly*' is an interpolation." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 250.

P. 7. (11) "*What haste looks through his eyes!*"

The folio has "*What* a *haste*," &c.—But the second folio omits the "a," and no doubt rightly. See note 23 on *Julius Cæsar*, vol. vi. p. 691.

P. 7. (12) "*That seems to speak things strange.*"

Johnson would alter "*seems*" to "teems;" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "comes:" but the old text certainly admits of Heath's interpretation—"That appears to be upon the point of speaking things strange."

P. 7. (13) "Enter Ross."

The folio has "Enter Rosse *and Angus*,"—by mistake, it would appear.

P. 7. (14) "*began*"

Perhaps "gan."

P. 8. (15) "*And the very ports they blow,*

. . . . . .

I' the shipman's card."

Here "*ports they blow*" is explained *ports they blow upon*.—Pope substituted "points" for "*ports*" (Sir William Davenant, in his alteration of *Macbeth*, having given

"And then from every port they blow,
From all the *points* that seamen know").—

To the second line Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector adds, for the sake of a rhyme, "to show;" and Mr. Collier says, "we may feel sure that we thus recover two

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words Shakespeare wrote, but which had dropped out in the press,"—forgetting, I presume, that in other four places of this scene we have lines without any rhyme;

"I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do."

"Look what I have.
Sec. Witch. Show me, show me."

"Thus do go about, about."

"Peace!—the charm's wound up."

P. 9. (16) "*Forres?*"

The folio has "Soris?"

P. 9. (17) "*So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!*
First Witch. *Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!*"

"These two verses should be pronounced by 1, 2, 3, in chorus." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 10. (18) "*As thick as hail*
Came post with post;"

The folio has

"*as thick as* Tale
Can *post with post;*"

and "Tale" has not wanted several defenders. The latest of them, Mr. Singer, remarks (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 251); "Rowe was right in correcting the obvious misprint *can* to *came*, but wrong in disturbing the old undoubted word *tale:* 'as thick as tale' is as quick as they could be told or numbered. Shakespeare [as Steevens had already observed] has the word *thick* for quick twice, and Baret in v. 'Crebritas literarum, the often sending, or *thicke* coming of letters.'" But was such an expression as "*thick as* tale" ever employed by any writer whatsoever? Now, "*thick as hail*" is of the commonest occurrence;

"Out of the towne came quarries *thick as haile.*"
Drayton's *Battaile of Agincourt*, p. 20, ed. 1627.

"Curse, ban, and breath out damned orisons,
As thicke as haile-stones for[e] the springs approach."
First Part of the Troublesome Raigne of King John, sig. F 4, ed. 1622.

"The English archers shoot *as thick as haile.*"
Harington's *Orlando Furioso*, B. xvi. st. 51.

"Rayning down bullets from a stormy cloud,
As thick as hail, upon their armies proud."
Sylvester's *Du Bartas,—Fourth Day of the First Week*, p. 38, ed. 1641.

"More *thick* they fall *then haile*," &c.
A Herrings Tayle, &c. 1598, sig. C 2.

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"Darts *thick as haile* their backs behinde did smite."
Niccols's *King Arthur,—A Winter Night's Vision*, &c.
(Contin. of *A Mir. for Mag.*), 1610, p. 583.

"χάλαζα . . . hail . . . words poured forth hastily and vehemently are termed χάλαζαι." Maltby's *Greek Gradus*, ed. 8vo, 1830. "χαλαζεπής, *hurling abuse as thick as hail.*" Liddell and Scott's *Greek Lex.*

(Mr. Collier informs us that his Ms. Corrector, though he changes "Can" to "*Came*," leaves "tale" unaltered. And what then? This is not the only corrupted word in *Macbeth* which he has passed over: we are told that, in act ii. sc. 1, "no change is made [by the Ms. Corrector] in 'Tarquin's ravishing *sides*,' *as if that expression were not objectionable.*")

1865. Both Mr. Staunton and Mr. Grant White retain the old reading here; the former editor declaring that "Rowe most unwarrantably changed '*tale*' to '*hail*;' the latter that "'*hail*' is equally absurd and extravagant."

P. 10. (19) "*Only to herald thee into his sight,*
Not pay thee."

"Qy.
'Only to herald thee *to's* (or *in's*) sight, not pay thee'?"
Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 251.

P. 12. (20) "*Time and the hour*"

The commentators have illustrated this expression from English authors. It is not unfrequent in Italian;

"Ma perch' e' fugge *il tempo, e così l' ora,*
La nostra storia ci convien seguire."
Pulci, *Morg. Mag.* C. xv. last stanza.

"Ferminsi in un momento *il tempo e l' ore.*"
Michelagnolo, *Son.* xix.

"Aspettar vuol ch' occasion gli dia,
Come dar gli potrebbe, *il tempo e l' hora.*"
Dolce, *Prime Imprese del Conte Orlando*,
C. xvii. p. 145, ed. 1572.

P. 12. (21) "*Are not*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "Or *not*."

P. 13. (22) "*In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,*"

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 28) calls this line "suspicious."

P. 14. (23) "*And bind us further to you.*
Macb. *The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you,*" &c.

Arrange
And bind us further to you.

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Macb. The rest is labour,
Which is not us'd for you:
I'll be,' &c."

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 252.

P. 15. (24) "*The raven himself is hoarse*
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits"

The reader may understand this, with Johnson, to mean, that the raven, "whose harsh voice is accustomed to predict calamities, could not *croak the entrance* of Duncan but in a note of unwonted harshness," or, with Fuseli, that "*the raven himself* is spent, is *hoarse* by croaking," &c.: but let him treat with due contempt the following explanation of a modern critic, quoted by Mr. Halliwell (approvingly!); "The *informant* of Duncan's approach to the place where he is to die, is the *raven* that croaks his fatal entrance; and *being scarcely able to speak his message*, is termed a raven of *unusual hoarseness*, or one more than commonly ominous of death."—Sir William Davenant (in his alteration of *Macbeth*) printed "*Come*, all *you spirits*," &c.; Steevens, "*Come*, come, *you spirits*."

P. 15. (25) "*and it!*"

The folio has "*and* hit."—Corrected in the third folio.

P. 16. (26) "*Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark*,"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "—— *the* blankness *of the dark*." Nor is he the only one who has unnecessarily meddled with the passage; for Coleridge proposed "—— *the* blank height *of the dark*," &c.; a conjecture which appeared in the first ed. of his *Table-Talk* (ii. 296), but which, on my urging its absurdity to the editor, was omitted in the second edition of that valuable miscellany.

P. 16. (27) "*This ignorant present, and I feel now*"

On the modern alteration, "*This ignorant present* time, *and I feel now*," Steevens remarks; "The sense does not require the word *time*,"—which is true,—"and it is too much for the measure,"—which is nonsense.—"Here," says Walker, "I suspect, a word has dropt out; an accident which seems to have happened not unfrequently in the Folio *Macbeth*." *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 157.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "—— *and I feel* e'en *now*."

P. 16. (28) "*This*"

"Read '*The*.' 'This' was repeated by mistake from the beginning of the preceding speech." W. N. LETTSOM.

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P. 17. (29) "*martlet*,"

The folio has "Barlet."

P. 17. (30) "*Smells wooingly here*," &c.

This line seems to be mutilated. Hanmer prints "*Smells* sweet and *wooingly*," &c.

P. 17. (31) "*most*"

The folio has "must."

P. 18. (32) "*shoal*"

So Theobald.—The folio has "Schoole."

P. 18. (33) "*this*"

Mason would read "thus;" and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

P. 18. (34) "*And falls on th' other*."

So the folio exactly: but qy.?—Hanmer printed "*And falls on th' other* side;" which Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 253) says is "evidently" right.—Steevens remarks that "they who plead for the admission of this supplement should consider that the plural of it, but two lines before, had occurred."

P. 19. (35) "*Who dares do more is none*."

The folio has "*Who dares* no *more*," &c.—Mr. Hunter (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 179) would retain "no," and transfer these words to Lady Macbeth: which I cannot but think as improper as the other alterations proposed by Mr. Hunter in the distribution of the dialogue throughout this scene.

P. 19. (36) "*What beast was't, then*,"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*What* boast *was't, then*;" on which an accomplished critic [Mr. John Forster] has remarked as follows; "The expression immediately preceding and eliciting Lady Macbeth's reproach is that in which Macbeth declares that he dares do all that may become *a man*, and that who dares do more *is none*. She instantly takes up that expression. If not an affair in which *a man* may engage, what *beast* was it, then, in himself or others, that made him break this enterprise to her? The force of the passage lies in that contrasted word, and its meaning is lost by the proposed substitution." *The Examiner*, Jan. 29, 1853. See too *Blackwood's Magazine* for Oct. 1853, p. 459.

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P. 19. (37)

"*And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you*
Have done to this."

"Is 'And dash'd *the* brains out' English? Read 'And dash'd the brains *on't* out,' &c., and arrange with the folio [which has

'And dasht the Braines out, had I so sworne
As you haue done to this']." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 19. (38) "*We fail!*
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail."

Here the punctuation of the folio is "*We faile?*" which Mr. Collier retains, observing that "perhaps we may take it as some evidence of the ancient mode of delivering these two words interrogatively." But he forgets that in the folio the interrogation-point is frequently equivalent to an exclamation-point.—Mr. Knight gives the pointing which Steevens had suggested, "*We fail.*" He remarks; "the quiet self-possession of the punctuation we have adopted appears preferable to the original 'We fail?'" Now, *any kind of admission* on the part of Lady Macbeth that the attempt might prove unsuccessful is surely quite inconsistent with all that she has previously said, and all that she afterwards says, in the present scene. Her contemptuous exclamation "We fail!" is designed to check the very idea of failure as it rises in her husband's mind.

1865. In the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, 1858, Mr. Collier writes thus; "The Rev. Mr. Dyce, who is generally hyper-emphatic upon punctuation (the importance of which nobody disputes), strangely informs us here that 'there is in reality no difference' between a note of interrogation and a mark of admiration. He makes a difference between them in works he has himself edited—and rightly: at the end of his own notes he often places a mark of admiration, and at the end of the notes of rival critics a note of interrogation. See particularly the first play in his Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. i. pp. 58, 93, &c. What can he mean, too, by not putting a note of admiration after 'Oh God' in 'The Scornful Lady' (iii. 106), and by putting one after 'Lazarillo, thou art happy,' in 'The Woman-Hater' (i. 36)? Every editor, however careful, and Mr. Dyce is one of the most so, is liable to such mistakes. In the instance before us, we purposely place a note of interrogation after 'We fail,' following the precedent of old copies, and thinking it right to adhere to the practice."

Mr. Collier does not state fairly what I said about the pointing of the present passage. My words were; "Though Mr. Collier makes a distinction between Malone's punctuation and his own, there is in reality no difference: whether the words be pointed 'We fail!' or 'We fail?' (and I much prefer the former method), they can only be understood as an impatient and contemptuous repetition of Macbeth's 'We fail,'"—(*Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's editions of Shakespeare*, p. 190),—in which quotation I am confident that the unprejudiced reader will discover nothing "strange."

Mr. Collier goes on to ask, "What I can mean by not putting a note of admiration after 'Oh God,' in the following passage of *The Scornful Lady?*"

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"*Mar.* For God's sake, sir, be private in this business;
You have undone me else. *Oh, God, what have I done?*"

My answer is—that to have put a note of admiration after "Oh, God," would have been what printers call *stiff punctuation;*—the hemistich is half exclamatory, half interrogatory, and the interrogation-point at the end of the line is sufficient. Next, Mr. Collier wishes to know "why I put a note of admiration after 'Lazarillo, thou art happy,' in this passage of *The Woman-Hater?*"

"Laz. *Lazarillo, thou art happy!* thy carriage hath begot love, and that love hath brought forth fruits," &c. &c.

and I reply, that I did so (as, I believe, the preceding editors had done) to indicate the excessive self-gratulation of the speaker.

So much for what Mr. Collier terms my "mistakes" in punctuation;—"every editor is liable to such *mistakes*"! (Here unquestionably the note of admiration finds its proper place.)

P. 20. (39)

"Enter BANQUO, preceded by FLEANCE with a torch."

The wording of the folio is "Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch before him;" and though, in the stage-directions of old plays, "a Torch" sometimes means *a torch-bearer* (as "a Trumpet" means *a trumpeter*), I agree with Mr. Collier that the usual modern alteration here, "Enter Banquo and Fleance, *and a Servant, with a torch before them,*" ought to be rejected. Mr. Collier observes, "Fleance carried the torch before his father. . . . When Macbeth [presently] enters with a servant, the 'servant with a torch' is expressly mentioned in the stage-direction of the folios, and Macbeth has to send a necessary message by him to Lady Macbeth—'Go, bid thy mistress,' &c."

P. 21. (40) "*Sent forth great largess to your officers:*
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content."

The folio has "—— *to your* Offices," &c.; a sheer misprint, though defended by Steevens, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Collier.—Malone observes; "Mr. Steevens, who has introduced so many arbitrary alterations of Shakespeare's text, has here endeavoured to restore a palpable misprint from the old copy: '*officers*' means *servants* in this passage. So before, p. 20,

'what not put upon
His spongy *officers*,'

i.e. his chamberlains. So also in *The Taming of the Shrew*, vol. iii. p. 150, 'Is supper ready, &c., the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on?'" (Here the second folio has "—— *and shut* it *up*," &c.; which, to my surprise, Mr. Hunter (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 182) brings forward as the true lection, understanding "*shut* it *up*" to mean—shut up the diamond in its case.)

1865. Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "—— as *shut up*," &c.

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P. 22. (41) "*The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates*"

Here the folio omits "*now;*" an insertion first made by Davenant (in his alteration of *Macbeth*), and which I greatly prefer to the reading recommended by Steevens, Ritson, Walker, and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector,—"*The curtain'd* sleeper; *witchcraft celebrates;*" for I agree with Mr. Grant White that "*curtain'd* sleeper" is somewhat detrimental to the poetic sense; and I cannot forget that Milton, with an eye to the present passage, has written,

"steeds,
That draw the litter of close-*curtain'd sleep*." *Comus*, v. 554.

P. 22. (42)

"*With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design*
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear"

The folio has

"*With Tarquins rauishing* sides, *towards his designe*
Moues like a Ghost. Thou sowre *and firme-set Earth*
Heare not my steps, which they may *walke, for feare.*"

Here Pope altered "sides" to "*strides*," and proposed (in a note) the alteration of "sowre" to "*sure:*" Rowe altered "they may" to "*way they.*" (The two last emendations are also made by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.)

P. 22. (43) "*th' attempt, and not the deed,*
Confounds us."

"This," says Mr. Hunter (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 182), "is usually printed with a comma after 'attempt.' This is wrong. An unsuccessful attempt would produce to them infinite mischief—an attempt without the deed."—To me at least it is plain that here "*the attempt*" is put in strong opposition to "*the deed*," and that "*Confounds*" has no reference to future mischief, but solely to the perplexity and consternation of the moment.

P. 23. (44)

"*As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,*
Listening their fear:"

"I agree with Rowe, Capell, Walker, and Grant White, that '*Listening their fear*' should be taken with what goes before." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 26. (45) "*the obscure bird*"

i.e. the bird that loves the dark.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 244) would read "*the* obscene *bird.*"

P. 27. (46) "*The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "—— *Banquo!* all!"—Hanmer did not scruple to substitute "Donalbain" for "*Banquo.*"

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P. 27. (47) "*To countenance this horror!* [Alarum-bell rings.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. *What's the business,*"

The folio has

"*To countenance this horror.* Ring the Bell.

Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. *What's the Businesse?*"

But Theobald saw that the words "Ring the bell" are a stage-direction: "in proof of this," he adds, "we may observe that the hemistich ending Macduff's speech, and that beginning Lady Macbeth's, make up a complete verse."—The players, as Malone remarks, having mistaken "Ring the Bell" for a portion of Macduff's speech, inserted the stage-direction "*Bell rings.*"

P. 27. (48) "Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX."

Here Mr. Collier observes; "The folio adds 'and Rosse' to this stage-direction; but Rosse has not been on the stage in this act, and he is employed in the next scene."—There seems an impropriety in his absence (as well as in that of Angus,—see p. 16) on the present occasion: but I do not see by what arrangement he can be introduced in this scene early enough to accompany Macbeth and Lennox to the chamber of the king.

P. 30. (49) "*his bloody stage:*"

"Perhaps '*this* bloody stage.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 224.

P. 30. (50)

"*And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:*"

Here Mr. Collier, misled by a correspondent, retains the old spelling "——*the* trauailing *Lampe.*"—Now, in this speech no mention is made of the sun till it is described as "the *travelling* lamp,"—the epithet "*travelling*" determining *what* "lamp" was intended: the instant, therefore, that "*travelling*" is changed to "travailing," the word "lamp" CEASES TO SIGNIFY THE SUN.

That Shakespeare was not singular in applying the epithet *travelling* to *the sun* might be shown by many passages of our early poets: so in Drayton;

"*The Sunne* that mounted the sterne Lions back,
Shall with the Fishes shortly diue the brack,
But still you keepe your station, which confines
You, nor regard him *trauelling* the Signes."

On his Ladies not Comming to London,—Elegies, p. 185, appended to *The Battaile of Agincourt*, &c. 1627.

And so too in a later poet;

"The *travelling Sun* sees gladly from on high," &c.

Cowley's *Davideis*, B. ii.,—*Works*, vol. i. p. 349, ed. 1707.

Even modern writers describe *the sun* as a *traveller;*

"I could not but offer up, in silence, on the altar of my heart, praise

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and adoration to that sovereign and universal mind, who produced this glorious creature [the sun], as the bright image of his benignity, and makes it *travel* unweariedly round," &c. Amory's *Life of Buncle*, vol. ii. p. 178, ed. 1766.

I must add, that this "puerile idea," as Mr. Collier's correspondent terms it, is to be traced to Scripture,—*Psalm* xix. 5.

P. 30. (51) "*horse*',"

i. e. horses.—The folio has "Horses."—Corrected by Walker, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 254.

P. 30. (52) "*Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like*
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth."

"We should arrange, I think,

'Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like the sov'reignty
Will fall upon Macbeth.'"

Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 291.

P. 31. (53) "*Let your highness*
Command upon me;"

Altered by Rowe to

"Lay *your highness*'
Command upon me."

"The change was suggested by Sir W. D'Avenant's alteration of this play [which has

'Your majesty layes your command on me,
To which my duty is to obey']." MALONE.

So too Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—Mason proposes "Set *your highness*'," &c.

P. 32. (54) "*take*"

Malone prints "talk."

P. 33. (54*) "*Cæsar's*"

The folio has "Cæsar." But compare our author elsewhere on the same subject;

". . O Antony, ...
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where *Cæsar's* is not," &c.

Antony and Cleopatra, act ii. sc. 3.

P. 33. (55) "*seed*"

The folio has "Seedes."

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P. 34. (56) "*And*"

Added by Rowe.

P. 34. (57) "*weary*"

"Read (with Capell and Collier's Corrector) '*wearied.*'" W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 36. (58) "*scotch'd*"

The folio has "scorch'd."

P. 36. (59) "*Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,*"

"The old copy reads 'Whom we, to gain our *peace* ——.' The emendation [which consists in the change of a single letter] was made by the editor of the second folio." MALONE.—"The possessive pronoun '*our*' is fatal to the reading 'to gain our *peace*.' Besides, Macbeth did not kill Duncan in order to gain *peace*, but to gain power, grandeur, dignity, &c., in a word, royalty. The editor of folio 1632 could not have been offended by a quibble, for he must have been 'to the manner born.' He, no doubt, felt that the notion of obtaining peace by murdering a king was absurd, and could never have entered into the head of a public man." W. N. LETTSOM.—Compare what Lady Macbeth has previously said, p. 16;

"you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely *sovereign sway and masterdom.*"

(A modern critic, on whom Mr. Halliwell bestows high praise, writes as follows; "The editor of the second folio wrongly changed 'our *peace*' into 'our *place*.' Macbeth's entire frame is here shaken by an agonizing desire for *peace* of mind; and the pith of the sentence is, that it is better to be with the dead, because they have the *peace* of mind we desired to gain. The alteration destroys the force of the original antithesis, as the *dead* have not place," &c. &c.)

P. 37. (60) "*Light thickens; and the crow*
Makes wing to the rooky wood:"

"On this passage Steevens has all the annotation to himself, and so he criticises his own criticisms, and corrects his own emendations. 1st, *rooky* is reeky or damp; 2dly, it is a rookery; 3dly, to *rook*, or to *ruck*, is to roost; therefore the line is to stand,

'Makes wing to *rook i' th'* wood:'

and he calls this *reforming* the passage, which, like some other reforms in Church and State, leaves things much worse than they were before. But it must surely be known to the general reader, that the 'crow' is the common appellation of the 'rook,' the latter word being used only when we would speak with precision, and never by the country people, as the word 'crow-keeper' will serve to show, which means the boy who keeps the *rooks* (not

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carrion crows) off the seed-corn. The carrion crow, which is the *crow proper*, being almost extinct, the necessity of distinguishing it from the *rook* has passed away in common usage. The passage therefore simply means, 'the rook hastens its evening flight to the wood where its fellows are already assembled;' and to our mind the term 'rooky wood' is a lively and natural picture: the *generic* term 'crow' is used for the *specific* 'rook.'" The preceding remarks are by the Rev. J. Mitford (*Gentleman's Magazine* for August 1844, p. 129).

P. 38. (61) "Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch."

"Here again [see note 39] Fleance carries the torch to light his father; and in the old stage-direction nothing is said about *a servant*, who would obviously be in the way when his master is to be murdered. The *servant* is a merely modern interpolation." COLLIER.

P. 40. (62) "*the gentle weal;*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 244) would read "*the* general *weal.*"

P. 40. (63) ". . . . . *have been* . .
. . . . . *the time has been,*"

The folio has "—— *The* times *has bene.*"—The usual modern reading is that of the second folio, "—— *the* times have *been;*" very objectionable on account of the "*have been*" in the preceding line.

P. 41. (64) "*With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,*"

"'*Murders*' occurs four lines above, and '*murder*' two lines below. This, by the way, would alone be sufficient to prove that '*murders*' was corrupt. '*Mortal* murders,' too, seems suspicious." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 302.—"Read 'With twenty mortal *gashes* on their crowns.' Macbeth is thinking of what he has just heard from the Murderer;

'With *twenty* trenchèd *gashes* on his head;
The least a death to nature.' p. 39." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 41. (65) "*If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me*"

The folio has "*If trembling I* inhabit then, *protest mee*" (the punctuation of which was changed by the editor of the second folio to "*If trembling I* inhabit, then *protest me*"); and Horne Tooke and several others think the reading of the folio right.—Pope substituted "*inhibit*" for "inhabit;" and Steevens proposed the substitution of "*thee*" for "then."—"I have not the least doubt that '*inhibit thee*' is the true reading. In *All's well that ends well* we find in the second, and all the subsequent folios, 'which is the most *inhabited* sin of the canon,' instead of '*inhibited*' [vol. iii. p. 210]. . . . Mr. Steevens's correction is strongly supported by the punctuation of the old copy." MALONE.

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P. 42. (66) "*And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,*
When mine are blanch'd with fear."

"The old copy reads '*is* blanch'd.' Sir T. Hanmer corrected this passage in the wrong place, by reading '*cheek*;' in which he has been followed by the subsequent editors. His correction gives, perhaps, a more elegant text, but not the text of Shakespeare. . . . Perhaps it may be said that '*mine*' refers to '*ruby*,' and that therefore no change is necessary. But this seems very harsh." MALONE. Assuredly "*mine*" does not refer to "*ruby*."—1865. Here the plural "*cheeks*" is obviously right; for Macbeth is speaking, not of the face of an individual, but of the faces of the guests in general.

P. 42. (67) "*Augurs, and understood relations,*"

Rowe printed "*Augurs* that *understood relations.*"—"Qy. '*Auguries* and,' &c. [Steevens's conjecture]." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 42. (68) "*And betimes I will—to the weird sisters:*"

Pope gave "*Betimes I will*, unto *the weird sisters.*"—Mr. W. N. Lettsom (note on Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 258) would read "*And betimes* will I *to the weird sisters.*"

P. 44. (69) "[Music and song within, '*Come away, come away*,' &c."

The folio has

"*Musicke, and a Song.*
Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit see
Sits in a Foggy cloud, and stayes for me.
Sing within. Come away, come away, &c."

Compare, in Middleton's *Witch*, act iii. sc. 3 (*Works*, vol. iii. p. 303, ed. Dyce);

"*Song above.*
Come away, come away,
Hecate, Hecate, come away.
Hec. I come, I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may," &c.—

On the question whether Shakespeare borrowed from Middleton, or Middleton from Shakespeare, see the "Account of Middleton" prefixed to his *Works*, vol. i. p. l, sqq., and Malone's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 420 sqq. ed. 1821. There seems to be little doubt that *Macbeth* is of an earlier date than *The Witch*.

P. 44. (70) "Enter LENNOX and another *Lord.*"

Here, in my copy of the folio, "another Lord" is altered, in old handwriting, to "*Ross*,"—and rightly perhaps.

P. 44. (71) "*he was dead:—*"

"Read 'he *is* dead.'" W. N. LETTSOM.

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P. 44. (72)

"*And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late*," &c.

Mr. Grant White observes; "It is to Banquo that Lennox, in his ironical vein, applies the second time, as well as the first, the phrase 'walk'd too late.' Now, Macbeth seized the opportunity of Banquo's late walking, to put him out of the way, chiefly because Banquo more than suspected who was the real perpetrator of the crime, which Lennox, ironically conforming to general report, ascribes to Malcolm and Donalbain. This suspicion was obviously the reason for the murder of Banquo by the order of Macbeth. May we not then remove the point after the last 'late,' and read thus, making the passage declarative instead of interrogative?

'And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd;
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father.'

That is,—'Men, who will think that the alleged murder of Duncan by his sons is a crime too monstrous for belief, must be careful not to walk too late.'" *Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 403.—My kind friend, Mr. Grant White, must allow me to say that I think his change of the punctuation in this passage quite wrong, and his explanation over-subtle:—surely, Macbeth's *chief reason* for getting rid of Banquo was, not "because Banquo more than suspected who was the real perpetrator of the crime [of Duncan's murder]," but because the Witches had declared that Banquo was to be "father to a line of kings:" hence Macbeth's injunction to the Murderers (p. 35);

"and with him—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour."

(Compare Holinshed; "The woords also of the three weird sisters would not out of his mind, which as they promised him the kingdome, so likewise did they promise it at the same time vnto the posteritie of Banquho. He willed *therefore* the same Banquho, with his sonne named Fleance, to come to a supper that he had prepared for them, which was indeed, as he had deuised, present death at the hands of certeine murderers," &c. *Hist. of Scotland*, p. 271, ed. 1808.)—1865. In his ed. of *Shakespeare* Mr. Grant White adheres to the common punctuation of this passage.

P. 44. (73) "*Who cannot want the thought*," &c.

"The sense requires 'Who *can* want the thought,' &c. Yet I believe the text is not corrupt. Shakespeare is sometimes incorrect in these *minutiæ*." MALONE.—"*i. e.* Who cannot but think." COLLIER.—Mr. Keightley (*Notes and Queries* for August 15, 1863, p. 122) proposes to read "We *cannot*," &c., putting a period, instead of an interrogation-point, at the end of the sentence.

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P. 44. (74) "*son*"

The folio has "Sonnes."

P. 45. (75) "*upon his aid*"

"Read 'on's *aid*.'" W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 45. (76)

"*Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;*
. . . . . *free honours;*—"

"Read '*Keep* from our feasts,' &c." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 45. (77) "*the*"

The folio has "their."

P. 45. (78) "*I'll send my prayers with him.*"

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 274) considers these words, not as making up a line with what precedes, but as forming "a legitimate short line" by themselves.

P. 45. (79) "*Harpy*"

The folio has "Harpier;" which is doubtless, as Steevens suggested, a mistake for "*Harpie*" = *Harpy*. ("This familiar does not cry out that it is time for them to begin their enchantments; but *cries*, i. e. gives them the signal, upon which the Third Witch communicates the notice to her sisters,

'Harper [Harpy] cries;—'tis time, 'tis time.'

Thus too the Hecate of Middleton,

'*Hec.* Heard you the owl yet?
Stad. Briefly in the copse . .
Hec. '*Tis high time for us then.*'
[Middleton's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 301, ed. Dyce]."
STEEVENS.

P. 45. (80) "*Toad, that under the cold stone*"

The folio has merely

"*Toad, that vnder cold stone;*"

the article, which is required not only for the metre, but for the sense, having been omitted by mistake. Yet the mutilated line has found its defenders and admirers (who, we may be sure, if the folio, in *As you like it*, act ii. sc. 5, instead of

"Under *the* greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me," &c.

had given us

"*Under greenwood tree*
Who loves to lie with me," &c.,

would have defended and admired that mutilated line also).

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P. 46. (81) "Enter HECATE."

Here the stage-direction of the folio is "*Enter Hecat*, and the other three Witches:" but, beyond all doubt, it means nothing more than that Hecate joins the three Witches already on the stage.—Various dramas, written long after *Macbeth*, afford examples of stage-directions worded in the same unintelligible style. E. g. Cowley's *Cutter of Coleman Street* opens with a soliloquy by *Trueman Junior:* his father presently *joins him*, and the stage-direction is, "Enter Trueman Senior, AND TRUEMAN JUN." Again, the second act of that play commences with a soliloquy by *Aurelia;* and when Jane *joins her* we find "*Enter* AURELIA, Jane."

P. 46. (82) "Music and song, '*Black spirits*,' &c."

This song is found entire in Middleton's *Witch*, act v. sc. 2,—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 328, ed. Dyce. The two first lines of it (and whether or not more was introduced into *Macbeth* on our old stage is uncertain) are,

"Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may!"—

According to Steevens, "the song was, in all probability, a traditional one;" and Mr. Collier, more confidently, says, "Doubtless it does not belong to Middleton more than to Shakespeare; but it was inserted in both dramas because it was appropriate:" but qy?—See note 69.

P. 47. (83) "*bladed corn*"

"Mr. Collier's annotator proposes to read '*bleaded* corn;' and, although the impropriety of the alteration has been clearly shown, Mr. Collier has not hesitated to substitute it for the genuine word. Had he turned to Chap. iv. Book i. of 'Scot's Discovery of Witchcraft,'—a work the poet was undoubtedly well read in,—he would have found, among other actions imputed to witches, 'that they can transferre *corn in the blade* from one place to another.' And from the article on *Husbandry* in Comenius, Janua Linguarum, 1673, he might have learned that 'As soon as standing corn shoots up to *a blade*, it is in danger of scathe by a tempest.'" STAUNTON.

P. 47. (84) "*nature's germens*"

So Theobald.—The folio has "*Natures* Germaine,"—with which compare its spelling in *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 2;

"Cracke Natures mould, all *germaines* spill at once
That makes ingratefull Man."—

(On the present passage a critic, quoted by Mr. Halliwell, has the following nonsensical remarks; "The lection of the ancient text has been modernly altered into *germins*, or seeds, to the annihilation of its true meaning, and the unspeakable depreciation of its force. Nature's *german* (or *germaine*, as it was formerly written) are nature's kindred, or those who stand in the relation of brotherhood to one another; that is, mankind in general. The treasure of nature's german is, therefore, the treasure, the best of the human race," &c. &c.)

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P. 48. (85) "*Rebellion's head, rise never,*"

The folio has "Rebellious dead, *rise neuer.*"—Theobald printed "Rebellious *head,*" &c.; *i. e.*, he says, "let Rebellion never *make head* against me till," &c.—But Hanmer's reading, "*Rebellion's head,*" &c. (which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also gives), is evidently the right one; though Capell (*Notes*, &c. vol. ii. P. iii. p. 22) gravely assures us that it "impairs harmony, and ruins poetry," &c. (In *Richard II.* act iii. sc. 2, the old eds., with the exception of the two earliest quartos, have the misprint "*Shall falter vnder foule* rebellious *armes.*")

P. 49. (86) "*our high-plac'd Macbeth*"

"Read '*your* high-plac'd Macbeth.' See Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. Art. xlvi." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 49. (87) "*hair,*"

The modern alteration "air" certainly receives some support from a passage in *The Winter's Tale*, act v. sc. 1;

"Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very *air*, that I should call you brother,
As I did him."

P. 49. (88) "*Now*"

Has been amended to "Nay, *now*" and to "Ay, *now.*"

P. 50. (89) "*But no more sights!*"

Here the two Ms. Correctors—Mr. Collier's and Mr. Singer's—alter "*sights*" to "flights;" and the same alteration occurred to Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 105).—"The Ms. Corrector proposes *flights;* and not without some show of reason. Macbeth has just been informed that Macduff has fled to England, and the escape has evidently discomposed him, as placing beyond his reach his most deadly enemy. Accordingly he is supposed by the Ms. Corrector to exclaim, 'No more flights! I must take care that no more of that party escape me.' But, on the other hand, Macbeth, a minute before, has been inveighing against the witches. He says,

'Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them!'

So that 'But no more sights' may mean, I will have no more dealings with these infernal hags [who have just been showing him a succession of *sights*, —apparitions; the last of which drew from him the exclamation, "Horrible *sight!*"]. The word 'But' seems to be out of place in connection with 'flights'—and therefore we pronounce in favour of the old reading." *Blackwood's Magazine* for Oct. 1853, p. 461. In my opinion the word "*But*" makes not a little against the new lection.—1865. Mr. Grant White, in his edition of *Shakespeare*, prints "*But no more* sprites,"—most unhappily, I think.

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P. 51. (90) "*And do not know ourselves;*"

Hanmer prints "*And do not know't ourselves;*" and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

P. 52. (91) "*Whither*"

"The context requires '*Why.*'" W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 53. (92) "*thou shag-hair'd villain!*"

The folio has "*thou shagge*-ear'd *Villaine,*"—"ear'd" being a corruption of "*hear'd,*" which is an old spelling of "*hair'd:*" so in *King John* the folio has "vn-heard" for "*unhair'd;*" see note 124, vol. iv. p. 96.—Of the many examples which might be adduced of "hear" for "*hair,*" I subjoin,

"But now in dust his beard bedaubd, his *hear* with blood is clonge."
Phaer's Virgil's *Æneidos*, Book ii. sig. C vii. ed. 1584.

"We straight his burning *hear* gan shake, all trembling dead for dreede."
Id. sig. D v.

P. 53. (93) "*our down-fall'n birthdom:*"

The folio has "*our* downfall *Birthdome.*"

P. 54. (94)

"*You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom*
To offer up"

So Theobald.—The folio has "*You may* discerne *of him,*" &c.—Hanmer prints

". . . . . *through me;* 'tis *wisdom*
To offer up;"

and Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes

". . . . . *through me; and wisdom*
Would *offer up;*"

but I see no objection to "*and wisdom,*" an elliptical expression for "and it is wisdom."

P. 54. (95) "*But I shall crave your pardon;*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 77) would read "*But 'crave your pardon*" (the earlier modern alteration being "*I crave your pardon*"); and, in the next speech of Malcolm, he would alter "*I pray you*" to "'*Pray you:*" but the latter line seems to be faulty, not from the redundant "*I,*" but from the omission of some word or words.

P. 54. (96) "*dare*"

"Corrected in the third folio [to 'dares']." MALONE.

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P. 54. (97) "*Thy title is affeer'd!*"

The folio has "The *title*," &c.: but Malone's alteration of "The" to "*Thy*" is hardly to be doubted. Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector makes the same change.

P. 56. (98) "*summer-seeming*"

Warburton reads "*summer*-teeming;" Blackstone proposes "*summer*-seeding;" and Mr. Staunton "*summer*-seaming."

P. 56. (99) "*Uproar*"

"Read '*Uproot*.'" W. N. LETTSOM.—I believe the old reading is right.

P. 56. (100) "*Died every day she livèd. Fare thee well!*"

In my former edition I printed, with the folio, "*Died every day she* liv'd," at the bidding of Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 139), who, considering "*Fare*" to be used here as a dissyllable, observes, "Certainly not '*livèd*;' Shakespeare would as soon have made '*died*' a dissyllable." But the late Mr. W. W. Williams (see *The Parthenon* for Nov. 1, 1862, p. 849) has since shown that Walker is wrong, by the following quotation from *Julius Cæsar*, act iii. sc. 1;

"Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever *livèd* in the tide of times."

P. 57. (101) "*thy here-approach*,"

The folio has "they *heere approach*."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 57. (102) "*Already at a point*,"

Has been altered, most improperly, to "All ready *at a point*."

P. 60. (103) "*Did you say all?—O hell-kite!—All?*"

Perhaps "—— *O* vulture! *hell-kite!—All?*" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 15.

P. 60. (104) "*But, gentle heaven*,

. . . . . .

Bring thou"

So the second folio.—The first folio has

"*But gentle* Heauens,

. . . . . .

Bring thou,"—

which I should have retained, under the idea that, since we have before had "*heaven*" used as a plural (see note 10, vol. iv. p. 184), we might here accept "*heavens*" as a singular,—were it not that in Macduff's preceding

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speech we have "*heaven* look on" and "*heaven* rest them now," and at the conclusion of the present speech "*Heaven* forgive him too!"

P. 60. (105) "*This tune goes manly.*"

The folio has "*This* time *goes manly;*" which is retained by Mr. Knight. "Gifford," he says, "has shown, in a note on Massinger, that the two words were once synonymous, in a musical acceptation; and that *time* was the more ancient and common term." Who, except Mr. Knight, will suppose that Gifford would have defended the reading "time" in such a passage as this?

P. 62. (106) "*God, God*"

"A misprint, probably, for '*Good* God,'" says Mr. Staunton, not being aware that such was Hanmer's reading.

P. 63. (107) "*He cannot buckle his distemper'd course*"

So Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 302) and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector. —The folio has "—— *his distemper'd* cause," &c. (A critic in *Blackwood's Magazine* for Oct. 1853, p. 461, says that "'cause' fits the place perfectly well, *if taken* for his affairs generally, his whole system of procedure." But will the context allow us to take it in that sense?) The words "*course*" and "*cause*" are often confounded by printers: see note 162, vol. vi. p. 378.

P. 64. (108) "*This push*
Will chair me ever, or dis-seat me now."

The folio has "*Will* cheere *me euer, or dis-eate me now.*" (The second folio "—— *or* disease *me now.*")—That "cheere" is a mistake for "*chaire,*" I should have felt confident, even if I had never known that the latter word was substituted both by Percy and by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector. (*Chair*, in the sense of throne, was very common. So in our author's *King Richard III.* act v. sc. 3,

"A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's *chair*, where he is falsely set."

So too in Peele's *David and Bethsabe*,

"The man of Israel that hath rul'd as king,
Or rather as the tyrant of the land,
Bolstering his hateful head upon the throne
That God unworthily hath bless'd him with,
Shall now, I hope, lay it as low as hell,
And be depos'd from his detested *chair.*"

Works, p. 478, ed. Dyce, 1861.)—

Mr. Halliwell, who retains the old reading "cheer," remarks (taking "*push*" in its literal sense) that "a *push* does not usually *chair* a person, though it may disseat him." Does Mr. Halliwell, then, think that "a *push* usually *cheers* a person"?

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P. 64. (109) "*my way of life*"

Johnson and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector would read "*my* May *of life;*" and Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 301) says, "the true correction is undoubtedly '*May.*'"—But Gifford has the following memorable remarks on this passage; "For '*way of life*' Johnson would read '*May of life;*' in which he is followed by Colman, Langton, Steevens, and others: and Mr. Henley, a very confident gentleman, declares that he 'has now no doubt that Shakespeare wrote *May of life;*' which is also the 'settled opinion' of Mr. Davies. At a subsequent period Steevens appears to have changed his opinion, and acquiesced in the old reading, '*way of life,*' which he interprets, with Mr. M. Mason, 'course or progress,' precisely as Warburton, whom every '*mousing owl hawks at,*' had done long before them. Mr. Malone follows the same track; and if the words had signified what he supposed them to do, nothing more would be necessary on the subject. The fact, however, is, that these ingenious writers have mistaken the phrase, which is neither more nor less than a simple periphrasis for '*life,*' as '*way of youth*' in the text [of Massinger's *Very Woman*] is for '*youth.*' A few examples will make this clear." Gifford then cites "*way of youth*" from Massinger's *Roman Actor*, '*way of justice*' from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Thierry and Theodoret*, '*way of death or life*' from Shakespeare's *Pericles*, &c. &c. He concludes thus; "To return to Macbeth: '*the sere and yellow leaf*' is the commencement of the winter of life or of old age; to this he has attained, and he laments, in a strain of inimitable pathos and beauty, that it is unaccompanied by those blessings which render it supportable. As his manhood was without virtue, so he has now before him the certain prospect of an old age without honour." Note on Massinger's *Works*, vol. iv. p. 309, ed. 1813.

P. 65. (110) "*her*"

So the second folio.—Omitted in the first folio.

P. 65. (111) "*Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 278) cites this passage as containing a corruption, "*stuff;*" but he suggests no word to supply its place.—Steevens proposed "*Cleanse the* foul *bosom of that perilous stuff*" (quoting, in support of his emendation, from *As you like it*, act ii. sc. 6, "Cleanse the *foul* body of th' infected world").—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector changes "*stuff*" to "grief."—Mr. Staunton conjectures either "clogg'd *bosom*" or "*perilous* load."

P. 65. (112) "*senna,*"

So Rowe.—The folio has "Cyme."—In a note on the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, Mr. Collier says; "The Rev. Mr. Dyce tells us ('*Remarks,*' p. 201) that the 'Rates of Merchandizes' . . . . contains no such drug as *cyme:* we should have been astonished if it had." Here I have to convict Mr. Collier of misrepresentation,—or of something more. Mr. Knight having expressed some doubts about the word "*senna*" in this passage, I

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observed; "he [Mr. Knight] may rest satisfied that 'senna' is right: the long list of drugs in *The Rates of Merchandizes*, &c., furnishes no other word for which *cyme* could possibly be a misprint." Mr. Collier, therefore, has deliberately transformed

"furnishes no other word for which *cyme* could possibly be a misprint"

into

"contains no such drug as *cyme*."

In the *Cambridge Essays* (vol. for 1856, p. 281) Dr. Badham writes as follows; "Lower down in the same scene [the present one], Mr. Knight very properly expresses his reluctance to admit a conjecture of Rowe's,

'What rhubarb, *cyme*, or,' &c.

For the unknown '*cyme*' Rowe proposed the familiar remedy 'senna.' It is astonishing that Mr. Dyce should accept so very uncritical a conjecture, whose only pretension to probability is, that the *Pharmacopœia* offers us no cathartic whose name is not still more remote from the corrupted word. What, then, if we change the treatment, and read

'What rhubarb, *clysme*, or what purgative drug,' &c.?

If I am asked what authority I have for this form in the English language, I am at a loss for any thing better than 'cataclysm' in the sense of 'deluge.' But Herodotus uses κλύσμα in the sense of κλυστὴρ, in Book ii. chap. 87," &c.—Now I, in my turn, am "astonished" at Dr. Badham's failing to perceive that "cyme" is nothing more than a misprint for "cynne."

P. 66. (113)

"*For where there is advantage to be ta'en,*
Both more and less have given him the revolt," &c.

The folio has "—— *aduantage to be* giuen" (an error originating in the "*giuen*" of the next line).—Johnson proposed "—— *advantage to be* gone;" Steevens, "—— *advantage to be* got" (Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "—— *advantage to be* gotten"); and Mr. Singer, in his ed. of *Shakespeare*, 1826, "—— *advantage to be* gain'd."—I adopt the correction of Walker, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 302.

P. 67. (114) "*forc'd*"

Here means *strengthened, reinforced;* which I mention because Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "faro'd" (*i. e.* stuffed).

P. 67. (115) "Exit."

The folio marks neither the exit nor the re-entrance of Seyton.—On the words, "The queen, my lord, is dead," Mr. Collier observes; "We must suppose that Seyton has gone to what we now call 'the wing' of the stage to inquire." But "going to the wing," and standing there to glean infor-

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mation, was surely as unusual on the old stage as it is on the modern; and I have no doubt that formerly Seyton went out and re-entered, just as he does when this play is performed now-a-days:—see any acting-copy of *Macbeth.*

P. 67. (116) "*my senses would have cool'd*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "*cool'd*" to "quail'd," and very plausibly; for examples of the expression *senses quailing* may be found in our early writers.

P. 67. (117)

"*Signifying nothing.*

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Well, say, sir."

Mr. W. N. Lettsom bids us arrange and read;

"Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue;

Thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,

I should report that which *I'd* say I saw,

But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say *it*, sir."

Here "*I'd*" is the lection of Hanmer; "say *it*" that of Pope.

P. 68. (118) "*shalt*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "shall."

P. 68. (119) "*I pull in resolution;*"

Johnson suggests "pall" instead of "*pull.*"—Mason, in support of the old reading, adduces, from Fletcher's *Sea-Voyage*,

"and all my spirits,

As if they heard my passing-bell go for me,

Pull in their powers, and give me up to destiny."

Act iii. sc. 1.

P. 71. (120)

"*And break it to our hope,*" &c.

"Arrange rather, I think;

'And break it to our hope!

I *will not* fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,

And live,' &c.

'With *thee*,' emphatically." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 259.

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P. 71. (121) "[Exeunt, fighting.
Retreat. Flourish," &c.

The stage-directions given by the folio in this scene are exquisitely absurd. Here it has

"*Exeunt fighting. Alarums.*
Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine," &c.;

and presently,

"*Enter Macduffe; with Macbeths head.*"—

See note 123 on *King Richard III.* vol. v. p. 476.

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HAMLET.

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HAMLET.

NASH, in an Epistle "To the Gentlemen Students of both Uniuersities," prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon. Camillas alarum to slumbering Euphues*, &c., 1589 [qy. if first printed in 1587?], writes thus: "Ile turne backe to my first text, of studies of delight; and talke a little in friendship with a few of our triuiall translators. It is a common practise now a daies amongst a sort of shifting companions, that runne through euery arte and thriue by none, to leaue the trade of *Nouerint* whereto they were borne, and busie themselues with the indeuors of art, that could scarcelie latinize their necke-verse if they should haue neede; yet English Seneca read by candle-light yeeldes manie good sentences, as *Bloud is a begger*, and so foorth: and if you intreate him faire in a frostie morning, he will affoord you whole *Hamlets*, I should say handfulls of tragical speaches." Sig. **3, ed. 1589.—Henslowe mentions (and without the mark by which he generally distinguishes new plays) a "*hamlet*" as having been acted at the Newington Butts Theatre on June 9th, 1594. *Diary*, p. 35, ed. Shakespeare Soc.—Again, Lodge in his *Wits Miserie, and the Worlds Madnesse*, &c., 1596, thus describes a certain fiend: "he walks for the most part in black vnder colour of grauity, and looks as pale as the visard of ye ghost which cried so miserally [*sic*] at ye theator like an oisterwife, *Hamlet, reuenge*." Sig. H 4.—But had Shakespeare written his *Hamlet* at the above dates? My own conviction is, that he had not, and that the piece alluded to by Nash and Lodge, and acted at Newington, was an earlier tragedy on the same subject, which no longer exists, and which most probably (like many other old dramas) never reached the press.—Our author's tragedy, it seems evident, was first produced not long before July 26th, 1602; for on that day Roberts made an entry in the Stationers' Registers of "A booke, The Revenge of Hamlett prince of Denmarke, as yt was *latelie acted* by the Lord Chamberlayn his servantes." According to Mr. Collier, "The object of Roberts in making the entry was to secure it [Shakespeare's *Hamlet*] to himself, being, no doubt, aware that other printers and booksellers would endeavour to anticipate him. It seems probable that he was unable to obtain such a copy of 'Hamlet' as he would put his name to; but some inferior and nameless printer, who was not so scrupulous, having surreptitiously secured a manuscript of the play, however imperfect, which would answer the purpose, and gratify public curiosity, the edition bearing date in 1603 was published." *Introd. to Hamlet*. We have, however, no proof that Roberts was not "the nameless printer" of the quarto of 1603: on the contrary, there is reason to suspect that he was, since we find that he printed the quarto of 1604 for the same Nicholas Ling who was one of the publishers of the quarto of 1603. Be that as it may, it seems certain that in the quarto of 1603* (as

* In my former edition I expressed myself less fully on the subject of the quarto of 1603, and consequently have been misunderstood by Professor Gervinus, who writes as follows; "We possess a quarto-edition of 1603, which is regarded indeed by Collier, Dyce, and Mommsen, as a faulty and illegal print of the complete piece; but on the other hand, according to the indisputably more just opinion of Knight, Delius, and Staunton, it contains an earlier design of the poet's, though in a mutilated form," &c. *Shakespeare Commentaries*, vol. ii. p. 108, English trans.

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is the case with respect to the earliest quartos of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Romeo and Juliet*) we have Shakespeare's first conception of the play, though with a text mangled and corrupted throughout, and perhaps formed on the notes of some short-hand writer, who had imperfectly taken it down during representation. Not to dwell on other particulars, the names borne by Polonius and Reynaldo in the quarto of 1603, where they are called *Corambis* and *Montano*, are alone sufficient to show that the said quarto exhibits a form of the tragedy very different from that which it afterwards assumed in the quarto of 1604 and the folio of 1623. Mr. Collier (*ubi supra*) conjectures that *Corambis* and *Montano* "were names in the older play on the same story, or names which Shakespeare at first introduced, and subsequently thought fit to reject:" perhaps they were names which Shakespeare had originally retained from the earlier drama, and which, on revising and altering his tragedy, he changed to Polonius and Reynaldo. (Of the quarto of 1603 only two copies are known, one of them wanting the last leaf, and one without the title-page: but it is now procurable in more than one reprint.) The quarto of 1604 gives *Hamlet* "*enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie*," and has a great deal which is omitted in the folio of 1623, though the folio has some passages which are omitted in the quarto of 1604, and which have their parallelisms in the quarto of 1603.—Mr. Albert Cohn's curious volume, entitled *Shakespeare in Germany in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, &c. contains (both in German and English), p. 237, the "*Tragedy of Fratricide punished, or Prince Hamlet of Denmark, acted in Germany, about the year* 1603, *by English Players:*" but which "has been preserved to us only by a late and modernised copy of a much older manuscript." In this piece Polonius is called *Corambus*, which, with the variation of a single letter, is his name in the quarto of 1603; and to that form of the play the German version approaches more nearly than to that of the later editions; but, as it gives certain passages which are parallel to those in the received text of *Hamlet*, and of which there is no trace in the quarto of 1603, the translator must have employed some other edition of the original besides that of 1603. To the "*Tragedy of Fratricide*" is prefixed a Prologue, spoken by Night, Alecto, Tisiphone, and Megæra, which in composition is superior to the play itself. The latter, indeed, is miserably bald, and its occasional absurdity may be judged of by a stage-direction in the First Act, "*Ghost gives to Sentinel a box on the ear from behind, and makes him drop his musket.*"—A novel entitled *The Hystorie of Hamblet*, translated most vilely from one of the *Histoires Tragiques* of Belleforest (who founded his tale on a portion of the chronicle of Saxo Grammaticus), has several incidents in common with our author's play; but whether he derived those incidents from *The Hystorie*, or from the older drama on the same subject, we are left to guess. (In Mr. Collier's Shakespeare's *Library*, vol. i., is a reprint of the *Hystorie of Hamblet* from the only entire copy known, which is dated 1608: the first edition was no doubt published many years before.)

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, king of Denmark.
HAMLET, son to the former, and nephew to the present king.
POLONIUS, lord chamberlain.
HORATIO, friend to Hamlet.
LAERTES, son to Polonius.
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, OSRIC, A Gentleman, } courtiers.
A Priest.
MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, } officers.
FRANCISCO, a soldier.
REYNALDO, servant to Polonius.
Players.
Two Clowns, grave-diggers.
FORTINBRAS, prince of Norway.
A Captain.
English Ambassadors.

GERTRUDE, queen of Demark, and mother to Hamlet.
OPHELIA, daughter to Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

SCENE—*Elsinore; except in the fourth scene of the fifth act, where it is a plain in Denmark.*

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HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A platform before the castle.*

FRANCISCO *at his post. Enter to him* BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?
Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.
Ber. Long live the king!
Fran. Bernardo?
Ber. He.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.
Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve;[1] get thee to bed, Francisco.
Fran. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Ber. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.
Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?

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Fran. Bernardo has my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit.*
Mar. Holla! Bernardo!
Ber. Say,—
What, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, Horatio:—welcome, good Marcellus.
Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?
Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.
Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down awhile;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.
Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward from the pole
Had made his course t' illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—
Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Most like:—it harrows me with fear and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark

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Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See, it stalks away!

Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!

[*Exit Ghost.*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble, and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on
When he th' ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks(2) on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land;
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:
Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet—

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For so this side of our known world esteem'd him—
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compáct,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seiz'd of to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gagèd by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same co-mart,(3)
And carriage of the article design'd,(4)
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimprovèd mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't: which is no other—
As it doth well appear unto our state—
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other but e'en so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armèd through our watch; so like the king
That was and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:
As, stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun;(5) and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:
And even the like precurse of fierce events—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on—
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated

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Unto our climature[6] and countrymen.—
But, soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

Re-enter Ghost.

I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
[*Cock crows.*
Speak of it:—stay, and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone! [*Exit Ghost.*

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,

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The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
Break we our watch up: and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most convenient. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A room of state in the castle.*

Enter the King, Queen, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, *and* Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
Th' imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,—
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—for all, our thanks.

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Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,(7)
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleaguèd with the dream of his advantage,—
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.—
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the business is:—we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject:—and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow.(8)
Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. Vol. In that and all things will we show our duty.(9)

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,

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My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?
Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.
King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will!—
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—
Ham. [*aside*] A little more than kin, and less than kind.
King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.
Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy vailèd lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common,—all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not "seems."
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes,(10) shows(11) of grief,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound,
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persever
In obstinate condolement, is a course

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Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
"This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility of love(12)
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt all except Hamlet.*

Ham. O, that this too-too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!

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How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't,—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or e'er those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she—
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her gallèd eyes,
She married:—O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity(13) to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good:
But break, my heart,—for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, *and* BERNARDO.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!
Ham. I'm glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.
Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?
Mar. My good lord,—
Ham. I'm very glad to see you.—Good even, sir.—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

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Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not hear[14] your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—
My father,—methinks I see my father.
Hor. O, where, my lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw who?
Hor. My lord, the king your father.
Ham. The king my father!
Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For God's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast[15] and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armèd at point, exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprisèd eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd[16]
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,

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Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none: yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But even then the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar. Ber. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Mar. Ber. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Mar. Ber. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

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Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I saw 't.
Ham. His beard was grizzled,—no?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.
Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;(17)
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare ye well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.
All. Our duty to your honour.
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.
[*Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.*
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in* POLONIUS' *house.*

Enter LAERTES *and* OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd: farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.
Oph. Do you doubt that?
Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,

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The pérfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.
Oph. No more but so?
Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;(18)
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place(19)
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.
Oph. I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,

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Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.

Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long:—but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There,—my blessing with thee!
[*Laying his hand on Laertes' head.*
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou charácter. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops(20) of steel;
But do not dull thy palm(21) with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comráde.(22) Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear't, that th' opposèd may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.(23)
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

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Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.
Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.
Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.
Laer. Farewell. [*Exit.*
Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?
Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.
Pol. Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:
If it be so,—as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,—I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.
Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.
Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus[24]—you'll tender me a fool.
Oph. My lord, he hath impórtun'd me with love
In honourable fashion.
Pol. Ay, fashion you may call't; go to, go to.
Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.
Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,[25]
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;

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Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young;
And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,—
Not of that dye[26] which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,[27]
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure[28]
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you: come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. The platform before the castle.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is struck.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.*
What does this mean, my lord?
Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custom?
Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom

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More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,—
By the o'ergrowth[29] of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners;—that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their[30] virtues else—be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo—
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of evil
Doth all the noble substance oft debase
To his own scandal.[31]

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Enter Ghost.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canóniz'd bones, hearsèd in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,[32]
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in cómplete steel,

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Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you(33) to a more removèd ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw(34) you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.—
Go on; I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Némean lion's nerve.— [*Ghost beckons.*
Still am I call'd:—unhand me, gentlemen;—

[*Breaking from them.*

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By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:—
I say, away!—Go on; I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after.—To what issue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Hor. Heaven will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. A more remote part of the platform.*

Enter Ghost *and* HAMLET.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.
Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor ghost!
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,(35)
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,(36)
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:
But this eternal blazon must not be

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To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O, list!—(37)
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—
Ham. O God!
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
Ham. Murder!
Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots(38) itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forgèd process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.
Ham. O my prophetic soul!
My uncle!
Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit,(39) with traitorous gifts,—
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be.—Sleeping within my orchard,

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My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my sécure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursèd hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousell'd, disappointed, unanel'd;(40)
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;(41)
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damnèd incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell?—O, fie!—Hold, my heart;(42)
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up.—Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond recórds,

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All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!—
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damnèd villain![43]
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark: [*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, "Adieu, adieu! remember me:"
I have sworn't.

Hor. [*within*] My lord, my lord,—
Mar. [*within*] Lord Hamlet,—
Hor. [*within*] Heaven secure him!
Mar. [*within*] So be it![44]
Hor. [*within*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. O, wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No; you'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?—
But you'll be secret?
Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right; you're i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you,—

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For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is;—and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling(45) words, my lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear 't.

Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We've sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, truepenny?—
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.(46)

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our ground.—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear.

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Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' th' earth so fast?
A worthy pioner!—Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.(47)
But come;—
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,—
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As "Well, well, we know," or "We could, an if we would,"
Or "If we list to speak," or "There be, an if they might,"(48)
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me:—this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.
Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear.
Ham. Rest, rest, perturbèd spirit!—So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do t' express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint:—O cursèd spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!—
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT II.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A room in* POLONIUS' *house.*

Enter POLONIUS *and* REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.
Rey. I will, my lord.
Pol. You shall do marvell's[49] wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.
Rey. My lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marry, well said; very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus, "I know his father and his friends,
And in part him;"—do you mark this, Reynaldo?
Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.
Pol. "And in part him;—but," you may say, "not well:
But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so;"—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.
Rey. As gaming, my lord.
Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing:—you may go so far.
Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.
Pol. Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;

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That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimèd blood,
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in convérse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence;
"Good sir," or so; or "friend," or "gentleman,"—
According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—he does—
What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was
About to say something:—where did I leave?

Rey. At "closes in the consequence,"
At "friend or so," and "gentleman."

Pol. At "closes in the consequence,"—ay, marry;
He closes with you thus; "I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in's rouse;
There falling out at tennis:" or perchance,
"I saw him enter such a house of sale,"—
Videlicet, a brothel,—or so forth.—
See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out:

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So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?
Rey. My lord, I have.
Pol. God b' wi' you! fare you well.
Rey. Good my lord!(50)
Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.
Rey. I shall, my lord.
Pol. And let him ply his music.
Rey. Well, my lord.
Pol. Farewell! [*Exit Reynaldo.*

Enter OPHELIA.

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?
Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted!
Pol. With what, i' the name of God?
Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyvèd to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purpórt
As if he had been loosèd out of hell
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.
Pol. What said he?
Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being: that done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,

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And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property fordoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.—
I'm sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!
It seems it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the castle.*

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and* Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since nor th' exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from th' understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court

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Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too-much-changèd son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen!

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some Attendants.*

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Th' ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king:(51)
And I do think—or else this brain of mine

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Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do—that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.
King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.
Pol. Give first admittance to th' ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.(52)
King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Exit Polonius.*
He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.
Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main,—
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.
King. Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

Welcome, my good friends!(53)
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?
Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat griev'd,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give th' assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown, [*Gives a paper.*
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.
King. It likes us well;
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,

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Answer, and think upon this business.
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home! [*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*

Pol. This business is well ended.—
My liege, and madam,—to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief:—your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,—
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter,—have whilst she is mine,—
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise. [*Reads.*
"To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia,"—
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,—"beautified" is a vile phrase: but you shall hear. Thus: [*Reads.*
"In her excellent-white bosom, these," &c.—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful. [*Reads.*

"Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.

"O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to

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reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

"Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, HAMLET."

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me:
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,—
As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,—what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table-book;
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;—
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
"Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;(54)
This must not be:" and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsèd,—a short tale to make,—
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time—I'd fain know that—
That I have positively said "'Tis so,"
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

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Pol. [*pointing to his head and shoulder*] Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby.(55)

Queen. So he does, indeed.(56)

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away:
I'll board him presently:—O, give me leave.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*

Enter HAMLET, *reading.*

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord!

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,(57)—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive:—friend, look to 't.

Pol. [*aside*] How say you by that? Still harping on my

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daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have gray beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. [*aside*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—[*Aside*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal,—except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. [*to Polonius*] God save you, sir! [*Exit Polonius.*

Guil. My honoured lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy;

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On Fortune's cap we're not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What's the news?

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you: for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then, your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

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Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny.(58) Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why, any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. [*aside to Guil.*] What say you?

Ham. [*aside*] Nay, then, I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather.(59) I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament,(60) this majestical roof fretted with golden fire,—why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man!(61) how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, then, when I said "man delights not me"?

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Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome,—his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for 't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle(62) the common stages,—so they call them,—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players,—as it is most like,(63) if their means are no better,—their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains

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Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Happily he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon mine honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—*

* *Then came each actor on his ass,*—] "This seems to be a line of a ballad." JOHNSON.

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Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.(64)

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What treasure(65) had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,

"One fair daughter, and no more,*
The which he lovèd passing well."

Pol. [*aside*] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

"As by lot, God wot,"

and then, you know,

"It came to pass, as most like it was,"—

the first row of the pious chanson(66) will show you more; for look, where my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all; I am glad to see ye well; welcome, good friends.(67)—O, my old friend! thy face is valanced(68) since I saw thee last; comest thou to

* "*One fair daughter, and no more,*" &c.] Here Hamlet proceeds to quote the opening of the ballad of *Jephthah Judge of Israel;*

"Have you not heard these many years ago
Jeptha was judge of Israel?
He had *one* only *daughter and no mo,*
The which he loved passing well:
And, *as by lott,*
God wot,
It so *came to pass,*
As God's will *was,*
That great wars there should be,
And none should be chosen chief but he."

Percy's *Rel. of A. E. Poetry*, vol. i. p. 190, ed. 1794.

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beard me in Denmark?—What, my young lady and mistress! By 'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

First Play. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets in the lines(69) to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affection:(70) but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line;—let me see, let me see;

"The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast,"

—'tis not so:—it begins with Pyrrhus;

"The rugged Pyrrhus,—he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couchèd in the ominous horse,—
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damnèd light
To their vile murders: roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sizèd with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks."—

So, proceed you.

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Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

First Play. "Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
Th' unnervèd father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' th' air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Arousèd vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!"

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Prithee, say on:—he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on; come to Hecuba.

First Play. "But who, O, who had seen the mobled queen—"

Ham. "The mobled queen"?

Pol. That's good; "mobled queen" is good.

First Play. "Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames
With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head

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Where late the diadem stood; and for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemèd loins,
A blanket, in th' alarm of fear caught up;—
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made—
Unless things mortal move them not at all—
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods."

Pol. Look, whêr he has not turned his colour, and has tears in's eyes.—Pray you, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodykins, man, better: use every man after his desert, and who should scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.
[*Exit Polonius with all the Players except the First.*
Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit First Player.*] My good friends, I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

Ham. Ay, so, God b' wi' ye! [*Exeunt Rosen. and Guil.*]
Now I am alone.

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O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspéct,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this, ha?
'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter;[71] or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal:—bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,[72]
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!

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Fie upon't! foh!—About, my brain! I've heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this:—the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*

Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

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Queen. Did he receive you well?
Ros. Most like a gentleman.
Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.
Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?
Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.
King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.—
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.
Ros. We shall, my lord.
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*
King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia:
Her father and myself—lawful espials—
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be th' affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.
Queen. I shall obey you:—
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.
Oph. Madam, I wish it may.(73) [*Exit Queen.*
Pol. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please you,

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We will bestow ourselves.—[*To Ophelia*] Read on this book;
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We're oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd,—that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. [*aside*] O, 'tis too true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt King and Polonius.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be,—that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,(74)
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,(75)
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn

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No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia!—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longèd long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?(76)

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue can-

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not so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest: but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck(77) than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry,—be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit.*

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers,—quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,

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Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King *and* POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down:—he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief: let her be round with him;
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II. *The same. A hall in the same.*

Enter HAMLET *and several* Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus;(78) but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

First Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off,(79) though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man,(80) have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well,(81) they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play

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your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

[*Exeunt Players.*

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste. [*Exit Polonius.*] Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros. Guil. We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Ham. What, ho, Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,(82)
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,

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As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death:
I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damnèd ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They're coming to the play; I must be idle:
Get you a place.

Danish march. A flourish. Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now.—[*To Polonius*] My lord, you played once i' the university, you say?

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother; here's metal more attractive.

Pol. [*to the King*] O, ho! do you mark that?

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Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.(83)

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within's(84) two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables.(85) O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r lady, he must build churches, then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, "For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot."

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

Enter a King *and a* Queen *very lovingly; the* Queen *embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the* King's *ears, and exit. The* Queen *returns; finds the* King *dead, and makes passionate action. The* Poisoner, *with some two or three* Mutes, *comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The* Poisoner *wooes the* Queen *with gifts: she seems loth and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.*

[*Exeunt.*

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

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Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught: I'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently. [*Exit.*

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King *and a* Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbèd ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women's fear and love hold quantity;
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so:
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

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P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [*aside*] Wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:
A second time I kill my husband dead
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!

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An[86] anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now!

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what o' that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands.[87]—Begin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin.[88] Come:—the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.*

* *the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.*] Probably a quotation from some play.

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Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.
[*Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.*

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for 's estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light:—away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!
[*Exeunt all except Hamlet and Horatio.*

Ham. Why, let the strucken deer go weep,*
The hart ungallèd play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
So runs the world away.—
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers,—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me,—with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes,(89) get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.
For thou dost know, O Damon dear,†
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

* *Why, let the strucken deer go weep,* &c.] In all probability a quotation from some ballad.

† *For thou dost know, O Damon dear,* &c.] Another quotation, surely; the word "*pajock,*" of course, excepted.

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Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music! come, the recorders!—

For if the king like not the comedy,*
Why, then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.—

Come, some music!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says; your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

* *For if the king like not the comedy,* &c.] Another quotation, it would seem.

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Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but "While the grass grows,"—the proverb is something musty.

Re-enter Players *with recorders.*

O, the recorders:—let me see one.(90)—To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.(91)

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my

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mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think[92] I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said. [*Exit Polonius.*]—Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt Ros., Guil., Hor., and Players.*
'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on.[93] Soft! now to my mother.—
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites,—
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent! [*Exit.*

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SCENE III. *A room in the same.*

Enter King, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from noyance; but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it: 'tis a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Ne'er alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. Guil. We will haste us.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home:
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,

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Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit Polonius.*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,—
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:(94)
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursèd hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,—
To be forestallèd ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul murder"?—
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,—
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted 'currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove-by justice;
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling,—there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limèd soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! Make assay:

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Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do 't:—and so he goes to heaven;
And so am I reveng'd:—that would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: and am I, then, reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't;—
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*

[*The King rises and advances.*

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another room in the same.*

Enter Queen *and* POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,

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And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll sconce me even here.(95)
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*within*] Mother, mother, mother!(96)

Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*Polonius goes behind the arras.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.(97)

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?(98)

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?—
Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*behind*] What, ho! help, help, help!

Ham. [*drawing*] How now! a rat? Dead for a ducat, dead! [*Makes a pass through the arras.*

Pol. [*behind*] O, I am slain! [*Falls and dies.*

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed!—almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—

[*Lifts up the arras, and sees Polonius.*

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Thou wretched, rash-intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands: peace; sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damnèd custom have not braz'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed,(99)
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for at your age

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The hey-day in the blood is tame, it 's humble,
And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion: but, sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grainèd spots
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamèd bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty,—

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham. A murderer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Ham. A king of shreds and patches,—

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Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?(100)
Queen. Alas, he's mad!
Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O, say!
Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul,—
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works,—
Speak to her, Hamlet.
Ham. How is it with you, lady?
Queen. Alas, how is 't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end.(101) O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.
Queen. To whom do you speak this?
Ham. Do you see nothing there?
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.
Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit Ghost.*

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Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.
Ham. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: 'tis not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.
Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,(102)
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either master the devil, or throw him out(103)
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,
[*Pointing to Polonius.*
I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,

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That I must be their scourge and minister.(104)
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.—
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack,
I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows,—
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 'tis the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar: and 't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—
This man shall set me packing:
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.—

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Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.—
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves:
You must translate:(105) 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.

[*To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who exeunt.*

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries "A rat, a rat!"
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt
This mad young man: but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

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Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho, Guildenstern!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: so, haply slander—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,(106)
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot—may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.—O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Ros. Guil. [*within*] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Ham. What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

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Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!—what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed:(107) when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: 'a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.'

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord!

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter King, *attended.*

King. I've sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now! what hath befall'n?

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Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.
King. But where is he?
Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.
King. Bring him before us.
Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?
Ham. At supper.
King. At supper! where?
Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service,—two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.
King. Alas, alas!
Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.
King. What dost thou mean by this?
Ham. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.
King. Where is Polonius?
Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.
King. Go seek him there. [*To some Attendants.*
Ham. He will stay till ye come. [*Exeunt Attendants.*
King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.
Ham. For England!
King. Ay, Hamlet.
Ham. Good.

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King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother.—Come, for England! [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night:
Away! for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on th' affair: pray you, make haste.
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*
And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,—
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,—thou mayst not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters cónjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.(108) [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A plain in Denmark.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, *a* Captain, *and* Forces, *marching.*

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him that, by his license, Fortinbras
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye;
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on. [*Exeunt Fortinbras and Forces.*

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Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and others.*

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?
Cap. They are of Norway, sir.
Ham. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?
Cap. Against some part of Poland.
Ham. Who commands them, sir?
Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.
Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?
Cap. Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;(109)
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.
Ham. Why, then, the Polack never will defend it.
Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.
Ham. Two(110) thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.
Cap. God b' wi' you, sir. [*Exit.*
Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?
Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.
[*Exeunt all except Hamlet.*
How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Beastial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' event,—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know

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Why yet I live to say "This thing's to do;"
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*

Enter Queen *and* HORATIO.

Queen. I will not speak with her.
Hor. She is importunate, indeed distract;
Her mood will needs be pitied.
Queen. What would she have?
Hor. She speaks much of her father; says she hears
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshapèd use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;

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Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
'Twere good she were spoken with;[111] for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [*Exit Horatio.*

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO, *with* OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia!

Oph. How should I your true-love know [*Sings.*
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.
He is dead and gone, lady, [*Sings.*
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.
White his shroud as the mountain snow, [*Sings.*

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded with sweet flowers; [*Sings.*
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.[112]

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God dild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

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To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day, [*Sings.*
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

By Gis and by Saint Charity, [*Sings.*
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed.
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel.—Come, my coach!—Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit Horatio.*

O, this is[113] the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalias! First, her father slain:
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: the people mudded,[114]
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,
In hugger-mugger t' inter him: poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
Without the which we're pictures, or mere beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France;

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Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign(115)
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering-piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [*A noise within.*

Queen. Alack, what noise is this?

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

Enter a Gentleman.

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord:
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats(116) with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*

Enter LAERTES, *armed;* Danes *following.*

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

Danes. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will. [*They retire without the door.*

Laer. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile king,
Give me my father!

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard;
Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirchèd brows(117)
Of my true mother.

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King. What's the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd:—let him go, Gertrude:—
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation:—to this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world:
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is 't writ in your revenge,
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them, then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*within*] Let her come in.

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Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter OPHELIA.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven-times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is 't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love; and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him barefac'd on the bier; [*Sings.*
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And in(118) his grave rain'd many a tear,—
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.(119)

Oph. You must sing, "Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a."(120) O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness,—thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines:—there's rue for you; and here's some for me:—we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays:—O, you must wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy:—I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died:—they say he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—* [*Sings.*

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

* *For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,*—] Appears to be a line of a ballad entitled *My Robin is to the Greenwood gone, or, Bonny sweet Robin;* to the tune of which ballad several other ballads were sung: see Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, &c. vol. i. p. 233, sec. ed.

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Oph. And will he not come again? [*Sings.*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead:
Go to thy death-bed:(121)
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God.—God b' wi' ye.
[*Exit.*

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,(122)
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure burial,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;
And where th' offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter HORATIO *and a* Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

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Serv. Sailors, sir: they say they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.— [*Exit Servant.*

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

First Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

First Sail. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir,—it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England,—if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*reads*] "Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

"He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET."

Come, I will make you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter King *and* LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursu'd my life.

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Laer. It well appears:—but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they're strong. The queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,—
My virtue or my plague, be 't either which,—
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,—
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections:—but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps[123] for that: you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:

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They were given me by Claudio,—he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.(124)

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.—
Leave us. [*Exit Messenger.*

[*Reads*] "High and mighty,—You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return.

"HAMLET."

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character:—"Naked,"—
And in a postscript here, he says, "alone."
Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
"Thus diddest thou."

King. If it be so, Laertes,—
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;(125)
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
As checking at his voyage,(126) and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,

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As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.—Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I've seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
And they can(127) well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.(128)

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

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King. Not that I think you did not love your father;
But that I know love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
Dies in his own too-much: that we would do,
We should do when we would; for this "would" changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this "should" is like a spendthrift sigh,(129)
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' th' ulcer:—
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do 't:
And for that purpose I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,

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It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd: therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft!—let me see:—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,—(130)
I ha't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry,—
As make your bouts more violent to that end,—
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there.

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen!(131)

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

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Laer. Alas, then, she is drown'd?
Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.
Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord:
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts it. [*Exit.*
King. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had(132) to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A churchyard.*

Enter two Clowns, *with spades, &c.*

First Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Sec. Clo. I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

First Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

Sec. Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

First Clo. It must be *se offendendo;* it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

Sec. Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver,—

First Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes,—mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he

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drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

Sec. Clo. But is this law?

First Clo. Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest-law.

Sec. Clo. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

First Clo. Why, there thou sayst:(133) and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. —Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession.

Sec. Clo. Was he a gentleman?

First Clo. He was the first that ever bore arms.

Sec. Clo. Why, he had none.

First Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

Sec. Clo. Go to.

First Clo. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Sec. Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

First Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

Sec. Clo. "Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?"

First Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Sec. Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

First Clo. To't.

Sec. Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO, *at some distance.*

First Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your

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dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say "a grave-maker:" the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan;(134) fetch me a stoop of liquor. [*Exit Sec. Clown.*

[*He digs, and sings.*

In youth, when I did love, did love,*
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
O, methought there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

First Clo. But age, with his stealing steps, [*Sings.*
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches;(135) one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say "Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it,—might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazard with a sexton's spade: here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on't.

* *In youth, when I did love, did love*, &c.] This stanza and the other two stanzas sung by the First Clown are ruthlessly-altered quotations from a poem attributed to Lord Vaux; one copy of which, with the music, is extant in Ms. Sloane, No. 4900, and another copy, without the music, in Ms. Harl., No. 1703. The whole poem appeared in *Tottel's Miscellany*, 1557; and may be found in Percy's *Rel. of A. E. Poetry*, vol. i. p. 186, ed. 1794.

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First Clo. A pickaxe, and a spade, a spade, [*Sings.*
For and a shrouding-sheet:(136)
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.
[*Throws up another skull.*

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt?(137) will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sirrah?

First Clo. Mine, sir.—
O, a pit of clay for to be made [*Sings.*
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

First Clo. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

First Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

First Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

First Clo. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

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First Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

First Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

First Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born,—he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

First Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

First Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

First Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

First Clo. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

First Clo. Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

First Clo. I'faith, if he be not rotten before he die,—as we have many pocky corses now-a-days that will scarce hold the laying in,—he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

First Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

First Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

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Ham. Nay, I know not.

First Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull,(138) the king's jester.

Ham. This?

First Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*]—Alas, poor Yorick! —I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is!(139) my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! [*Puts down the skull.*

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio!(140) Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæsar,(141) dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth which kept the world in awe
Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!—

But soft! but soft! aside:—here comes the king,

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Enter Priests, *&c. in procession; the Corpse of* OPHELIA, LAERTES *and* Mourners *following;* King, Queen, *their trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers: who is that they follow?
And with such maimèd rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile, and mark. [*Retiring with Horatio.*
Laer. What ceremony else?
Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: mark.
Laer. What ceremony else?
First Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warrantise: her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,(142)
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.
Laer. Must there no more be done?
First Priest. No more be done:
We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her(143)
As to peace-parted souls.
Laer. Lay her i' th' earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.
Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!
Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell! [*Scattering flowers.*
I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.
Laer. O, treble woe(144)
Fall ten times treble on that cursèd head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense

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Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
[*Leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
T' o'ertóp old Pélión or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*advancing*] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis; whose phrase of sorrow
Cónjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*

Laer. The devil take thy soul!
[*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: hold off thy hand!

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.
[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son, what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
Woo't drink up eisel?(145) eat a crocodile?
I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

I wonder Mr Lyce thinks this should read 'eisel' 'vinegar' - instead of the river Esel - he forgets that mountains & monsters are to be sacrificed in their [illegible] rivers.

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Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, ~~and~~ the dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.—
[*Exit Horatio.*

[*To Laertes*] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We'll put the matter to the present push.—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A hall in the castle.*

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;—
You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,—
And prais'd be rashness for it; let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail:(146) and that should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will,—

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Hor. That is most certain.
Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,—
O royal knavery!—an exact command,—
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,—
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.
Hor. Is't possible?
Ham. Here's the commission: read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?
Hor. I beseech you.
Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villanies,—(147)
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play,—I sat me down;
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:—
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service:—wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?
Hor. Ay, good my lord.
Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities;(148)
And many such-like "as's" of great charge,—
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,(149)
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.
Hor. How was this seal'd?

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Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in the form of th' other;
Subscrib'd it; gave't th' impression; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Doth by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell-incensèd points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me now upon,—(150)
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between th' election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage,—is't not perfect conscience
To quit him with this arm?(151) and is't not to be damn'd
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short:(152) the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say "one."
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll court(153) his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace! who comes here?

Enter OSRIC.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—[*Aside to Hor.*] Dost know this water-fly?

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Hor. [*aside to Ham.*] No, my good lord.

Ham. [*aside to Hor.*] Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship(154) were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.(155)

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere, —I cannot tell how.—But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*

Osr. Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and it but yaw neither,(156) in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

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Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue?(157) You will do't, sir, really.(158)

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. [*aside to Ham.*] His purse is empty already: all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me:—well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but,(159) to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him(160) six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. [*aside to Ham.*] I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this "imponed," as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

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Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [*Exit Osric.*]—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the same bevy, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned and winnowed opinions;(161) and do but blow them to their trial,(162) the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king and queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

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Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury: there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?(163)

Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, *and Attendants with foils, &c.*

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.
[*The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.*

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong;
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it, then? His madness: if't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof; and will no reconcilement
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,(164)
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time

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I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils.—Come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric.—Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both:
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length?
[*They prepare to play.*

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoops of wine upon that table.—
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
"Now the king drinks to Hamlet."—Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

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Laer. Well;—again.

King. Stay; give me drink.—Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health.

[*Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within.*

Give him the cup.

Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.—
Come.—[*They play.*] Another hit; what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.—
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam!

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me. [*Drinks.*

King. [*aside*] It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. [*aside*] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*

Osr. Nothing, neither way.

Laer. Have at you now!

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*

King. Part them; they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come, again. [*The Queen falls.*

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord?

Osr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;
I'm justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons(165) to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet,—

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The drink, the drink!—I am poison'd. [*Dies.*

Ham. O villany!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:(166)
Treachery! seek it out.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: thy mother 's poison'd:—
I can no more:—the king, the king 's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too!—
Then, venom, to thy work. [*Stabs the King.*

All. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damnèd Dane,
Drink off this potion:—is thy union here?(167)
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*

Laer. He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.—
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.—
I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time,—as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest,—O, I could tell you,—
But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it:
I'm more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I'll have't.
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

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Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story. [*March at some distance, and shot within.*
What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy th' election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with th' occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited—the rest is silence. [*Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart:—good night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!—
Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, *the* English Ambassadors, *and others.*

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc —O proud Death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

First Amb. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placèd to the view;

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And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on th' inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:.
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance,
On plots and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
T' have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the bodies:—such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.—(168)
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies; after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.*

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P. 103. (1) "*'Tis now struck twelve;*"

Steevens "strongly suspected" that we ought to read "*'Tis* new *struck twelve;*" which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also gives: but is not the sense the same with either reading?

P. 105. (2) "*Polacks*"

Spelt in the old eds. "*pollax*" and "*Pollax.*"—Pope printed "Polack;" and Steevens observes, "We cannot well suppose that in a *parley* the King belaboured many, as it is not likely that provocation was given by more than one, or that on such an occasion he would have condescended to strike a meaner person than a prince." It would seem, however, that here the "*pollax*" of the old eds. was intended for the plural; since, afterwards in this play, their spelling of the singular is "*Polacke,*" "*Pollacke,*" "*Poleak,*" "*Pollock,*" and "*Polake.*"—1865. The highly descriptive epithet in this line "*sledded*" (i.e. borne or mounted on a sled) is pronounced to be "nonsense" by Professor Leo, who "should like to propose the word 'sturdy'" in its stead: see *Notes and Queries* for Nov. 19, 1864, p. 410.

P. 106. (3) "*co-mart,*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "Cou'nant."—"*Co-mart* is, I suppose, *a joint bargain*, a word perhaps of our poet's coinage. A *mart* signifying a great fair or market, he would not have scrupled to have written *to mart*, in the sense of *to make a bargain*. In the preceding speech we find *mart* used for *bargain* or *purchase*." MALONE.—"He has not scrupled so to write in *Cymbeline*, act i. sc. 6;

'to *mart*
As in a Romish stew,' &c." STEEVENS.

P. 106. (4) "*design'd,*"

So the second folio.—The quartos, 1604, &c. and the first folio have (with various spelling) "designe."

P. 106. (5) "*As, stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,*
Disasters in the sun;"

A passage hopelessly mutilated: yet Caldecott, with something more than simplicity, is inclined to believe that it now stands as Shakespeare wrote it, and accordingly proceeds to explain it.—Rowe printed

"*Stars* shone *with trains of fire, dews of blood* fell,
Disasters veil'd *the sun.*"—

Capell gave Rowe's reading, except that he substituted "dimm'd" for "veil'd."—Malone conjectured

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"Astres *with trains of fire,*——
—— *and dews of blood*
Disasterous dimm'd *the sun.*"

And Professor Leo proposes no less than three most wretched alterations of the passage in *Notes and Queries* for Nov. 19, 1864, p. 411.—

"A line is lost, probably of this kind;

'The heavens too spoke in silent prodigies;
As, stars,' &c." *Ms. Note by* Boaden.—

The preceding speech of Bernardo, and the present one of Horatio as far as the line "Unto our climature and countrymen" inclusive, are omitted in the folio; but they are found in all the quartos, except the imperfect one of 1603.

P. 107. (6) "*climature*"

The quartos, 1604, &c. (see the preceding note) have "Climatures."

P. 109. (7) "*Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,*"

"Shakespeare can never have written any thing so harsh and obscure as this. Point

'Now follows that you know: young Fortinbras,' &c.

If indeed this correction has not been made already, as I think it has." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 261.

P. 109. (8) "*more than the scope*
Of these dilated articles allow."

See note 114 on *Love's Labour's lost*, vol. ii. p. 251.

P. 109. (9)
"*Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.*
Cor. Vol. *In that and all things will we show our duty.*"

"Perhaps 'commend your *service*:' at any rate, '*duty*' is wrong." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 277.

P. 110. (10) "*modes,*"

Here the old eds. have "moodes" and "Moods;" which is merely an old spelling of "*modes;*" nothing can be plainer than that Hamlet, throughout this speech, is dwelling entirely on the outward and visible signs of sadness.

P. 110. (11) "*shows*"

So the folio.—The quarto of 1604 has "chapes;" the subsequent quartos read "shapes," which I once felt inclined to adopt (with Capell), since in the third line after this we have "passeth *show*:" but "*forms*" and "shapes" would be tautological.

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P. 111. (12) "*And with no less nobility of love*"

Dr. Badham (*Cambridge Essays* for 1856, p. 272) would read "*And with* nobility no less *of love;*" very improperly, I believe.—Steevens compares, in p. 123, "From me, whose *love was of that dignity*," &c.

P. 112. (13) "*dexterity*"

"I cannot help suspecting that Shakespeare wrote '*celerity.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 242.—Surely not.

P. 113. (14) "*hear*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "haue;" erroneously, as the next line proves: yet Mr. Knight retains "have."

P. 113. (15) "*In the dead vast*," &c.

"This is the line as it stands in the quarto, 1603; and if that edition had afforded us no other correction of a misprint in the other quartos and folios, its high value would, we think, have been established. Hitherto the reading has been, 'In the dead *waist*, &c.;' the word *waist* having been printed *wast* or *waste* in all the old copies subsequent to that of 1603." COLLIER,—who was not aware that the quarto of 1637 has "*In the dead vast*," &c.

P. 113. (16) "*distill'd*"

i.e. melted, dissolved. So all the quartos.—The folio has "bestil'd;" which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters to "bechill'd."—But compare a passage (which Mr. Singer pointed out to me) in Sylvester's *Du Bartas,—A Dialogue*, &c.,—p. 281, ed. 1641;

> "Melt thee, *distill* thee, turne to wax or snow;
> Make sad thy gesture, tune thy voyce to woe," &c.

Nor are examples of the word in the same sense wanting in modern writers: a passage of Claudian (*De Sexto Cons. Hon.* v. 345),

> "liquefactaque fulgure cuspis
> Canduit, et subitis fluxere vaporibus enses,"

is thus rendered by Addison,

> "Swords by the lightning's subtle force *distill'd*,
> And the cold sheath with running metal fill'd."
> *Remarks on several Parts of Italy*, &c. p. 208, ed. 1745.

P. 115. (17) "*Let it be tenable in your silence still;*"

So all the quartos.—The folio has "*Let it bee* treble *in your silence still*," &c.; a blunder which Caldecott retains (and Mr. Knight once retained),—as meaning "Let it impose a threefold obligation of silence"!

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P. 116. (18) "*The safety and the health of the whole state;*"

The quartos, 1604, &c. have "*The safety and health of* this *whole state;*" which Mr. Collier adopts, remarking that "'safety' was often of old, as in this line, pronounced as a trisyllable."—The folio has "*The* sanctity *and health of the weole State;*" which is kept by Caldecott and Mr. Knight, though the word "sanctity" is evidently an error for "sanity," to which Hanmer altered it. Malone observes; "the editor [of the folio], finding the metre defective, in consequence of the article being omitted before '*health*,' instead of supplying it, for '*safety*' substituted a word of three syllables."

P. 116. (19) "*As he in his particular act and place*"

Here again we must have recourse to the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*As he in his* peculiar Sect *and* force:" "but," as Mr. Collier observes, "there is little doubt that it is a misreading."

P. 117. (20) "*hoops*"

Pope substituted "hooks."

P. 117. (21) "*But do not dull thy palm*"

"'*Dulls*' occurs thirteen lines below. May not Shakespeare have written '*stale* thy palm'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 306.

P. 117. (22) "*comráde.*"

Dr. Badham (*Cambridge Essays* for 1856, p. 282) unaccountably objects to this word, and, as unaccountably, proposes to read "court-ape."

P. 117. (23)
"*Are most select and generous, chief in that.*"

So Rowe (*i.e.* says Ritson, "the nobility of France are select and generous above all other nations, and chiefly in the point of apparel").—The quarto of 1603 has "*Are* of a *most select and* generall *chiefe in that;*" the other quartos have "Or [and *Ar* and *Are*] of a *most select and generous, chiefe in that;*" while the folio has "*Are* of a *most select and generous* cheff *in that.*"—Steevens suggested "*Select and generous*, are *most* choice *in that.*" —Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, indifferent about the metre, reads "*Are* of a *most select and generous* choice *in that;*" which Mr. Collier now adopts, and, as usual, goes out of his way to accuse me of error: "the same blunder," he says, "of printing *chiefe* for 'choice' is committed, and undetected, in the comedy of 'The Widow' (Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, iv. 350), where the line

'The word of words, the precious chief, i' faith,'

is mere nonsense; the meaning being that of a 'precious *choice* word'." Now the passage of *The Widow* is this;

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"*Val.* What's that, good, sweet sir?
First Suit. A thing that never fail'd me.
Val. Good sir, what?
First Suit. I heard our counsellor speak a word of comfort—
Invita voluntate; ha, that's he, wench,
The word of words, the precious CHIEF, i' faith!
Val. Invita voluntate! what's the meaning, sir?
First Suit. Nay, there I leave you; but assure you thus much,
I never heard him speak that word i' my life,
But the cause went on 's side, that I mark'd ever:"

and it seems almost incredible that Mr. Collier should seriously propose to alter "*chief*" to "choice." The First Suitor, in his ignorance, is evidently speaking of "*invita voluntate*" as *facile princeps verborum.*—Mr. Staunton prints, unmetrically, "*Are of a most select and generous* sheaf *in that;*" which he defends by two quotations from Ben Jonson.—Mr. Grant White gives "*Are most select and generous in that.*"

P. 118. (24) "*Running it thus*"

The quartos, 1604, &c. have "Wrong *it thus;*" which has been altered to "Wronging *it thus,*" and to "Wringing *it thus.*"—The folio has "Roaming *it thus,*" which Caldecott and Mr. Knight retain, and explain—to their own satisfaction. But that "Roaming" is a mistake for "*Running,*" I have been long convinced. So in a line of *King John,*

"Say, shall the current of our right *run* on?"

the folio erroneously has "—— rome on?" (see note 33, vol. iv. p. 82).—Mr. Collier also, in his note on the present passage, proposed "*Running,*" before it was known that his Ms. Corrector had made the same alteration.

P. 118. (25) "*Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,*"

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification,* &c. p. 206) cites this line as containing an example of "*daughter*" used as a trisyllable.

P. 119. (26) "*that dye*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "the eye;" which is retained by Caldecott and Mr. Knight: but, though our early writers talk of "an *eye of green*" (as in *The Tempest,* act ii. sc. 1), "an *eye of red,*" "an *eye of blue,*" &c., do they ever use "eye" by itself to denote colour? "It is here," according to Mr. Knight, "metaphorically put for *character.*"

P. 119. (27) "*bawds,*"

So Theobald (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The old eds. have "bonds."

P. 119. (28) "*slander any moment's leisure*"

For "*slander,*"—which is explained "disgrace," "abuse,"—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "squander."—Mr. Collier and Mr. Grant White

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are mistaken in stating that all the old copies have "moment *leisure:*"—the quarto of 1611, now before me, reads as in my text.

P. 120. (29) "*By the o'ergrowth*"

The first quarto and the folio give (the former imperfectly) only the first four lines of the present speech.—The quartos, 1604, &c. have "*By* their *ore-grow'th.*"

P. 120. (30) "*Their*"

The quartos, 1604, &c. (see the preceding note) have "His."

P. 120. (31) "*the dram of evil*
Doth all the noble substance oft debase
To his own scandal."

Only in the quartos, 1604, &c. (see note 29).—The quarto of 1604 has

"*the dram of* eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandle."—

The undated quarto and that of 1611 have

"*the dram of* ease
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandall."—

Theobald printed

"*the dram of* base
Doth all the noble substance of worth out
To his own scandal."—

Steevens reads

"*the dram of* base
Doth all the noble substance often dout [*i.e.* do out],
To his own scandal;"

which is adopted by Caldecott, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Collier,—except that they substitute "ill" for "base." But, in the first place, "often" is very questionable, because, in all probability, "of" in the old copies is a mistake for "*oft;*" and secondly, as Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes to me, "the words '*To his own scandal*' are fatal to the reading 'dout' (*i.e.* do out); for if that alteration be right, they are superfluous. A verb," he adds, "I should think, must lurk under the corruption 'a doubt' or 'doubt,' with the signification of turn, pervert, corrupt, or the like. Shakespeare's meaning evidently is, that a little leaven leavens the whole lump,—that one vice will ruin an otherwise perfect character."—The Rev. W. R. Arrowsmith (in *Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators*, p. 6) cites the passage thus,

"*the dram of* base
Doth all the noble substance often draw
To his own scandal."—

For the reading now inserted in the text I alone am answerable.

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P. 120. (32) "*why the sepulchre,*
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,"

In my *Few Notes*, &c. p. 137, I remarked; "Perhaps the reading of the quartos '*quietly* interr'd' is preferable, because '*in-urn'd*' implies that the body had been reduced to ashes,"—a remark which I now wish to recall. Compare *Coriolanus*, act v. sc. 6;

"Bear from hence his body,—
And mourn you for him:—let him be regarded
As the most noble *corse* that ever herald
Did follow to his *urn*."

(1865. A pleasing poet of our own day has

"Perhaps they muse with a desponding sigh
On the cold vault that shall their bones *inurn*," &c.
Bowles, *Elegy*, among *Sonnets and other Poems*, vol. i. p. 42.)

P. 121. (33) "*It waves you*"

Here the folio has "*It* wafts *you*;" a little after, "*It* waues *me*;" and presently again, "*It* wafts *me*;" and so Caldecott and Mr. Knight. But there can be no doubt that Shakespeare in these three places used *the same form of the word*; and as the quartos, 1604, &c., in all three have "*waues*," they surely are to be followed.

P. 121. (34) "*draw*"

"Is wrong. '*Drive*'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 262.

P. 122. (35) "*confin'd to fast in fires,*"

So all the old eds., except the imperfect quarto 1603, which has "*Confinde* in flaming fire."—Heath conjectured "—— *to* lasting *fires*;" and so reads Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—In support of the old text the following passages have been cited. 'And moreover, the misese of *helle* shal be in *defaute of mete and drink*." Chaucer's *Persones Tale*, p. 291, ed. Tyrwhitt, 4to. "Whether it be a place of horror, stench, and darknes, where men see meat, but can get none, or are ever thirstie," &c. Nash's *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, sig. G, ed. 1595.

"Thou shalt lye in frost and *fire*
With sicknesse and *hunger*," &c.
At the conclusion of *The Wyll of the Devyll*, bl. l. no date.

P. 122. (36) "*stand on end,*"

So quarto 1603.—The other old eds. have "*stand* an *end*."—See note 120 on *The Sec. Part of King Henry VI.* vol. v. p. 217.

P. 123. (37)
"*To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O, list!*—"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "—— *list* Hamlet, *oh list*;" which

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(though it satisfies Caldecott and Mr. Knight) gives a most violent shock to the metre: it would still have a harshness with the transposition, "*list, O, list, Hamlet!*" nor would it be unobjectionable if altered to "—— *list, Hamlet, list,*" for in this solemn adjuration the "*O*" is hardly to be omitted.

P. 123. (38) "*roots*"

So all the quartos.—The folio has "rots."

P. 123. (39) "*wit,*"

The old eds. have "wits."

P. 124. (40) "*in the blossoms of my sin,*
Unhousell'd, disappointed, unanel'd;"

Qy. "*in the* blossom *of my sin*"?—In the second line, for "*disappointed*" Pope substituted "unanointed," which was adopted by Hanmer and Capell, none of them being aware that they were introducing a strange pleonasm, since "*unanel'd,*" which they did not understand, means *unanointed* (and Mr. Francis Prendergast, though acquainted with the meaning of "*unanel'd,*" has lately defended Pope's emendation "unanointed" in two ingenious letters addressed to the Editor of *The Dublin Evening Mail*).—Theobald altered "*disappointed*" to "unappointed" (and there is no doubt that in a passage of *The Comedy of Errors* the folio has the stark error "distain'd" for "*unstain'd:*" see note 37 on that play, vol. ii. p. 59).

Let us consider the three words of the line one by one:

1. "*Unhousell'd*" is without having received the *housel*, the Eucharist, or Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.
2. "*Disappointed,*" if the right reading, must be equivalent to ill-appointed, unappointed,—unprepared.
3. "*Unanel'd*" is not *aneled, aneiled,* or *anoyld,* not oiled, not anointed,—without extreme unction.

P. 124. (41) "*With all my imperfections on my head:*
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;"

Perhaps the second of these lines belongs to Hamlet.—The corresponding passage in the quarto of 1603 is

"With all my accompts and sinnes vpon my head,
O horrible, most horrible!
Ham. O God!
Ghost. If thou hast nature in thee, beare it not."

P. 124. (42)
"*And shall I couple hell?—O, fie!—Hold, my heart;*"

So quarto 1611 and the folio.—The quartos, 1604, &c. have, still more unmetrically,

"*And shall I coupple hell, ô fie, hold,* hold *my hart.*"—

Capell's reading,

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"*And shall I couple hell?—Hold*, hold, *my heart*,"

is probably the right one; though Boswell, in opposition to Steevens, defends "*O, fie!*" because elsewhere in the play we have "*Fie upon't*" and "*Fie on't! O, fie!*"

P. 125. (43)
"*O villain, villain, smiling, damnèd villain!*" &c.

See the Preface to the present edition, p. xii.

P. 125. (44) "Mar. [within] *So be it!*"

In the quartos, 1604, &c. this speech is given to Hamlet.

P. 126. (45) "*whirling*"

So all the quartos.—The folio has "hurling," which Caldecott and Mr. Knight retain. (In the earliest quarto "*whirling*" is spelt "*wherling;*" in the later quartos "*whurling*,"—whence the error of the folio.)

P. 126. (46) "*Never to speak of this that you have seen,*
Swear by my sword."

"The inversion is anti-Shakesperian. Point, 'Never —— seen. 'Swear,' &c." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 263.

P. 127. (47) "*in our philosophy.*"

So the folio.—All the quartos have "*in* your *philosophie.*"

P. 127. (48) "'*There be, an if they might,*'"

So all the quartos; and rightly, Hamlet meaning, "There be persons who, if they were at liberty to speak."—The folio has "—— *and if* there *might*" (the transcriber or printer having repeated "there" by mistake); and so Caldecott and Mr. Knight.

P. 128. (49) "*marvell's*"

See note 10 on *Troilus and Cressida*, vol. vi. p. 103.

P. 130. (50) "Rey. *Good my lord!*"

Reynaldo has previously said "Very good, my lord," and he afterwards says "Well, my lord;" but the present speech is not therefore to be pointed "*Good, my lord.*" Compare at p. 145,

"*Ham.* . . . . you are welcome to Elsinore.
Ros. Good my lord!"

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P. 132. (51) "*I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,*
Both to my God and to my gracious king:"

So all the quartos (except that the earliest has "life" instead of "*soul*," and "soueraigne" instead of "*gracious*"); and, as Capell observes, in spite of the "bad expression," the poet's "meaning is plain enough." *Notes*, vol. i. P. i. p. 129. It was, however, misunderstood; for in the folio we find "*Both to my God*, one *to my gracious King;*" which strange alteration is adopted not only by Caldecott and Mr. Knight, but even by Mr. Collier.

P. 133. (52) "*My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*My Newes shall be the* Newes *to that great Feast;*" which Caldecott adopts!—Mr. Knight is "*inclined to think* that '*news*' was repeated by a typographical error."

P. 133. (53) "*Welcome, my good friends!*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*Welcome good Frends.*"—"I think the occasion absolutely demands 'Welcome *home*, good friends!' And so in his next speech, on parting with them, 'Most welcome home!'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 255.

P. 135. (54) "*out of thy star;*"

The editor of the second folio substituted "*out of thy* Sphere."—"'*Out of thy star*' is *placed above thee by fortune.* We have '*fortune's star*' before." BOSWELL.

P. 136. (55)
"*You know, sometimes he walks four hours together*
Here in the lobby."

"The old copies," says Mr. Collier, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, "have '*four* hours together,' but no doubt misprinted: it is not likely that Polonius would specify precisely how long Hamlet walked in the lobby, and the corr. fo. 1632 tells us to read 'for hours together,' as in our text." Again, in his "Supplemental Notes," vol. i. p. 276, Mr. Collier adds; "The same probable misprint of *four* for 'for' is contained in Webster's 'Duchess of Malfi,' act iv. (edit. Dyce, i. 260), where Bosola is giving to Ferdinand a description of the demeanour of the heroine;

'She will muse four hours together,' &c.

This ought most likely to be '*for* hours;' but Mr. Dyce prints 'four hours.'"

Mr. Collier reasons very oddly. Since the old copies of *Hamlet* agree in having "*four* hours," and since the old copies of *The Duchess of Malfi* have "*four* hours" also, surely the inference is, that "*four* hours" is the right reading in both tragedies.

In his note on the present passage Malone observes; "I was formerly inclined to adopt Mr. Tyrwhitt's proposed emendation [in which Hanmer had anticipated him,—'for hours together']; but have now no doubt that the text is right. The expression '*four hours together*,' '*two hours together*,' &c. appears to have been common. So, in *King Lear*, act i. [sc. 2];

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'*Edm.* Spake you with him?
Edg. Ay, *two hours together.*'

Again, in *The Winter's Tale* [act v. sc. 2];

'Ay, and have been so any time these *four* hours.'

Again, in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, 1623," &c.

P. 136. (56) "*So he does, indeed.*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*So he* ha's *indeed;*"—which is retained by Caldecott silently; and by Mr. Knight, with a note to say that "has" is equivalent to "has done."

P. 136. (57) "*For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,*"

This passage is not in the quarto 1603.—The other old eds. have "—— *being a* good *kissing carrion.*"—I give Warburton's emendation, which, if overpraised by Johnson (who called it a "noble" one), at least has the merit of conveying something like a meaning.—That not even a tolerable sense can be tortured out of the original reading, we have proof positive in the various *explanations* of it by Whiter, Coleridge, Caldecott, Mr. Knight, and Delius. ("The carrion," says Mr. Knight with the utmost gravity, "the carrion is good at kissing—ready to return the kiss of the sun—'Common kissing Titan,' and in the bitterness of his satire Hamlet associates the idea with the daughter of Polonius. Mr. Whiter, however, considers that *good*, the original reading, is correct; but that the poet uses the word as a substantive—the GOOD principle in the fecundity of the earth. In that case we should read 'being a good, kissing carrion'."—Equally outrageous in absurdity is the interpretation of Delius, which (translated for me by Mr. Robson) runs thus: "Hamlet calls the dog, in which the sun breeds maggots, a good, kissing carrion; alluding to the confiding, fawning manner of the dog towards his master. If the sun breeds maggots in the dead dog, which during its lifetime was so attached,—what, says Hamlet, in his bitter distrust [*Misstrauen*], and to annoy Polonius, might not the sun breed in the equally tender Ophelia, who ought therefore not to expose herself to the sun.")

P. 139. (58) "*too dear a halfpenny.*"

"Until it can be shown that 'dear a halfpenny' is English, I should certainly prefer 'too dear *at* a halfpenny.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 259.—The old text, I believe, is right.

P. 139. (59) "*I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather.*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—Mr. Knight deliberately prints, with the folio, "*I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation preuent your discouery* of *your secricie to the King and Queene: moult no feather.*"

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P. 139. (60) "*this brave o'erhanging firmament*,"

Here the word "*firmament*" has dropt out of the folio; and Caldecott omits it too.—Though Mr. Knight now follows the quartos in this passage, he shows a lingering fondness for the error of the folio: he says, "Using *o'erhanging* as a substantive, the sentence is perhaps less eloquent, but more coherent," &c.

P. 139. (61) "*What a piece of work is man!*"

The quartos, 1604, &c. have "*What peece of worke is* a *man*,"—the "a" having been shuffled out of its place.—The editor or editors of the folio, instead of making the proper transposition, inserted a second "*a*;" thus, "*What a piece of worke is* a *man!*"—The quarto of 1637 has "*What a piece* a *worke is man!*"

P. 140. (62) "*berattle*"

So the second folio.—The first has "be-ratled."—From "Do they grow rusty?" to "Hercules and his load too" is not in the quartos, 1604, &c.; but, as Mr. Collier observes, there are traces of this part of the scene in the quarto 1603.

P. 140. (63) "*most like*,"

The folio (see preceding note) has "like most."

P. 142. (64)
"*For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.*"

"'*Writ*' for *writing, composition*." JOHNSON.—"'[The] *law of writ and the liberty*' mean pieces written in rule, and pieces out of rule." Capell's *Notes*, &c. vol. i. P. i. p. 133.—"The meaning probably is, that the players were good, whether at written productions, or at extemporal plays where liberty was allowed to the performers to invent the dialogue, in imitation of the Italian *commedie al improviso*. See 'History of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage,' Vol. iii. p. 393." COLLIER.—"Read with 'the modern editions' (Johnson's note *in loc.*) '*wit*' [Rowe's alteration]. '*Writ*' for *composition* is not English. It is as if we should say, *the laws of poem* for *the laws of poetry*; or talk of so and so being contrary to *the genius of ode*, meaning *the genius of lyrical composition*. The passages quoted by the Var. commentators are utterly irrelevant. The same erratum occurs, *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 2, folio, p. 122, col. 2;

"For I haue neyther *writ* nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,
To stirre mens Blood.'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 265.

P. 142. (65) "*What treasure*"

The old eds. have "*What* a *treasure*."

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P. 142. (66) "*the pious chanson*"

"Hamlet, in the text of the quartos, calls the poem 'the *pious chanson;*' but in the folio of 1623 it is 'the *Pons* Chanson.' Pope says, this refers to the old ballads sung on bridges. We believe *Pons* is a typographical error; for in the quarto of 1603 we find 'the first verse of the *godly* ballet.' But Mr. Hunter says, that 'in France, the trivial ballad, such as that referred to, is called in ordinary discourse a *pons chanson*, or a *chanson du Pont Neuf*.' A popular ballad is called even in modern dictionaries a *chanson du Pont Neuf*—but where is the authority for *pons chanson?*" KNIGHT.

P. 142. (67) "*You are welcome, masters; welcome, all; I am glad to see ye well; welcome, good friends.*"

The old eds. have "—— *I am glad to see* thee *well*," &c.: but the position of the word proves that "thee" cannot be right.—Hanmer altered "thee" to "you."—See note 102 on *The Tempest*, vol. i. p. 254.

P. 142. (68) "*valanced*"

So all the quartos.—The folio has "valiant;" an error adopted by Caldecott and Mr. Knight, who bring forward to explain it a note of Malone's, which he himself had cancelled.

P. 143. (69) "*there were no sallets in the lines*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.; and so the quarto 1603, and the folio, except that they have "was" instead of "*were*."—In spite of Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, vol. viii. p. 177, I think that in this passage the alteration of "*sallets*" to "salt" (or "salts") is a hasty one:—"*sallets*," i. e. *salt* (ribald) words or allusions (see Richardson's *Dict.* for the etymology of *salad* or *sallet*). Steevens *ad l.* cites from *A Bouquet of Jests*, &c. 1665, "for junkets, joci; and for curious *sallets*, sales."

P. 143. (70) "*affection:*"

i. e. affectation.—So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "affectation."

P. 146. (71) "*for it cannot be*
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter;"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*To make* transgression *bitter;*" which Mr. Collier very inconsiderately calls "an improvement." I should have thought it almost impossible for any one not to perceive that "lack gall to make *oppression* bitter" means "lack gall to make me feel the bitterness of oppression."—1865. Mr. Collier now sees that "'oppression' is, no doubt, the proper reading."

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P. 146. (72) "*That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,*"

"Some modern editors [*intellige* Mr. Knight], following the reading of the folio ['*That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered*'], have left out the material word 'father' in this line; and it is certainly not found in the quartos 1604 or 1605. It is, however, in some copies of an undated quarto, which may be assigned to the year 1607, and in that of 1611, but not in the quarto 1637. [It is in my copy of the quarto 1637. A. D.] The omission must have been discovered as the tragedy was going through the press, when first printed for Smethwicke, and then supplied. . . . The quarto 1603 has the line thus,

'Why this is braue, that I the sonne of my deare father,'

omitting the word 'murdered'." COLLIER.—But in Boswell's opinion, "'*the dear murdered*' is very far from being a harsh ellipsis;" Caldecott adopted it; and (as above mentioned) so does Mr. Knight, who thinks it a "beautiful reading."—1865. And Mr. Grant White pronounces it to be "a fine form of speech, which needs no support."

P. 148. (73) "*That your good beauties*
. . . . *your virtues*
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . *I wish it may.*"

"Surely Shakespeare wrote '*beauty*' (*-tie*), and perhaps also '*virtue.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 252.

P. 149. (74) "*The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 16) would alter "*slings*" to "stings," which he says "is undoubtedly the true reading."

P. 149. (75) "*who would fardels bear,*"

"Folio, 'who would *these* fardels bear.' Perhaps right; '*who 'ld*'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 266; where his editor observes in a note, "This contraction of '*who would*' is not necessary for the metre. See [Walker's] S[*hakespeare's*] V[*ersification*], Art. ix."

P. 150. (76) "*than with honesty?*"

So all the quartos.—The folio has "*then* your *Honestie?*" (a mistake occasioned by the "*your* honesty" and "*your* beauty" of the preceding speech); not "—— *then* with your *Honestie,*" as Mr. Grant White supposes, who (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 414) blames the modern editors for not adhering to that lection.—1865. Mr. Grant White now adopts the reading of the quartos.

P. 151. (77) "*at my beck*"

"That is, *always ready to come about me.*" STEEVENS.—Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, and Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 266) would substitute "back" for "*beck.*"

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P. 153. (78) "*I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus;*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*I had as liue the Town-Cryer* had *spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much your hand thus;*" the "had" having been repeated, and the "with" omitted, by the transcriber's or printer's mistake: yet Mr. Knight keeps the "had;" and both he and Caldecott omit the "with." (The quarto 1603 has

"*I'de* rather heare a *towne* bull bellow,
Then such a fellow speake *my lines.*
Nor do not saw the aire thus with your hands.")

P. 153. (79) "*come tardy off,*"

"Read 'come tardy *of*,' quasi 'come short of.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 266.

P. 153. (80) "*nor man,*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "or Norman."—The quarto of 1603 reads "Nor *Turke.*"—Farmer proposed "*nor* Mussulman."

P. 153. (81) "*had made men, and not made them well,*"

"I have no doubt that our author wrote 'had made *them*, and not made them well,' &c. *Them* and *men* are frequently confounded in the old copies." MALONE.

P. 154. (82) "*Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "—— *Mistris of* my *choyce;*" which, though the context proves it to be an error, Mr. Knight retains; as he does another "my" of the folio at p. 157,

"My operant powers *my* functions leave to do."

In both cases the error was occasioned by the preceding "*my.*"

P. 156. (83) "*between maids' legs.*"

Rowe printed "*between* a maid's *legs.*"

P. 156. (84) "*within's*"

A contraction of "within these."

P. 156. (85) "*for I'll have a suit of sables.*"

Warburton reads "'fore *I'll have a suit of sables;*" which Mr. Grant White adopts without hesitation. (Is what follows worth noticing?—A writer in *The Critic* for 1854, p. 317,—having found, in a review, an extract from a work of Henry Peacham, where "*Sabell* colour, i. e. *flame*-colour," is mentioned,—feels assured that we ought to read here "*a suit of* sabell." An-

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other correspondent in *The Critic* for the same year, p. 373, observes that "*sabell*" or "*sabelle*" is properly a fawn-colour a good deal heightened with red, and that the term came from the French "*couleur d'isabelle.*"—According to the *Dict. de l'Acad. Fr.*, "*isabelle*" is a colour "entre le blanc et le jaune, mais dans lequel le jaune domine. Il se dit surtout du poil des chevaux.")

P. 159. (86) "*An*"

The quartos, 1604, &c. have "And."—This and the preceding line are not in the quarto of 1603, nor in the folio.

P. 159. (87) "Oph. *Still better, and worse.*
Ham. *So you must take your husbands.*"

So the quarto 1603, except that it has "husband."—The other quartos have "*Ham. So you* mistake *your husbands;*" which is the reading of the folio, except that it omits "your."

P. 159. (88)
"*Begin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin.*"

So the folio; with which the quarto 1603 nearly agrees,

"*begin.* Murdred
Begin, a *poxe, leaue thy damnable faces and begin.*"—

The later quartos omit "*pox;*" and Mr. Knight, generally so devoted to the folio, omits it too. (Need I observe that in Shakespeare's time this imprecation undoubtedly referred to the small-pox? Our author in *Love's Labour's lost*, act v. sc. 2, makes Katherine exclaim "*A pox* of that jest!")

P. 160. (89) "*razed shoes,*"

"The reading of the quartos is '*raz'd shoes;*' that of the folio '*rac'd shoes.*' *Razed* shoes may mean *slashed* shoes, *i.e.* with cuts or openings in them. The poet might have written '*raised* shoes,' *i.e.* shoes with *high heels;* such as, by adding to the stature, are supposed to increase the dignity of a player," &c. STEEVENS.

P. 162. (90) "Re-enter *Players* with recorders.
O, the recorders:—let me see one."

So the quartos, 1604, &c. (except that there the stage-direction stands "Enter *the Players with Recorders*").—The folio has

"Enter one *with* a Recorder.

O the Recorder. *Let me see;*" an alteration which I have not the slightest doubt we must attribute to the "company," who were obliged to be economical both of persons and properties. A single recorder, indeed, suffices for the mere business of this scene: but the alteration is quite at variance with what precedes, p. 161, "Come, some music! come, *the recorders!*"

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P. 162. (91) "Ham. *I do beseech you.*"

"Should not this be addressed, and the reply which follows be assigned, to Rosencrantz? In the quarto 1603 the dialogue runs,

'*Ham.* I pray will you play upon this pipe?
Ross. Alas, my lord, I cannot.
Ham. Pray will you?
Gil. I have no skill, my lord.'" STAUNTON.

P. 163. (92) "*and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c. (in the quarto 1603 there is no more of this than "Zounds *do you thinke*").—The folio has "—— *yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke.*"—"The folio," observes Mr. Knight, "omits *speak.* The poet may have meant to say, yet cannot you *make* this music, this excellent voice; for Guildenstern might have made the pipe *speak*, but he could not command it to any utterance of harmony. We now prefer to consider the folio erroneous." That Mr. Knight should labour to explain a reading which he now allows to be an erroneous one! How it originated is plain enough: when "'*Sblood*" was struck out, to be replaced by "Why," the preceding word "*speak*" was at the same time accidentally struck out.

P. 163. (93) "*And do such bitter business as the day*
Would quake to look on."

In the second edition of his *Shakespeare* Mr. Collier remarks; "In the 4tos the epithet 'bitter' is applied to 'day,' not to 'business.' The Rev. Mr. Dyce ('Few Notes,' p. 141) would read *better* for 'bitter,' and, like the 4tos, would apply the epithet, not to 'business,' but to 'day,' quoting as his authority Milton's 'Hail, holy light!' This perversion of Shakespeare's text seems to us about upon a par with his conversion of Milton's address to the sun; for nothing less applicable could easily have been pointed out. Surely 'bitter business,' in Hamlet's state of mind, requires no forced explanation."

Here Mr. Collier writes ignorantly,—to say nothing of his mistake in supposing that Milton's "Hail, holy light!" (*Par. Lost*, iii. 1) is, or *could be*, a portion of *Satan's* "address to the sun" (*Par. Lost*, iv. 32).

Though I have preferred in both my editions of *Shakespeare* the reading of the folio,

"And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on,"

I certainly cannot allow that the lection which I once advocated—

"And do such business as the *better* day
Would quake to look on"—

is to be regarded as indefensible,—far from it; and I transcribe, for the benefit of Mr. Collier, the following remark by the late John Mitford, a critic of no mean taste and learning;

"How this reading

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['And do such business as the *bitter* day
Would quake to look on']

could have been permitted to stand [in the *Variorum Shakespeare*], we cannot think. The word is 'better.' 'The better day' is opposed to the 'witching time of night.' It is the ἱερὸν ἦμαρ of Homer, *Il.* θ. 66." *Gentleman's Magazine* for Feb. 1845, p. 125.

I may add, too, that John Kemble—whose performance of the Prince of Denmark is among the most vivid recollections of my youth—invariably delivered the passage thus;

"And do such business as the *better* day
Would quake to look on."

See *Hamlet*, revised by J. P. Kemble, 1814, p. 51.

P. 165. (94) "*Though inclination be as sharp as will:*"

Theobald proposed, and Hanmer printed, "—— *as sharp as* 't will."—Warburton reads "—— *as sharp as* th' ill."—"The distinction [between inclination and will] is philosophically correct. I may *will* to do a thing because my understanding points it out to me as right, although I am not *inclined* to it. See Locke on the Human Understanding, B. ii. ch. xxi. sec. 30." BOSWELL.

P. 167. (95) "*I'll sconce me even here.*"

So Hanmer (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The quartos, 1604, &c. have "*Ile* silence *me euen heere;*" and so the folio, except that it has "—— e'ene *heere.*"—The corresponding words in the quarto 1603 are, "I'le *shrowde myselfe* behinde the Arras."—That Hanmer's alteration, which has long been adopted on the stage, should not be even noticed in the *Variorum Shakespeare*, is sufficiently strange. (Compare "I will *ensconce* me behind the arras." *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii. sc. 3.)

P. 167. (96) "Ham. [within] *Mother, mother, mother!*"

So the folio.—Not in the quartos, 1604, &c.—There is, however, a trace of it in the quarto 1603,

"*Ham. Mother, mother*, O are you here?
How is't with you mother?"—

1865. I certainly am not disposed to find fault with those editors who have omitted this speech.

P. 167. (97)

"Queen. *Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.*
Ham. *Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c. (these two speeches are not in the earliest quarto).—The folio has "*Ham. Go, go, you question with* an idle *tongue;*" which is adopted by Caldecott (and by Dr. Delius), under the idea that here Hamlet should echo as closely as possible the words of his mother. It was formerly adopted by Mr. Knight also; but he now adheres to the reading of the

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quartos; and wisely,—for the "an idle" of the folio was evidently caught by the transcriber or compositor from the preceding line. Such faulty repetitions are extremely frequent in the folio throughout this play: *e.g.* in act i. sc. 5 (p. 126), it has

> "*Hor.* There's no offence *my Lord.*
> *Ham.* Yes, by Saint Patricke, but there is *my Lord,*" &c. (instead of "—— but there is, *Horatio,*" &c.);

and in act v. sc. 2 (p. 207),

> "*Ham.* Come on *sir.*
> *Laer.* Come *on sir*" (instead of "Come, *my lord*").

See also notes 48, 52, 76, 78, 82, 138.

P. 167. (98)

> "Queen. *Why, how now, Hamlet!*
> Ham. *What's the matter now?*
> Queen. *Have you forgot me?*"

"Perhaps all this belongs to the Queen." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 187.—I do not think so.

P. 168. (99) "*A combination and a form indeed,*"

See note 70 on *Much Ado about Nothing*, vol. ii. p. 155.

P. 170. (100) "*What would your gracious figure?*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*What would* you *gracious figure?*" (the compositor having here omitted by mistake the letter *r*,—just as he has done afterwards in this play, p. 200, "Strengthen *you* patience in our last nights speech"); and accordingly Caldecott, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Collier do not scruple to print "What would *you*, gracious figure?"

P. 170. (101) "*Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,*
Starts up, and stands on end."

Here Mr. Grant White states that "Start" and "stand" is the reading of all the old copies,—a mistake: quarto 1611, for instance, has "*Starts*" and "*stands.*"—As to "*on end*"—in passages where the old eds. happen to have "an *end*"—see note 36, and the earlier note there referred to.

P. 171. (102)

> "*That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,*
> *Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,*"

This passage (from "That monster" to "put on" inclusive) is only in the quartos, 1604, &c.—It has been variously pointed and explained: the above punctuation (which Mr. Knight is mistaken in supposing that he was the first to adopt) appears to me preferable, on the whole.—Theobald, at Thirlby's suggestion, printed

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"—— *who all sense doth eat*
Of habits evil, *is angel*," &c.

and the Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Magazine* for Feb. 1845, p. 132) proposes

"—— *who all sense doth eat,*
If *habit's devil, is angel*," &c.

P. 171. (103)

"*And either master the devil, or throw him out*," &c.

This passage (from "the next more easy" to "wondrous potency" inclusive) is only in the quartos, 1604, &c.; the two earliest of these have

"*And either the deuell, or throwe him out*," &c.

The later quartos substitute "*maister*" (and "*master*") for "*either*," but leave the metre imperfect (though Mr. Collier seems to think otherwise). —The line has been amended to

"*And master* even *the devil, or throw him out*," &c.

and to

"*And either* curb *the devil, or throw him out*," &c.;

which last emendation (Malone's) is certainly objectionable on account of the word "curb" occurring at the close of Hamlet's preceding speech.—"I suspect," says Walker, "that the reading '[either] *master* the [*th*'] devil' is the right one." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 308. (Walker, in his *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 75, cites the line with the same reading, as right, but by mistake attributes that lection to the quarto of 1604.)

P. 171. (104) "*heaven hath pleas'd it so,*

. . . . . .

That I must be their scourge and minister."

See note 10 on *King Richard II.* vol. iv. p. 184.

P. 173. (105)

"*There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves:*
You must translate:"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 268) would point

". . . . . *heaves,*
You must translate."

i. e. "*which* you must translate."

P. 174. (106) "*so, haply slander—*
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,"

This passage (from "Whose whisper" to "woundless air" inclusive) is only in the quartos, 1604, &c., and imperfect at the commencement. To complete the sense, Theobald inserted "for *haply, slander,*" which was afterwards slightly altered by Capell as above.

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P. 175. (107) "*he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed:*"

So the folio; "which Sir Thomas Hanmer has illustrated with the following note: 'It is the way of monkeys in eating, to throw that part of their food, which they take up first, into a pouch they are provided with on the [each] side of their jaw, and there they keep it, till they have done with the rest.'" JOHNSON.—The quartos, 1604, &c. have "*he keepes them like an* apple *in the corner of his iaw*," &c. (The corresponding passage in the quarto of 1603 is

"For hee doth keep you as an Ape doth nuttes,
In the corner of his Iaw, first mouthes you,
Then swallowes you.")

P. 177. (108) "*till I know 'tis done,*
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun."

So the folio.—The quartos, 1604, &c. have "—— *my ioyes* will *nere* begin;" but a rhyme was evidently intended here.—Johnson suggested that "*haps*" ought to be "hopes;" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector agrees with him.—1865. "'*Begun*,' certainly; rhyme is demanded here. [As to the rest, ἐπέχω." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 268.

P. 178. (109)
"*Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,*
. . . . . .
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;"

In the first line "*sir*" is a modern addition.—Mr. John Jones obligingly sends me a printed note on this passage, in which he proposes to read "*five ducats* fine," understanding "fine" either as a market denomination (see Macleod's *Dictionary of Political Economy*, p. 69), or in the sense of "rent."

P. 178. (110) "*Two*"
"'*Ten*'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 268.

P. 180. (111) "'*Twere good she were spoken with*," &c.

At the commencement of the scene, the quartos, 1604, &c. have "*Enter Horatio, Gertrard*, and a Gentleman;" and up to this point they make the dialogue pass between the Queen and the "Gentleman." They then have

"*Hora.* 'Twere good she were spoken with, for shee may strew
Dangerous coniectures in ill-breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. To my sicke soule, as sinnes true nature is," &c.—

The folio omits the "Gentleman;" and, as far as "Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily" inclusive, distributes the speeches as in the present edition. It then has

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"*Qu.* 'Twere good she were spoken with
For she may strew dangerous coniectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.
To my sicke soule (as sinnes true Nature is)," &c.—

There certainly is room for suspecting that the omission of the "Gentleman" is to be attributed to the players. But be that as it may, there can be no doubt that if a modern editor adheres to the folio in omitting the "Gentleman," he ought to restore to Horatio (what comes very awkwardly from the Queen),

"'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds;"

and that, whether he chooses to retain or omit the "Gentleman," he ought to make the Queen's speech commence with "Let her come in."

P. 180. (112) "*Larded with sweet flowers;*
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers."

The old eds. have "—— *did* not *go*," &c.; a reading which had been rejected for many a long year, when Caldecott with great pomp restored the "not" to the text. "*Contra fidem omnium codicum*," he says, "and following a leader whom they concur in reprobating, the modern editors read 'to the grave [did] go;'" Caldecott, though far advanced in life when he edited *Hamlet*, being, it would seem, still ignorant that a whole series of "codices" will very often agree in the grossest error. "His *shroud*, or corpse, 'did not go bewept with true-love showers,' for his was no love-case; his death had the tragical character of fierce outrage," &c. &c. That any one should fail at once to perceive that the original reading "*did* not *go*" is utterly irreconcilable with the preceding "Larded with sweet flowers"! And that any one should have the folly to suppose that the ballad now sung by Ophelia must apply in minute particulars to her father! Enough for her that it is a ditty about death and burial; no matter that its hero is a youthful lover,—he was cut off by a sudden fate, and so far resembled Polonius.—Here Mr. Knight also retains "not."—So does Mr. Collier in the first ed. of his *Shakespeare*, remarking, however, that it "may possibly be an error:" but in his second edition he omits it.

P. 181. (113) "*this is*"

Altered by Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 81) to the contracted form "this'," which the folio has in *Measure for Measure*, act v. sc. 1.

P. 181. (114) "*muddedly*"

Here the spelling of the old eds. is "muddied:" but see note 192 on *All's well that ends well*, vol. iii. p. 317.

P. 182. (115) "*Will nothing stick our person to arraign*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "— *our* persons *to Arraigne;*" and so several modern editors. But the king is certainly speaking of himself

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only: compare what he has before said to the Queen on the same subject (the death of Polonius), p. 173;

"O heavy deed!
It had been so with *us*, had *we* been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to *us*, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us," &c.

again, p. 183, we have

"Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear *our person*," &c.

and ibid.

"*That I am guiltless of your father's death*," &c.

P. 182. (116) "*Eats not the flats*"

The late Mr. W. W. Williams (under the signature W. D.) in *The Literary Gazette* for March 15, 1862, p. 263, would read "Beats *not the flats*." But is not "*Eats*" to be defended on classical authority?

"—— et ripas radentia flumina *rodunt*."
Lucretius, v. 257.

"Non rura, quæ Liris quieta
Mordet aqua taciturnus amnis."
Horace, *Carm.* i. xxxi. 7.

P. 182. (117) "*brows*"

The old eds. have "browe" and "brow."

P. 184. (118) "*in*"

i. e. into. So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "on."

P. 184. (119) "*It could not move thus.*"

"'—— move *me* thus;' at least I am all but sure that this is the true reading." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 261.

P. 184. (120) "'*Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a.*'"

Whether these words are rightly given as above, I cannot determine. (On the modern stage they are *sung* by Ophelia.)

P. 185. (121) "*Go to thy death-bed*," &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "Gone *to* his *death-bed*," &c.; which agrees with what seems to be a sort of parody on this ballad in *Eastward Ho*, by Jonson, Marston, and Chapman (see Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. iv. p. 223, last ed.);

"But now he is dead,
And lain in his bed,
And never will come again."

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P. 185. (122) "*I must commune with your grief*,"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*I must* common *with your greefe;*" which Boswell would understand as, "I must be allowed to participate in your grief, to feel in common with you;" and, much to my surprise, Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 421) approves of that most erroneous reading and interpretation.—The "common" of the folio is merely an old spelling of "*commune:*" see Richardson's *Dict.* in "Common" and "Commune."—1865. Mr. Grant White in his edition of *Shakespeare* prints "commune."

P. 187. (123) "*sleeps*"

See note 87 on *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* vol. iv. p. 414; and compare Phaer's Virgil's *Æneidos*, Book ii.;

"The towne inuade they do forthwith, in *sleepes* [the original *somno*] and drinking drownd." Sig. C vii. ed. 1584.

P. 187. (124) "*Sailors . . . I saw them not:*

. . . . . .

Of him that brought them."

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 208) suspects, and, it would seem, with good reason, that we ought to read "*Of* them *that brought them.*"

P. 188. (125) "*Ay, my lord;*"

"Perhaps 'Ay, my *good* lord'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 270.

P. 188. (126) "*As checking at his voyage*,"

Mr. Collier prints "*As* liking not *his voyage;*" and observes, "This is the clear and correct reading of the undated quarto, that of 1611, &c. Malone seems to have referred here to no other quarto than that of 1604, and finding it read corruptly 'As *the king at* his voyage,' he adopted the text of the folio, 'As *checking at* his voyage,' which, no doubt, was there introduced as a conjectural emendation." Here I altogether differ from Mr. Collier: "the King at," of the quarto 1604, is obviously a mistake for "*checking at;*" a reading much more in Shakespeare's manner than "liking not."

P. 189. (127) "*can*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—"The folio has *ran* for 'can.' It was a mere printer's error." COLLIER.—Assuredly it was: yet Caldecott and Mr. Knight retain it.

P. 189. (128) "*Lamond.*"

The quartos, 1604, &c. have "Lamord."—The folio has "Lamound."—"Shakespeare, I suspect, wrote '*Lamode.*' See the next speech but one;

'he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation'." MALONE.—

Mr. Grant White prints "Lamont."

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P. 190. (129) "*a spendthrift sigh,*"

This passage (from "There lives within the very flame" to "the quick o' th' ulcer" inclusive) is only in the quartos, 1604, &c.; all which, except that of 1637, have "*a* spend-thrifts *sigh,*"—quite wrongly, I conceive; though Capell, Mr. Collier, and Mr. Knight think otherwise.

P. 191. (130) "*cunnings,—*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "commings;" which Caldecott and Mr. Knight retain (old spelling and all) in the sense of—venues, bouts.

P. 191. (131) "*How now, sweet queen!*"

Here the "*now,*" which had been accidentally omitted in the first folio, was inserted by the editor of the second folio.—Instead of these words, the quartos, 1604, &c. have "but stay, what noyse:" but the corresponding passage of the quarto 1603 is, "*How now* Gertred, why looke you heauily?"

P. 192. (132) "*I had*"

"I would read '*had I*'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 246. And so some of the earlier editors.

P. 193. (133) "*Why, there thou sayst:*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 270) would add "true" to these words: but the expression is elliptical.

P. 194. (134) "*Go, get thee to Yaughan;*"

So the folio.—The quartos, 1604, &c. have "*Goe get thee* in."—Mr. Collier *ad l.* oddly conjectures that "*Yaughan*" may be "a mis-spelt stage-direction to inform the player that he was to *yawn* at this point;" and his Ms. Corrector, oddly too, substitutes "*get thee to* yon'."—1865. Mr. Collier in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* adopts his Corrector's "yon:" and certainly the Corrector is fortunate in such an expositor as Mr. Collier; without whom we never should have guessed that "yon" is equivalent to "yon *alehouse.*"—Mr. Grant White, not happier than others in his note on this passage, "suspects that '*Yaughan*' is a misprint for 'Tavern'."

P. 194. (135) "*which this ass now o'er-reaches;*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*which this Asse o're* offices;" the less proper reading undoubtedly.

P. 195. (136) "*For and a shrouding-sheet:*"

Is generally printed "*For — and a,*" &c. But "*For and*" in the present version of the stanza answers to "And eke" in that given by Percy (*Rel. of A. E. Poetry*, vol. i. p. 188, ed. 1794);

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"*And eke* a shrowding shete."

Compare the following passages (to which many others might be added);

"Syr Gy, Syr Gawen, Syr Cayus, *for and* Syr Olyuere."
Skelton's Sec. Poem *Against Garnesche,—Works*, vol. i. p. 119, ed. Dyce.

"Your squire doth come, and with him comes the lady,
For and the Squire of Damsels, as I take it."
Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, act ii. sc. 3,—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 160, ed. Dyce.

"A hippocrene, a tweak, *for and* a fucus."
Middleton and W. Rowley's *Fair Quarrel*, act v. sc. 1, —Middleton's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 544, ed. Dyce.

P. 195. (137) "*of fine dirt?*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 316) proposes "*of* foul *dirt?*" But I believe the old text is right here.

P. 197. (138) "*This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull,*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c. (except that they have "sir *Yoricks*").—The folio has "*This same Scull Sir*, this same Scull sir, *was Yoricks Scull;*" which is given by Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight. (Mr. Collier observes that the folio "*characteristically* repeats" the words; which is very true, it being a marked characteristic of the folio to blunder in that way.)—1865. Here both Mr. Staunton and Mr. Grant White give the reading of the folio; Mr. Grant White observing, that "if the repetition of the words were accidental, the chance must be reckoned among *gli inganni felici.*" I wish he had told us what force is added to the dialogue by the repetition.

P. 197. (139) "*and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is!*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—Mr. Grant White—who confines the meaning of "*it*" in that reading to *the skull*—prefers the lection of the folio, "and how abhorred my Imagination is."

P. 197. (140) "*To what base uses we may return, Horatio!*"

"Surely the old syntax requires '*may we*'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 249.

P. 197. (141) "*Imperious Cæsar,*"

"Thus the quarto 1604 [and the other quartos]. The editor of the folio substituted '*imperial,*' not knowing that '*imperious*' was used in the same sense." MALONE.—Compare

"The scepters promis'd of *imperious* Rome."
The Tragedie of Antonie (translated by the Countess of Pembroke), 1595, sig. G 3.

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"'tis *imperious* Rome,
Rome, the great mistress of the conquer'd world."
Fletcher's *Prophetess*, act ii. sc. 3.—

We find, indeed, "imperial *Cæsar*" in *Cymbeline*, act v. sc. 5: but then that play comes to us only through the folio.—Qy. are these four lines a quotation? I believe not.

P. 198. (142) "*her virgin crants*,"

So the quartos, 1604, &c. down to the quarto of 1637, which, like the folio, has "*her Virgin* Rites."—"For this unusual word ['*crants*'] the editor of the first folio substituted '*rites*.' By a more attentive examination and comparison of the quarto copies and the folio, Dr. Johnson, I have no doubt, would have been convinced that this and many other changes in the folio were not made by Shakespeare." MALONE.

"Most of the editors explain '*crants*' by garlands; but the German *kranz* is singular, and the singular seems indispensable here. From a note to Prior's Danish Ballads it would seem that young unmarried Danish ladies wear, or wore, chaplets of pearl; at least, 'fair Elsey' is described as wearing one, and the translator (vol. iii. p. 111) says that this is the same as the 'virgin *crant*' (*sic*) of Ophelia." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 198. (143) "*To sing a requiem, and such rest to her*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*To sing* sage *Requiem*," &c.; an error of the transcriber or printer, which Caldecott and Mr. Knight adopt. (Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters the "sage" of the folio to "sad:" but is it not a mistake for "such"?)

P. 198. (144) "*woe*"

"Fol. '*woer*.' '*Woes*,' I conjecture." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 271.

P. 199. (145) "*Woo't drink up eisel?*"

The quarto 1603 has "*Wilt drinke vp* vessels."—The later quartos have "*Woo't drinke vp* Esill."—The folio has "*Woo't drinke vp* Esile."—A great dispute has arisen about the "Esill" or "Esile" of this line; whether we are to understand by it "the river *Yssell*, *Issell*, or *Ixel*, the most northern branch of the Rhine," or else *eisel* (i.e. vinegar). It is at least certain that *eisel* in the sense of *vinegar* was formerly common enough; and is used by our author in his cxi^th Sonnet,

"I will *drink*
Potions of eisel [old ed. *Eysell*] 'gainst my strong infection," &c.

Nor is the expression "drink *up*" at all opposed to that interpretation; for Shakespeare has various passages where "*up*" is what we should now consider as redundant: *e.g.*;

"prisons *up*
The nimble spirits in the arteries," &c.
Love's Labour's lost, act iv. sc. 3.

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"devours *up* all the fry it finds."
All's well that ends well, act iv. sc. 3.

"Enough to stifle such a villain *up*."
King John, act iv. sc. 3.

"To fright the animals, and to kill them *up*," &c.
As you like it, act ii. sc. 1.

"'As true as Troilus' shall crown *up* the verse," &c.
Troilus and Cressida, act iii. sc. 2.

So too other early writers;

"Jove, that thou shouldst not haste, but wait his leisure,
Made two nights one, to finish *up* his pleasure."
Marlowe's *Ovid's Elegies*, B. i. *El.* xiii.,—
Works, p. 323, ed. Dyce, 1858.

"Wretched Iëmpsar, having quaffed *up*
The brim and bottome of the Stygian cup," &c.
Sylvester's transl. of Fracastorius's *Joseph*, apud
Du Bartas's *Works*, &c. p. 417, ed. 1641.

"My teares, like precious jewels, man allures
To seek them *up*, wheres'euer they be shed."
Scot's *Philomythie*, Part Sec., 1616, sig. C.—

On the phrase "kills them all *up*," in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, Gifford observes; "*Off*, *out*, and *up*, are continually used by the purest and most excellent of our old writers after verbs of destroying, consuming, eating, drinking, &c.: to us, who are less conversant with the power of language, they appear, indeed, somewhat like expletives; but they undoubtedly contributed something to the force, and something to the roundness of the sentence. There is much wretched criticism on a similar expression in Shakespeare, 'Woo't *drink up* eisel?' Theobald gives the sense of the passage in a clumsy note [deciding that *vinegar* is meant]; Hanmer, who had more taste than judgment, and more judgment than knowledge, corrupts the language as usual [reading '*Wilt drink up* Nile?']; Steevens gaily perverts the sense [declaring himself for a *river*]; and Malone, with great effort, brings the reader back to the meaning which poor Theobald had long before excogitated." Jonson's *Works*, i. 122.—Malone, however, afterwards changed his mind, and was convinced that Steevens had rightly explained the word to mean a river, because "this sort of hyperbole was common among our ancient poets." But, in the "hyperbolical" passages cited by Malone, *what* rivers do those poets mention? The *Rhine*, the *Thames*, the *Meander*, the *Euphrates*,—and not such obscure streams as the *Yssell*, the existence of which the commentators had some difficulty in detecting.

P. 200. (146) "*When our deep plots do fail:*"

The quarto 1604 has "*When our deepe plots doe* pall."—The later quartos have "*When our deepe plots doe* fall."—The folio has "*When our* deare *plots do* paule." (Compare "And, if *I fail* not in my *deep intent*," &c. *Richard III.* act i. sc. 1.)—1865. Dr. Ingleby would read here "fall;" not

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scrupling to assert that "*fall* had in Shakespeare's day the same meaning as 'fail'." *The Shakespeare Fabrications*, p. 115.

P. 201. (147) "*villanies,—*"

The old eds. have "villaines."

P. 201. (148) "*And stand a comma 'tween their amities;*"

Here "*comma*" has been altered to "commere," "cement," &c.—"The only circumstance of resemblance the poet seems to have had in view in this similitude is merely that of standing between. As a comma stands between two several members of a sentence, without separating them otherwise than by distinguishing the one from the other, in like manner Peace personized, or the Goddess of Peace, is understood to stand between the amities of the two kings." HEATH.—Perhaps so.

P. 201. (149) "*That, on the view and knowing of these contents,*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.; a reading which some editors have altered to "—— *and knowing these contents.*" But see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., where, p. 119, this line is cited as containing an example of a "present participle contracted," and where, p. 120, among other instances, the following is cited from our author's *King Henry VIII.* act i. sc. 2,

"Not well dispos'd, the mind *growing* once corrupt."—

The folio has "*That on the view and* know *of these Contents.*"

P. 202. (150) "*Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me now upon,—*"

The quartos, 1604, &c. have "*Dooes it not* thinke *thee*" (quarto 1637 "you"), &c.—The folio has "*Does it not,* thinkst *thee,*" &c.—Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 281) observes, that "*thinks it thee* occurs in the Elizabethan poets in the sense of *μῶν δοκεῖ σοι;*" and, after citing and correcting the present passage, he adduces from Cartwright's *Ordinary* (Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. x. p. 216, last ed.)

"Little *think'st thee*, how diligent thou art
To little purpose;"

adding, "*thinks't thee,* of course."—Compare too, in *All's well that ends well,* "*methinks't,* thou art a general offence," &c., act ii. sc. 3, vol. iii. p. 236.

P. 202. (151) "*this arm?*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "his own?"

P. 202. (152) "*It will be short,*" &c.

"Arrange and write, with the folio,

'It will be short:
The interim's mine; and a man's life's no more
Than to say one.'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 272.

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P. 202. (153) "*court*"

Rowe's correction.—The folio has "count."—From "To quit him with this arm" in the preceding speech but one to "Peace! who comes here?" inclusive, is not in the quartos.

P. 203. (154) "*your lordship*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*your* friendship;" which Mr. Knight retains (and so does Dr. Delius, who defends it in a note). But it is merely an error:—and how easily such errors creep in! Though the copy from which the present edition [1857] was printed had here "*your lordship*," yet in the first proof-sheet which was sent to me I found "*your* worship."—Elsewhere in this scene Osric *four times* addresses Hamlet as "*your lordship*."

P. 203. (155) "*for my complexion.*"

So the folio and quarto 1637.—The quartos, 1604, &c. have "or *my complection;*" which some editors adopt, putting a break after the words.

P. 203. (156) "*and it but yaw neither,*"

So the quarto 1604, except that it has "*and* yet *but*," &c.—The later quartos have "*and* yet *but* raw *neither*," &c.—The preceding speech (except its first sentence), the present speech, and a good deal more of the dialogue till the entrance of the King, Queen, &c., are not in the folio; nor to be traced in the quarto 1603.

P. 204. (157) "*in another tongue?*"

"Surely, with the critic in Var. [Johnson], '*a mother* tongue'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 273.

P. 204. (158) "*really.*"

"'*Rarely*' (Theobald), of course." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 273.

P. 204. (159) "*but,*"

"Surely the sense requires '*for*' [which Capell gave]." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 274.

P. 204. (160) "*The king, sir, hath wagered with him*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*The* sir King ha's wag'd *with him*," the "wag'd" having perhaps grown out of the spelling "*wagerd*" in the quartos.—Compare afterwards in this page, "The king, sir, *hath* laid," &c. (Here the quarto 1603 has "The King, sweete Prince, hath layd a wager on your side.")

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P. 205. (161) "*a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned and winnowed opinions;*"

The quartos 1604 and 1605 have "—— *the most* prophane *and* trennowed *opinions*," &c., and so the later quartos, except that they have "trennowned." —The folio has "—— *the most* fond *and winnowed opinions*," &c.—In my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's editions of Shakespeare*, p. 221, I maintained that "fond *and winnowed*" had been rightly amended by Warburton to "*fanned and winnowed;*" and I still think it is an alteration which most probably restores the true reading, though Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 422) pronounces it to be altogether wrong. He says that "carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions" means "they go through and through [they stop at no absurdity in] the most fond [affected or foolish] and winnowed [elaborately sought out] opinions;" an interpretation which, in my judgment, the words cannot possibly bear.—1865. Mr. Grant White in his edition of *Shakespeare* prints "*fann'd and winnowed.*"

P. 205. (162) "*trial,*"

"I suspect that, according to the old grammar, we ought to read, with the folio, '*trials*'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 264.

P. 206. (163)

"*since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?*"

A very suspicious passage. I give it as it stands in the folio.—The quartos, 1604, &c. have "*since no man* of *ought he leaues*, knowes *what ist to leaue betimes*, let be."

P. 206. (164) "*masters, of known honour,*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 245) suspects that "*masters*" is a mistake for "master," and that "*honour*" originated in the "honour" of the preceding line but one.

P. 208. (165) "*swoons*"

The old eds. have "sounds," &c.—See note 93 on *The Winter's Tale*, vol. iii. p. 519.

P. 209. (166) "*Ho! let the door be lock'd:*"

That here Caldecott, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Collier, should print "How? *let the*," &c., retaining the old spelling and punctuation, is marvellous.

P. 209. (167) "*Drink off this potion:—is thy union here?*"

"It should seem from this line, and Laertes's next speech, that Hamlet here forces the expiring king to drink some of the poisoned cup, and that he dies while it is at his lips." MALONE.

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P. 211. (168) "*Take up the bodies:—such a sight as this*
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.—"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*Take up the* body," &c.; which Caldecott, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Collier adopt, though it is such a manifest error, that, even without the authority of any old copy, an editor would be bound to make the word plural. Fortinbras is now speaking of *the bodies* generally,—of Hamlet, the King, the Queen, and Laertes, who are all lying dead, and who, he says, present a spectacle that only becomes the field of battle. It would almost seem that the restorers of "body" had forgotten what precedes the present speech, viz.

"*Hor.* . . . . . .
. . . give order that *these bodies*
High on a stage be placèd to the view;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world, &c.

. . . . . .
Fort. *Let us haste* to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.

. . . . . .
Hor. . . . . . .
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild," &c.

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KING LEAR.

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KING LEAR.

WAS acted before King James on Dec. 26th, 1606, as we learn by the following memorandum in the Stationers' Registers, dated Nov. 26th, 1607; "Na. Butter and Jo. Bushby] Entered for their copie under t' hands of Sir Geo. Bucke, Kt., and the Wardens, a booke called Mr. Willm Shakespeare his Hystorye of Kinge Lear, as yt was played before the King's Majestie at Whitehall, upon St. Stephen's night at Christmas last, by his Majesties Servants playing usually at the Globe on the Bankside." During the next year three editions of the play were put forth in quarto by Butter; nor was it reprinted till it appeared in the folio of 1623. Very large portions found in the quartos are omitted in the folio, which yet here and there affords lines not contained in the quartos.—Steevens observes that *King Lear*, or at least the whole of it, could not have been written till after the publication of Harsnet's *Discovery of Popish Impostors*, in 1603, for the names of the fiends mentioned by Edgar are taken from Harsnet's work. Malone remarks; "It seems extremely probable that its first appearance was in March or April, 1605; in which year the old play of *King Leir*, that had been entered at Stationers' Hall in 1594, was printed by Simon Stafford for John Wright, who, we may presume, finding Shakespeare's play successful, hoped to palm the spurious one on the public for his. The old *King Leir* was entered on the Stationers' Books, May 8, 1605, as it was *lately* acted." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 404.—Our author had read the story of King Lear and his daughters in Geoffrey of Monmouth, in Holinshed, in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, &c.; with the anonymous old play *The True Chronicle History of King Leir, and his Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella*, he was doubtless acquainted, and would seem to have made some slight use of it; and he certainly appears to have formed the episode of Gloster and his sons on the story of the blind King of Paphlagonia in Sidney's *Arcadia*, B. ii. ch. 10 of ed. 1590. (The old play of *King Leir* has been reprinted by Steevens in vol. iv. of *Twenty of the Plays of Shakespeare*, &c. 1766, and by Nichols among *Six Old Plays, on which Shakespeare founded*, &c., 1779; and Higgins's legend, in verse, of "*Queene Cordila*," from *The Mirror for Magistrates*, and "*The pitifull state and storie of the Paphlagonian unkinde King*," &c. from Sidney's *Arcadia*, are included in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. ii.)

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEAR, king of Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Kent.
Earl of Gloster.
EDGAR, son to Gloster.
EDMUND, bastard son to Gloster.
CURAN, a courtier.
Old Man, tenant to Gloster.
Doctor.
Fool.
OSWALD, steward to Goneril.
An Officer employed by Edmund.
Gentleman attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, } daughters to Lear.

Knights attending on Lear, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—*Britain.*

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KING LEAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A room of state in* King LEAR'S *palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, *and* EDMUND.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport

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at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My Lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. [*Sennet within.*]—The king is coming.

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, *and* Attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.(1)

Glo. I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt Gloster and Edmund.*

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.—
Give me the map there.—Know that we've divided
In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,—
Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,—
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir,
I love you more than words can wield the matter;(2)
Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valu'd, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;

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As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. [*aside*] What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.(3)

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.(4)

Reg. Sir,(5)
I'm made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short,—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses;(6)
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. [*aside*] Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although our last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interess'd; what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.(7)

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing!

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

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Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.(8)

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so,—thy truth, then, be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries(9) of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.—
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—(10)
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—who stirs?
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course,

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With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all th' additions to a king;
The sway,
Revenue, execution of the rest,
Belovèd sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the crown.*

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,
When majesty falls to folly. Reverse thy doom;(11)
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;

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Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance, hear me!—
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,—
Which we durst never yet,—and with strain'd pride
To come between our sentence and our power,—(12)
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,—
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;(13)
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! by Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
[*To Cordelia*] The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—
[*To Regan and Goneril*] And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

Flourish. Re-enter GLOSTER, *with* FRANCE, BURGUNDY, *and* Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My Lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter: what, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:

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If aught within that little seeming[14] substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—[*To France*] For you, great king,
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
T' avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost t' acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange,
That she, who even but now was your best object,[15]
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dear'st,[16] should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,—
If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,[17]
I'll do't before I speak,—that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,[18]
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour;
But even for want of that for which I'm richer,—
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
As I am glad I have not, though not to have it

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Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born than not t' have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this,—a tardiness in nature
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do?—My Lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I'm sorry, then, you have so lost a father
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy![19]
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be 't lawful I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Can buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou losest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall, Albany, Gloster, and Attendants.*

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

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Cor. Ye jewels[20] of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loth to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father:
To your professèd bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So, farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duties.

Gon. Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides:
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper![21]

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*

Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little:[22] he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engraffed condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions[23] as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

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Reg. We shall further think of it.
Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A hall in the* Earl of Gloster's *castle.*

Enter EDMUND, *with a letter.*

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tirèd bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well, then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate: fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—(24)
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power!
Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad!—Edmund, how now! what news?
Edm. So please your lordship, none.
[*Putting up the letter.*
Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?
Edm. I know no news, my lord.

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Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed, then, that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [*reads*] "This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR."

Hum—conspiracy!—"Sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue,"—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord,—there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Has he never before sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining,

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the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster—

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature(25) finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves.—Find out this villain, Edmund;

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it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully.—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—'Tis strange. [*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—often the surfeit of our own behaviour,—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major;* so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut,[26] I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.—Edgar! pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.

Enter EDGAR.

O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word nor countenance?

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Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: pray ye, go; there's my key:—if you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seen and heard but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it: pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business. [*Exit Edgar.*

A credulous father! and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A room in the* Duke of Albany's *palace.*

Enter GONERIL *and* OSWALD.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle.—When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say I am sick:—

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If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer. [*Horns within.*

Osw. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks as flatteries,—when they're seen abus'd.
Remember what I have said.

Osw. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak:—I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course.—Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A hall in the same.*

Enter KENT, *disguised.*

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, *and* Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now! what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is

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honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool?—Go you, and call my fool hither. [*Exit an Attendant.*

Enter OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Osw. So please you,— [*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back. [*Exit a Knight.*]—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.

Re-enter Knight.

How now! where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

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Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants[27] as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*]—Go you, call hither my fool. [*Exit an Attendant.*

Re-enter OSWALD.

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir: who am I, sir?

Osw. My lady's father.

Lear. "My lady's father"! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[*Striking him.*

Osw. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base football player.

[*Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

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Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away! go to; have you wisdom? so.

[*Pushes Oswald out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service. [*Giving Kent money.*

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too:—here's my coxcomb.

[*Offering Kent his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?(28)

Fool. Why, for taking one's part that's out of favour: nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb: why, this fellow has banished two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah,—the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when the lady brach(29) may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.(30)

Fool. Mark it, nuncle;

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

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Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer,—you gave me nothing for't.—Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. [*to Kent*] Prithee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord that counsell'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.(31)—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year; [*Singing.*
For wise men are grown foppish,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

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Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gavest them the rod, and puttedst down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [*Singing.*
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle:—here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing. —[*To Gon.*] Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,*
Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a shealed peascod. [*Pointing to Lear.*

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endurèd riots.
Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
T' have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,

* *He that keeps nor crust nor crum*, &c.] This couplet and the next "are, no doubt, parts of some satirical ballad [or ballads]." COLLIER.

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By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For, you trow, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.(32)

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir,
I would you would make use of that good wisdom
Whereof I know you're fraught; and put away
These dispositions, that of late transform you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?
—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Doth any here know me?—Why, this is not Lear:
Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, or his discernings
Are lethargied—Ha! waking? 'tis not so.—
Who is it that can tell me who I am?—

Fool. Lear's shadow.

Lear. I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty,
Knowledge, and reason, I should be false-persuaded
I had daughters.(33)

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' the savour(34)
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, should be wise.(35)
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel

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Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: be, then, desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—[*To Alb.*] O, sir, are you come?
Is it your will? Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.—
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. [*to Gon.*] Detested kite! thou liest:
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.(36)—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [*Striking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I'm guiltless, as I'm ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.(37)—
Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!

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Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt,—that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away! [*Exit.*

Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
Within a fortnight!

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee,—[*To Gon.*] Life and death! I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon thee!
Th' untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha, is it come to this?
Let it be so:—I have another daughter,(38)
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolvish visage. Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.
[*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,(39)
To the great love I bear you,—

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Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!—
[*To the Fool*] You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take the fool with thee.—

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter:
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counsel:—a hundred knights!
'Tis politic and safe to let him keep
At point a hundred knights: yes, that, on every dream,
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far:
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister:
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd th' unfitness,—

Re-enter OSWALD.

How now, Oswald!
What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact it more. Get you gone;(40)
And hasten your return. [*Exit Oswald.*] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness and course of yours,
Though I condemn it(41) not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd for want of wisdom
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell:
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

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Gon. Nay, then—
Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Court before the same.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brains(42) were in's heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canst tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

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Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take 't again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!

Enter Gentleman.

How now! are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A court within the castle of the* Earl of Gloster.

Enter EDMUND *and* CURAN, *meeting.*

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not.—You have heard of the news abroad,—I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I: pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir.

[*Exit.*

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Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business.
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queasy question,
Which I must act:—briefness and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word;—descend:—brother, I say!

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You've now the good advantage of the night:—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' th' haste,
And Regan with him: have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I'm sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming:—pardon me;
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you:—
Draw: seem to defend yourself: now quit you well.—
Yield:—come before my father.—Light, ho, here!
Fly, brother.—Torches, torches!—So, farewell.
[*Exit Edgar.*
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour: I've seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father, father!—
Stop, stop!—No help?

Enter GLOSTER, *and* Servants *with torches.*

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, cónjuring the moon
To stand auspicious mistress,—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after. [*Exeunt some Servants.*]
—By no means what?

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Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;(43)
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his preparèd sword he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—dispatch.(44)—The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: he replied,
"Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,—
As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character,—I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damnèd practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs(45)
To make thee seek it."

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.—
[*Tucket within.*
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes.—
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not scape;

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The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, *and* Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I came hither,—
Which I can call but now,—I've heard strange news.
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue th' offender. How dost, my lord?
Glo. O madam, my old heart is crack'd,—it's crack'd!
Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?(46)
Glo. O lady, lady, shame would have it hid!
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?
Glo. I know not, madam:—'tis too bad, too bad.
Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.(47)
Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill affected:
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th' expense and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.
Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.
Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.
Glo. He did bewray his practice: and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.
Corn. Is he pursu'd?
Glo. Ay, my good lord.
Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;

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You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-ey'd night:
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before* GLOSTER'S *castle.*

Enter KENT *and* OSWALD, *severally.*

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Osw. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Osw. Prithee, if thou lovest me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why, then, I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Osw. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking, whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of

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good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee!

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: draw, you whoreson cullionly barbermonger, draw. [*Drawing his sword.*

Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take Vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father: draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*

Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND.

Edm. How now! What's the matter?

Kent. With you, goodman boy,(48) if you please: come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, *and* Servants.

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.(49)

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could

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not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours o' the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit of his gray beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—
My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—
"Spare my gray beard," you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain
Which are too intrinse t' unloose; smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebel;(50)
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing naught,(51) like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb

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Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he,—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth!
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly-ducking óbservants
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Under th' allowance of your great aspéct,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to't.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Osw. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the king his master very late
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!—
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!—As I have life and honour,
There shall he sit till noon.

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Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.
Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.
Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.
Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks!
[*Stocks brought out.*(52)
Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches(53)
For pilferings and most common trespasses
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.
Corn. I'll answer that.
Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—
[*Kent is put in the stocks.*
Come, my good lord, away.
[*Exeunt all except Gloster and Kent.*
Glo. I'm sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.
Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I've watch'd, and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!
Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken.
[*Exit.*
Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw,—
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery:—I know 'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscurèd course; and shall find time(54)

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From this enormous state, seeking to give
Losses their remedies.—All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night: smile once more; turn thy wheel!
[*Sleeps.*

SCENE III. *The open country.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in(55) their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity.—"Poor Turlygood!(56) poor Tom!"
That's something yet:—Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Before* GLOSTER'S *castle;* KENT *in the stocks.*

Enter LEAR, Fool, *and* Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.

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Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. Ha!
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied by the head, dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man 's over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,—
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no, they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:

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And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,—
Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness,—
Having more man than wit about me, drew:
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild-geese fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind;
But fathers that bear bags
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica passio,—down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element 's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not;
Stay here. [*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence but what you speak of?

Kent. None.
How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,

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Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away:
The fool no knave, perdy.(57)

Kent. Where learned you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR *with* GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They 're sick? they 're weary?
They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches;
The images(58) of revolt and flying-off.
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:
Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—
Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke that—
No, but not yet:—may be he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound; we 're not ourselves
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore
[*Looking on Kent.*
Should he sit here? This act persuades me

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That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Go tell the duke and 's wife I'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum
Till it cry sleep to death.

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down!

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive; she knapped(59) 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, "Down, wantons, down!" 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and* Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace!
[*Kent is set at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adultress.—[*To Kent*] O, are you free?
Some other time for that.—Belovèd Regan,
Thy sister 's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,—
[*Points to his heart.*
I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe
Of how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience: I have hope
You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;

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Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old; [*Kneeling.*(60)
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.

Lear. [*rising*] Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—
All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride![61]

Reg. O the blest gods! so will you wish on me,
When the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce; but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

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Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks? [*Tucket within.*
Corn. What trumpet's that?
Reg. I know't,—my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.

Enter OSWALD.

Is your lady come?
Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—
Out, varlet, from my sight!
Corn. What means your grace?
Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on't.—Who comes here? O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
[*To Gon.*] Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?—
O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.
Lear. O sides, you are too tough;
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?
Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.
Lear. You! did you?
Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I'm now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' th' air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch![62]—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took

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Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot.—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Pointing at Oswald.*

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossèd carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so:
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: what, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you,
We could control them. If you will come to me,—
For now I spy a danger,—I entreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty: to no more

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Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five-and-twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak 't again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise.—[*To Gon.*] I'll go with thee:
Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord:
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need![63]
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:—
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,

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Or e'er I'll weep.—O fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Fool.*
Storm heard at a distance.

Corn. Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.

Reg. This house is little: the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; 'hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my Lord of Gloster?

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night:
My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I. *A heath.*

A storm, with thunder and lightning. Enter KENT *and a* Gentleman, *meeting.*

Kent. Who's there, besides foul weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.
Kent. I know you. Where's the king?
Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;(64)
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curlèd waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease; tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man t' out-scorn(65)
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinchèd wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.
Kent. But who is with him?
Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.
Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There's division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have—as who have not, that their great stars
Throne(66) and set high?—servants, who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and speculations(67)
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes;
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings;—
But, true it is, from France there comes a power

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Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,—
As fear not but you shall,—show her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet,—
That, when we've found the king,—in which your pain
That way, I'll this,—he that first lights on him
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the heath. Storm continues.*

Enter LEAR *and* Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

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Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing: here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription: then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this! O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put 's head in has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;—
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake:

for there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience;
I will say nothing.

Enter KENT.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece; that's a wise man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry

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Th' affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother(68) o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulgèd crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue(69)
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life: close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:
Repose you there; while I to this hard house—
More harder than the stones whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in—return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? art cold?
I'm cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.—
Poor fool and knave, I've one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. He that has and a little tiny wit,—* [*Singing.*
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel.
[*Exeunt Lear and Kent.*

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.—I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;

* *He that has and a little tiny wit,*—&c.] See foot-note on *Twelfth-Night*, vol. iii. p. 395.

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When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;—
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion:*
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.
This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A room in* GLOSTER'S *castle.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken;—I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek

* *Then shall the realm of Albion*
Come to great confusion:] "These lines are taken from Chaucer. Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589 [p. 187], quotes them as follows;

'When faith fails in priestes saws,
And lords hests are holden for laws,
And robbery is tane for purchase,
And letchery for solace,
Then shall the realm of Albion
Be brought *to great confusion.*'" STEEVENS.

These lines, entitled *Chaucer's Prophecy*, are found in Mss. with great variations.

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him,(70) and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. Though I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses,—no less than all:
The younger rises when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A part of the heath, with a hovel. Storm continues.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure.
Lear. Let me alone.
Kent. Good my lord, enter here.
Lear. Wilt break my heart?
Kent. I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.
Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—

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O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in.—
[*To the Fool*] In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—
[*Fool goes in.*
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,(71)
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*within*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom! [*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit. Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw? Come forth.

Enter EDGAR *disguised as a madman.*

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—*
Hum! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.(72)

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-

* *Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.*—] A quotation, it would certainly seem, from some ballad.

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horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits!—Tom 's a-cold,—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes:—there could I have him now,—and there,—and there again, and there. [*Storm continues.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—
Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature
To such a lowness but his únkind daughters.—
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:*—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy parents; keep thy word justly;(73) swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap; served the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: wine loved I deeply, dice dearly; and in woman out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear,

* *Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:*] A line from some popular piece of rhyme. In Ritson's *Gammer Gurton's Garland, or the Nursery Parnassus*, &c., we find

> "Pillycock, pillycock, sate on a hill;
> If he's not gone, he sits there still." p. 36.

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bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—

Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind;*
Says suum, mun, nonny.
Dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa! let him trot by.†

[*Storm continues.*

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.—Ha! here's three on 's are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings!—come, unbutton here.

[*Tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild(74) field were like an old lecher's heart,—a small spark, all the rest on 's body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the old;‡

* *Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind;*] See note p. 299.

† *Dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa! let him trot by.*] If we are to believe Steevens, he heard "an old gentleman" repeat the following stanza about the Dolphin (*i.e.* the Dauphin) "from a very old ballad written on some battle fought in France;"

"Dolphin, my boy, my boy,
Cease, let him trot by;
It seemeth not that such a foe
From me or you would fly."

And Farmer remarks, that in Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* Cokes exclaims, "Od's my life! I am not allied to the sculler yet; he shall be *Dauphin my boy*," act v. sc. 3; where Gifford says, "*Dauphin my boy* is the burden of a ridiculous old song."

‡ *Swithold footed thrice the old*, &c.] The source of this quotation has not been ascertained.

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He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER *with a torch.*

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stock-punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear;

But mice and rats, and such small deer,*
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower.—Peace, Smulkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman:†
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer
T' obey in all your daughters' hard commands:

* *But mice and rats, and such small deer*, &c.] "This distich is part of a description given in the old metrical romance of *Sir Bevis*, of the hardships suffered by Bevis when confined for seven years in a dungeon;

'Rattes and myce and such smal dere
Was his meate that seven yere.' Sig. F iij." PERCY.

† *The prince of darkness is a gentleman*, &c.] "In *The Goblins*, by Sir John Suckling, a catch is introduced which concludes with these two lines;

'The prince of darkness is a gentleman:
Mahu, Mahu is his name.'

I am inclined to think this catch not to be the production of Suckling, but the original referred to by Edgar's speech." REED.

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Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.—
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; go into th' house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learnèd Theban.—
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Impórtune him once more to go, my lord;
His wits begin t' unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death:—ah, that good Kent!—
He said it would be thus,—poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I'm almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late: I lov'd him, friend,
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee, [*Storm continues.*
The grief hath craz'd my wits.—What a night's this!—
I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir.—
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, into th' hovel: keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words: hush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came;*

* *Child Rowland to the dark tower came,* &c.] Of the ballad here cited (and probably with some variation from the original) fragments of a Scot-

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His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A room in* GLOSTER'S *castle.*

Enter CORNWALL *and* EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*aside*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persever in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

---

tish version have been preserved by Jamieson in *Illustr. of Northern Antiquities*, &c. 4to, 1814. He gives (p. 402);

"With fi, fi, fo, and fum!
I smell the blood of a Christian man!
Be he dead, be he living, wi' my brand
I'll clash his harns frae his harn-pan,"

(*i.e.* I'll knock his brains out of his skull). Child Rowland, it appears, was the youngest son of King Arthur.

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SCENE VI. *A chamber in a farmhouse adjoining* GLOSTER'S *castle.*

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, *and* EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits have given way(75) to his impatience:—the gods reward your kindness! [*Exit Gloster.*

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness.—Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon 'em,—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.—
[*To Edgar*] Come, sit thou here, most learnèd justicer;—(76)
[*To the Fool*] Thou, sapient sir, sit here.—Now, you she foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?
Come o'er the bourn,(77) Bessy, to me:—*

* *Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:*—] "This, and what follows from the Fool, are certainly parts of an old song, which was imitated by W. Birch in his 'Dialogue between Elizabeth and England' (printed by W. Pickering without date), which thus commences;

'Come over the bourn, Bessy, come over the bourn, Bessy,
Sweet Bessy, come over to me;
And I shall thee take,
And my dear lady make
Before all that ever I see.'

It is in the same measure as the addition by the Fool; and in W. Wager's interlude 'The longer thou livest, the more Fool thou art' [black letter,

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Fool. Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first.—Bring in the evidence.—
[*To Edgar*] Thou robèd man of justice, take thy place;—
[*To the Fool*] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side:—[*To Kent*] You are o' the commission,
Sit you too.

Edg. Let us deal justly.
Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?*
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth
Thy sheep shall take no harm.
Pur! the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.†

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store(78) her heart is made on.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!—(79)
False justicer, why hast thou let her scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

---

n. d.], part of the same song is thus sung by Moros, who may be called the hero;

'Come over the boorne, Besse,
My little pretie Besse,
Come over the boorne, Besse, to me.'

See also 'Old Ballads from early printed copies' published by the Percy Society in 1840, p. 41." COLLIER.

* *Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd*, &c.] "This seems to be a stanza of some pastoral song." JOHNSON. No doubt it is.

† *Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.*] "This is a proverbial expression, which occurs likewise in *Mother Bombie*, 1594, by Lyly" [and elsewhere]. STEEVENS.

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Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. [*aside*] My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them.—Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,(80)
Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail,—
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns.—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?—[*To Edgar*] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say they are Persian attire; but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: so, so, so: we'll go to supper i' the morning: so, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend; where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not,—his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms;
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assurèd loss: take up, take up;

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And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps:—
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken sinews,[81]
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—[*To the Fool*] Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt Kent, Gloster, and the Fool, bearing off Lear.*

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend makes the king bow,
He childed as I father'd!—Tom, away!
Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts defile[82] thee,
In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!
Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *A room in* GLOSTER'S *castle.*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, *and* Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter:—the army of France is landed.—Seek out the traitor Gloster. [*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift

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and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister:—farewell, my Lord of Gloster.

Enter OSWALD.

How now! where's the king?

Osw. My Lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lords dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast
To have well-armèd friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.

[*Exeunt Goneril, Edmund, and Oswald.*

Go seek the traitor Gloster,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other Servants.*

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control.—Who's there? the traitor?

Re-enter Servants *with* GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*

Reg. Hard, hard.—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt find—

[*Regan plucks his beard.*

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I'm your host:

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With robbers' hands my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd,(83) for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?
Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

Glo. I'm tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up
And quench'd the stellèd fires:
Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn the key,"
All cruels else subscrib'd:—but I shall see
The wingèd vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair.—
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

Glo. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help!—O cruel!—O you gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; th' other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

First Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:
I've served you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you

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Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog!

First Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain! [*Draws.*

First Serv. Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*Draws. They fight. Cornwall is wounded.*

Reg. Give me thy sword.—A peasant stand up thus!

[*Takes a sword from another Servant, and runs at First Servant behind.*

First Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on them.(84)—O! [*Dies.*

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? how look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt:—follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: give me your arm.

[*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.—Some of the Servants unbind Gloster, and lead him out.*

Sec. Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

Third Serv. If she live long,
And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

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Sec. Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would: his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

Third Serv. Go thou: I'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs
T' apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known(85) to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?

Enter GLOSTER, *led by an* Old Man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O, my good lord,
I've been your tenant, and your father's tenant,
These fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: full oft 'tis seen,
Our means secure us,(86) and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—O dear son Edgar,

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The food of thy abusèd father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now! Who 's there?

Edg. [*aside*] O gods! Who is't can say, "I'm at the worst"?
I'm worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*aside*] And worse I may be yet: the worst is not
So long as we can say "This is the worst."

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I've heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,—
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. [*aside*] How should this be?—
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others.—Bless thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, prithee, get thee gone: if, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Which I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the times' plague,[87] when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow,—

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—[*Aside*] I cannot daub it further.

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Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*aside*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits:—bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend!—five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut;(88) Hobbididance, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing,—who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier:—heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confinèd deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm:
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before the* Duke of Albany's *palace.*

Enter GONERIL *and* EDMUND.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel our mild husband
Not met us on the way.

Enter OSWALD.

Now, where's your master?

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Osw. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him you were coming;
His answer was, "The worse:" of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon. [*to Edm.*] Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you're like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*Giving a favour.*
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster!
[*Exit Edmund.*
O, the difference of man and man! To thee
A woman's services are due: my fool
Usurps my body.

Osw. Madam, here comes my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. I fear your disposition:
That nature which contemns its origin
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch

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From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious agèd man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited!
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these(89) vile offences,
It will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st
Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumèd helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whiles thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest
"Alack, why does he so?"

Alb. See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changèd and self-cover'd(90) thing, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. Were 't my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,(91)
They're apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones:—howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

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Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;
But not without that harmful stroke which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*aside*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: another way
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son when they did take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He's not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him;
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend:
Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III. *The French camp near Dover.*

Enter KENT *and a* Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his coming forth is thought of; which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger, that his personal return was most required and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.(92)

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she(93) took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove(94)
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day:(95) those happy smilets
That play'd on her ripe lip seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence
As pearls from diamonds dropt.—In brief, sorrow(96)
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. Faith, once or twice she heav'd the name of "father"
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried "Sisters, sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What, i' the storm? i' the night?
Let pity not be believ'd!"—There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd: then away she started
To deal with grief alone.(97)

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Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?
Gent. No.
Kent. Was this before the king return'd?
Gent. No, since.
Kent. Well, sir, the poor distressèd Lear's i' the town;
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.
Gent. Why, good sir?
Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.
Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!
Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?
Gent. 'Tis so they are a-foot.
Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A tent.*

Enter CORDELIA, Doctor, *and* Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he: why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter(98) and furrow-weeds,
With burdocks,(99) hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,

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And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*]—What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereavèd sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth.

Doct. There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam;
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear and see him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A room in* GLOSTER'S *castle.*

Enter REGAN *and* OSWALD.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Osw. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?

Osw. No, madam.

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Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?
Osw. I know not, lady.
Reg. Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live: where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.
Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.
Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.
Osw. I may not, madam:
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.
Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.
Osw. Madam, I had rather—
Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband;
I'm sure of that: and at her late being here
She gave strange œilliads and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.
Osw. I, madam?
Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know't:
Therefore I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's:—you may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.
Osw. Would I could meet him, madam! I would show
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE VI. *The country near Dover.*

Enter GLOSTER, *and* EDGAR *dressed like a peasant.*

Glo. When shall I come to the top of that same hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.
Glo. Methinks the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible steep.
Hark, do you hear the sea?
Glo. No, truly.
Edg. Why, then, your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.
Glo. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.
Edg. You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd
But in my garments.
Glo. Methinks you're better spoken.
Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand still.—How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire,—dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock,—her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,(100)
Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.
Glo. Set me where you stand.
Edg. Give me your hand:—you're now within a foot
Of th' extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.
Glo. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods

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Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.
Glo. With all my heart.
Edg. [*aside*] Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.
Glo. [*kneeling*] O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathèd part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.
Edg. Gone, sir:—farewell.
[*Gloster throws himself forward, and falls.*
[*Aside*] And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past.—Alive or dead?
Ho you, sir! friend!—Hear you, sir!—speak!—
[*Aside*] Thus might he pass indeed:—yet he revives.—
What are you, sir?
Glo. Away, and let me die.
Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.
Ten masts at each(101) make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
Thy life 's a miracle. Speak yet again.
Glo. But have I fall'n, or no?
Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.
Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.
Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

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Edg. Give me your arm:
Up:—so.—How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.
Glo. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.
Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd and wav'd like the enridgèd sea:
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.
Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself
"Enough, enough," and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say
"The fiend, the fiend:" he led me to that place.
Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes here?

Enter LEAR, *fantastically dressed with wild flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.
Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.
Edg. [*aside*] O thou side-piercing sight!
Lear. Nature 's above art in that respect.—There 's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do 't.—There 's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills. —O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh!—Give the word.
Edg. Sweet marjoram.
Lear. Pass.
Glo. I know that voice.
Lear. Ha! Goneril,—with a white beard!—They flattered me like a dog; and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there.—To say "ay" and "no" to every thing that I said!—"Ay" and "no" too was no good divinity.(102)

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When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie,—I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes![103]
I pardon that man's life.—What was thy cause?—
Adultery?—
Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive; for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yond simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presages snow,
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name,—
The fitchew nor the soilèd horse goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends';
There's hell, there's darkness, there's the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption;—fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to naught.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love. —Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

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Edg. [*aside*] I would not take this from report;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.—
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;(104)
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin(105) with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.
None does offend, none,—I say, none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now:
Pull off my boots:—harder, harder:—so.

Edg. [*aside*] O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl and cry.—I will preach to thee: mark.

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Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools.—This' a good block:—(106)
It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put 't in proof;
And when I've stol'n upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter a Gentleman, *with* Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is: lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon;(107)
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? all myself?
Why, this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.(108)

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom. What!
I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king;
My masters, know you that.

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in 't. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit; Attendants follow.*

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near 's the other army?

Gent. Near and on speedy foot; the main descry

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Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;(109)
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember:—the sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [*Edgar interposes.*

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest!

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. An chud ha' been zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor ye, or ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder: chill be plain with you.

Osw. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, zir: come; no matter vor your foins. [*They fight, and Edgar knocks him down.*

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Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me:—villain, take my purse:
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters which thou find'st about me
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the English party:—O, untimely death![110] [*Dies.*

Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—
Let's see his pockets: these letters that he speaks of
May be my friends.—He's dead; I'm only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads*] "Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

"Your—wife, so I would say—affectionate servant,
"GONERIL."

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will![111]
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange my brother!—Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke: for him 'tis well
That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glo. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Edg. Give me your hand:
[*Drum afar off.*

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Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum:
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *A tent in the French camp.* LEAR *on a bed asleep, soft music playing;* Doctor, Gentleman, *and others attending.*

Enter CORDELIA *and* KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.
Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.
Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours:
I prithee, put them off.
Kent. Pardon, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.
Cor. Then be't so, my good lord.—[*To the Doctor*] How does the king?
Doct.(112) Madam, sleeps still.
Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abusèd nature!
Th' untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changèd father!
Doct. So please your majesty
That we may wake the king: he hath slept long.
Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?(113)
Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep
We put fresh garments on him.
Doct. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.(114)
Cor. Very well.
Doct. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there!
Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss

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Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch—poor perdu!—(115)
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Doct. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? how fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave:—
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: when did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Doct. He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair daylight?—
I'm mightily abus'd.—I should e'en die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;(116)
And, to deal plainly,

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I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I'm mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doct. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is kill'd in him: and yet 'tis danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I'm old and foolish.

[*Exeunt all except Kent and Gentleman.*

Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say Edgar, his banished son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I. *The camp of the British forces, near Dover.*

Enter, with drum aud colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, *and others.*

Edm. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: he's full of alteration
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.
[*To an Officer, who goes out.*

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forfended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her: dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:—
She and the duke her husband!

Enter, with drum and colours, ALBANY, GONERIL, *and* Soldiers.

Gon. [*aside*] I had rather lose the battle than that sister
Should loosen him and me.

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met.—
Sir, this I hear,—the king is come to his daughter,
With others whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,

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It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.

Alb. Let's, then, determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.(117)

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. [*aside*] O, ho, I know the riddle.—I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR *disguised.*

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt all except Albany and Edgar.*

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouchèd there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I've read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again.

Alb. Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy paper.

[*Exit Edgar.*

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery;—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*

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Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,(118)
Her husband being alive. Now, then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A field between the two camps.*

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, *and their* Forces; *and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR *and* GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.
Glo. Grace go with you, sir! [*Exit Edgar.*

Alarum and retreat within. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man,—give me thy hand,—away!
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand; come on.
Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.
Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all:—come on.
Glo. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III. *The British camp, near Dover.*

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND; LEAR *and* CORDELIA *prisoners;* Officers, Soldiers, *&c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.
Cor. We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressèd king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?
Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
And take upon 's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.
Edm. Take them away.
Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The goujeers shall(119) devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep; we'll see 'em starve first.
Come. [*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*
Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note [*Giving a paper*]; go follow them to prison:
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded

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Does not become a sword:—thy great employment
Will not bear question; either say thou'lt do 't,
Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do 't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy when thou hast done.
Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so
As I have set it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If 't be man's work, I'll do 't. [*Exit.*

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Officers, *and* Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: you have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you, so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, t' appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:—
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;

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The which immediacy may well stand up
And call itself your brother.
Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition.
Reg. In my rights
By me invested, he compeers the best.
Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.
Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.
Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.
Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:(120)
Witness the world that I create thee here
My lord and master.
Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?
Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.
Edm. Nor in thine, lord.
Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
Reg. [*to Edmund*] Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.
Alb. Stay yet; hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent [*pointing to Gon.*].—For your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your loves to me;
My lady is bespoke.
Gon. An interlude!
Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—let the trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge [*throwing down a glove*]; I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

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Reg. Sick, O, sick!
Gon. [*aside*] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.
Edm. There's my exchange [*throwing down a glove*]: what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.
Alb. A herald, ho!
Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!
Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.
Reg. My sickness grows upon me.
Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[*Exit Regan, led.*

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.
Off. Sound, trumpet! [*A trumpet sounds.*
Her. [*reads*] "If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence."
Edm. Sound! [*First trumpet.*
Her. Again! [*Second trumpet.*
Her. Again! [*Third trumpet.*
[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter Edgar, *armed, and preceded by a trumpet.*

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.
Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?
Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.(121)
Alb. Which is that adversary?

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Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?
Edm. Himself:—what say'st thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy sword,
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,—(122)
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour and thy heart,—thou art a traitor;
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from th' extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou "no,"
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.
Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which,—for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,—
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak!
[*Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.*
Alb. Save him, save him!
Gon. This is practice, Gloster:(123)
By the law of arms thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.
Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir;
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—(124)
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.
[*Gives the letter to Edmund.*
Gon. Say, if I do,—the laws are mine, not thine:

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Who can arraign me for't?

Alb. Most monstrous!
Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know. [*Exit.*(125)

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.
[*To an Officer, who goes out.*

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;
And more, much more; the time will bring it out:
'Tis past, and so am I.—But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince,
I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale;—
And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near,—O, our lives' sweetness!
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die(126)
Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags; t' assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;

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Never—O fault!—reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,
Alack, too weak the conflict to support,
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall perchance do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him(127) on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting
His grief grew puissant,(128) and the strings of life
Began to crack: twice then the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman *hastily with a bloody knife.*

Gent. Help, help, O, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;

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It came even from the heart of—O, she's dead!

Alb. Who dead? speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poisonèd; she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both: all three
Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead:—
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*

Enter KENT.

O, is this he?
The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night:
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?—
[*The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.*
See'st thou this object, Kent?

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send—
Be brief in it—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run!

Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on: take my sword;
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit Edgar.*

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and

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To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her!—Bear him hence awhile.
[*Edmund is borne off.*

Re-enter LEAR, *with* CORDELIA *dead in his arms;* EDGAR, Officer, *and others following.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stone:(129)
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack.—She's gone for ever!—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth.—Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [*Kneeling.*

Lear. Prithee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman.—
I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I've seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best:—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight.(130) Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same,

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Your servant Kent.—Where is your servant Caius?
Lear. He 's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too:—he 's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man,—
Lear. I'll see that straight.
Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.
Lear. You're welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man else:—all 's cheerless, dark, and deadly.—
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.
Lear. Ay, so I think.
Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain is it
That we present us to him.
Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.
Alb. That's but a trifle here.—
You lords and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power:—[*To Edgar and Kent*] you, to your rights;
With boot, and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!
Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!—
Pray you, undo this button:—thank you, sir.—
Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—
Look there, look there!— [*Dies.*
Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord!—
Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, break!
Edg. Look up, my lord.

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Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough[131] world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business
Is general woe.—[*To Kent and Edgar*] Friends of my soul, you twain
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls me,—I must not say no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.[132]

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*

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P. 250. (1)

"*Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.*"

Walker, who (*Versification of Shakespeare*, &c. p. 240) has a section on the spelling and pronunciation of the name "*Burgundy*," observes that in this passage "the pronunciation *Burgogne* would restore harmony." But see note 2 on *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* vol. v. p. 199.

P. 250. (2) "*more than words can wield the matter;*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "*more then* word *can*," &c.; which is retained by Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier; and by Delius, who defends it by citing *as parallel*, from act iii. sc. 2, "When priests are more *in word than matter*." Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier at least, being Englishmen, ought to have *felt* that here the author must have used the plural.—1865. Mr. Collier in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* prints "*words*."

P. 251. (3) "*What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "*What shall Cordelia* speake? *Loue, and be silent;*" which is retained by Mr. Knight, Mr. Collier, and Delius. ("The quartos," says Mr. Knight, "read 'What shall Cordelia *do?*' This feebler reading destroys the force of the answer, 'Love, and *be silent*'." Now, to my thinking, "the answer" shows most distinctly that the reading of the folio is the wrong one.)

P. 251. (4) "*Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.*"

So the quartos.—The folio omits "*Speak:*" but Lear has concluded his address to Goneril with "*speak* first;" and he afterwards finishes that to Cordelia with "*Speak.*"

P. 251. (5) "*Sir,*"

Omitted in the folio, is now added from the quartos, which have

"*Sir I am made of* the *selfe*-same *mettall* that *my sister is*," &c.

Compare Goneril's speech,

"*Sir,*
I love you more," &c.

and Cordelia's, "Nothing, *my lord.*"

P. 251. (6)

"*Which the most precious square of sense possesses;*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "—— *sense* professes."—By "*square*" Johnson understands "compass, comprehension:" Edwards "believes that Shake-

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speare uses '*square*' for the full complement of all the senses."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "*square*" to "sphere."

P. 251. (7) "*Now, our joy,*
Although our last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interess'd; what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak."

The quartos have

"but *now our ioy,*
Although the *last, not least* in our deere *loue,*
What can you say to win *a third, more opulent*
Then your sisters?"

The folio has

"*Now our Ioy,*
Although our last and *least; to whose yong loue,*
The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie,
Striue to be interest. What can you say, to draw
A third, more opilent then your Sisters? speake,"—

with a flagrant error in the second line, which (instead of correcting it by means of the quartos) Mr. Knight, Mr. Collier, and Delius [and, 1865, Mr. Grant White] retain. ("So, in the old anonymous play, King Leir speaking to Mumford,

'to thee last of all;
Not greeted last, 'cause thy desert was small'." STEEVENS.

"Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, written before 1593;

'The *third* and *last, not least*, in our account'." MALONE.)

P. 252. (8) "*good my lord.*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "my good Lord:" but compare Cordelia's preceding speech.

P. 252. (9) "*mysteries*"

So the second folio.—The quartos have "mistresse;" while the first folio has "miseries."

P. 252. (10) "*Hence, and avoid my sight!*—"

"These words are in all the [modern] editions directed to Cordelia, which undoubtedly are addressed to Kent. For in the next words Lear sends for France and Burgundy, in order to tender them his youngest daughter," &c. HEATH.—And compare what Lear afterwards says to Kent, "Out of my sight!" p. 253.—Malone, however, has no doubt that the direction "*To Cordelia*" is right; and he remarks truly enough, that "Kent has hitherto said nothing that could extort even from the choleric king so harsh a sentence," &c.

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P. 253. (11) "*Reverse thy doom;*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "reserue *thy* state."—"I am inclined to think that '*reverse thy doom*' was Shakespeare's first reading, as more apposite to the present occasion, and that he changed it afterwards to '*reserve thy state*,' which conduces more to the progress of the action." JOHNSON.

P. 254. (12)
"*To come between our sentence and our power,—*"

In this line the folio has "sentences;" as, by the same sort of error, it has, p. 251, "To thine and Albanies *issues*," &c.; and Mr. Knight adheres to it in both places! Delius also retains and defends "sentences"!

P. 254. (13) "*diseases of the world;*"

"Thus the quartos. The folio has '*disasters* of the world.' The alteration, I believe, was made by the editor in consequence of his not knowing the meaning of the original word. *Diseases*, in old language, meant the slighter *inconveniences*, *troubles*, or *distresses of the world* . . . . The provision that Kent could make in five days might in some measure guard him against the *diseases* of the world, but could not shield him from its *disasters*." MALONE.

P. 255. (14) "*little seeming*"

"Read '*little-seeming*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 275.

P. 255. (15)
"*That she, who even but now was your best object,*"

The quartos have

"*that she* that *euen but now*
Was your best obiect."—

The folio has "*That she* whom *euen but now, was your obiect*," &c.—(Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "—— *your* blest *object*.")

P. 255. (16) "*Most best, most dear'st,*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "The *best*, the *deerest*." (Compare, at p. 283, "To take the basest and *most poorest* shape:" and in the speech preceding the present one we have "T' avert your liking a *more worthier* way.")

P. 255. (17) "*since what I well intend,*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "*since what I* will *intend;*" as afterwards, p. 263, it has, by the same mistake, "If but as *will* I other accents borrow:" yet here Mr. Knight adheres to the folio; and so does Delius.

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P. 255. (18) "*It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,*"

In this line the spelling of the quartos is "*murder*," that of the folio "*murther*."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes

"*It is no vicious blot,* nor other *foulness:*"

and undoubtedly the original reading is a very suspicious one, though a critic in *Blackwood's Magazine* for Oct. 1853, p. 464, defends it as follows; "The King of France has just before said,

'Sure her offence
Must be of such *unnatural* degree
That *monsters it;*'

that is, that makes a monster of it—it can be nothing short of some crime of the deepest dye; and therefore 'murder' does not seem to be so much out of place in the mouth of Cordelia:"—who had been described by Lear as

"a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost t' acknowledge hers."—

1865. "What has '*murder*' to do here? Read '*umber.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 275.

P. 256. (19) "*Burgundy!*"

See note 1.

P. 257. (20) "*Ye jewels*"

The old eds. have "The *iewels.*"—See note 167 on *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* vol. v. p. 342; note 43 on *Coriolanus*, vol. vi. p. 245; and note 107 on *Julius Cæsar*, vol. vi. p. 708.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 276) would support the old text by passages of Spenser and Browne, which are not parallel to the present one.

P. 257. (21)

"*Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides:*
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!"

"So the quartos (excepting that 'cover,' by a very common error, is misprinted *covers*), correctly; and the folio, corruptly, 'at last *with* shame derides'." COLLIER.—But Mr. Knight and Delius have brought back the reading of the folio, "*Who* covers *faults, at last* with *shame derides,*"—understanding "*Who*" as the relative to "*time,*" and supposing,—very erroneously, I think,—that the line unaltered will bear the same meaning as it does with Hanmer's alteration, "*Who* cover'd [Mason proposes "covert"] *faults at last* with *shame derides.*"—I adhere to the quartos, because I feel convinced that "*Who*" refers to people in general,—"Those *who,*" &c.:—and it certainly would seem that here, as Henley observes, Cordelia alludes to a passage in Scripture, *Prov.* xxviii. 18, "He that *covereth* his sins shall not *prosper,*" &c. As to the "with" of the folio (which, by the by, Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector changes to "*them*"), I can no more account for it, than for the hundreds of other strange things which the folio exhibits.

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P. 257. (22) "*the observation we have made of it hath not been little:*"

Here the "*not*" happens to have dropt out of the folio; and accordingly Mr. Knight and Delius, in defiance of common sense, print "—— the observation we have made of it hath been little."

P. 257. (23) "*hit together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions*"

So the quartos ("*hit*, i. e. agree." STEEVENS).—The folio has "sit *together, if our Father carry authority with such* disposition *as*," &c.; which Mr. Knight gives, though "sit" is a stark misprint. As to "*dispositions*" or "disposition,"—either reading may stand: we have afterwards from the mouth of the present speaker, p. 269,

"and put away
These *dispositions;*"

and p. 271,

"But let his *disposition* have that scope."

P. 258. (24)

"*Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—*"

The quartos have "*shall* tooth' *legitimate: I grow, I prosper.*"—The folio has

"*Shall* to' th' *Legitimate: I grow, I prosper.*"—

Rowe printed "*Shall* to th' *legitimate—I grow, I prosper,*" supposing the sentence to be imperfect; which it evidently is not.—Theobald reads "*Shall* be *th' legitimate,*" &c.—Hanmer gives "*Shall* toe *th' legitimate,*" &c.—I have adopted the more probable correction of Edwards.

P. 260. (25) "*though the wisdom of nature . . . yet nature,*" &c.

"*Possibly* wrong." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 287.—For the first "*nature*" Hanmer substituted "mankind."—Johnson's explanation of the text is, "though natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences."

P. 261. (26) "*Tut,*"

The folio omits this interjection; but without it the sentence has a baldness. (In all the quartos I have seen it stands "Fut;" which seems to be a misprint for "*Tut,*" rather than intended for "Foot" or "'Sfoot.")

P. 265. (27) "*dependants*"

"'*Dependance*'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 277.

P. 266. (28) "Kent. *Why, fool?*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "Lear. *Why* my Boy?"—the eye of the transcriber or compositor having most probably caught the next speech but one.

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—Here Mr. Collier and Delius adhere to the folio, and consequently mark the words "Why, for taking one's part that's out of favour" (which they wrongly point, with the folio, "Why? for taking," &c.) as spoken by the Fool *to Lear*. But it is plain that the Fool addresses the king for the first time when he says "How now, nuncle," &c.

P. 266. (29) "*when the lady brach*"

So the folio.—The quartos have "*when* lady oth'e *brach*."—This has been altered to "*when the* lady's *brach*," and to "*when* Lady, the *brach*" (as in *The First Part of King Henry IV.* act iii. sc. 1, "Lady, my brach").—Steevens cites from "the old black-letter Booke of Huntyng," &c., no date, "and small *ladi popies*," &c.: and see Nares's *Gloss.* in v. "Brach."

P. 266. (30) "Lear. *Do.*"

Capell gives this to *Kent*.

P. 267. (31) "*lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.*"

From "*Fool.* That lord that counsell'd thee" down to the end of the present quotation is only in the quartos; which have here "loades" and "lodes" instead of "*ladies*."—"Modern editors," observes Mr. Collier, "without the slightest authority, read 'and *ladies* too,' when the old copies have not a word about ladies: all the fool means to say is, that if he had a monopoly of folly, great men would have part of it, and a large part too." But mark the ridiculous inconsistency of expression in the passage, if the Fool be speaking of *lords* only,—"they would have *part* on't"—"and *loads* too"—"they'll be *snatching*."

P. 269. (32) "*That it had its head bit off by its young.*"

The old eds. have "*That it* [and "it's"] *had* it *head bit off* beit [and "*by* it"] *young*."—See Preface to the present edition, p. xv., note.

P. 269. (33) "*I had daughters.*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 4) would read "That *I had daughters*."—This speech is only in the quartos, where it stands as prose.

P. 269. (34) "*savour*"

"The folios, Steevens's reprint of the 4tos, [Rowe], Pope, Theobald, [Hanmer], and Knight have '*savour*' here; while Capell, Var. 1821, and Collier, [Staunton, and Grant White] have '*favour*,' all in silence." W. N. LETTSOM, note on Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 230.—"Whether the word of some old editions be '*favour*' or '*savour*' is hard pronouncing; nor is there much choice between them, in this place: all the moderns have

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inclined towards '*savour*.'" CAPELL, *Notes*, &c. vol. i. P. ii. p. 152.—"'*favour*,' i. e. *complexion*. So in *Julius Cæsar*, 'In favour's like the work we have in hand.'" STEEVENS.

P. 269. (35) "*As you are old and reverend, should be wise.*"

So the folio.—The quartos have "*As you are old and reverend*, you *should be wise*."—Rowe printed "You, *as you are old and reverend, should be wise*." —Steevens proposes "*As you are old and reverend, be wise*."

P. 270. (36) "*The worships of their name.*"

Qy. "*The worships of their* names," or "*The* worship *of their name*"?

P. 270. (37) "Lear. *It may be so, my lord*," &c.

So this passage (which, slightly different, stands as prose in the quartos) is divided in the folio.—A modern arrangement is

"*Lear*. It may be so, my lord.—Hear, nature, hear;
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her," &c.

P. 271. (38) "*I have another daughter*,"

So the folio; which I follow in preference to the reading of the quartos, "yet haue I left a *daughter*," because we have already had, p. 270,

"Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter."

P. 271. (39) "Alb. *I cannot be so partial, Goneril*," &c.

"Arrange

'I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—
Gon. Pray you, content.—
What, Oswald, ho!—You, sir, more knave than fool,
After your master.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 277.

P. 272. (40) "*As may compact it more. Get you gone;*"

"Qu. '*Go*, get you gone.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 258.—Most probably a word has dropt out from this line, though our old poets seem occasionally to have used "*more*" as a dissyllable.

P. 272. (41) "*it*"

Not in any of the old copies, as far as I know.

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P. 273. (42) "*brains*"

"'*Brain*' surely; and so Pope and some others." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 256.

P. 276. (43) "*the revenging gods*
'*Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "——*did all* the thunder *bend*,"—a vile reading; which, however, Mr. Knight, Delius, and Mr. Grant White prefer.

P. 276. (44) "*And found—dispatch.*"

"Warburton reads 'And found, *dispatch'd*;' as also does Mr. Collier's annotator. But the old text is right: thus in [Middleton's] 'Blurt, Master Constable,' Act v. Sc. 1,—'There to find Fontinelle: found to kill him.'" STAUNTON.—I cannot see that Mr. Staunton's quotation supports the old reading.

P. 276. (45) "*potential spurs*"

In this passage "*spurs*," which is the reading of the quartos, means, of course, incitements.—The folio has "——*potentiall* spirits;" which Delius adopts, and defends by what he considers to be a *parallelism*,—"As he is very *potent* with such *spirits*," *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2. But here the lection of the folio, "spirits," is as evidently wrong as is its reading "strange," in the commencement of the next speech; "O strange [instead of "*Strong*," i. e. determined] *and fastend villaine;*" which, however, Mr. Knight and Delius prefer.

P. 277. (46) "*your Edgar?*"

Some slight mutilation here.

P. 277. (47) "*Yes, madam, he was of that consort.*"

Qy. "—— *he was* one *of that* consort"?—Here the quartos have merely "*Yes, madam, he was.*"

P. 279. (48) "Edm. *How now! What's the matter?*
Kent. *With you, goodman boy,*" &c.

So the quartos.—The folio has

"Bast. *How now, what's the matter?* Part.
Kent. *With you goodman Boy,*" &c.

But "Part" is undoubtedly a stage-direction. This is clear from its interference with the dialogue: Edmund asks "What's the matter?" and Kent immediately replies, "With you [*i. e.* the matter is with you, I will deal with you], goodman boy," &c.—The stage-direction "Part" is found in other old dramas: *e. g.*

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"*Rich.* Art thou content to breath? [*Fight & part once or twise.*"
A Pleasant Commodie, called Looke about you, 1600, sig. I 3.—

(Here the quartos have "*Enter Edmund with his rapier drawne, Gloucester, the Duke and Dutchesse;*" while the folio has "*Enter Bastard, Cornewall, Regan, Gloster, Seruants,*"—the entrances, as is often the case in copies of early plays, being marked *en masse:* but it is evident that the persons in question enter as I have made them enter in my text.)

P. 279. (49) "*The messengers from our sister and the king.*"

On this line Mr. Collier observes, "All the old copies have 'messengers,' but Oswald is the only one upon the stage."—The old copies are quite right:—Oswald is the *messenger* "from our sister," Kent the *messenger* "from the king."

1865. In the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, Mr. Collier silently prints "*messengers.*" But Mr. Grant White, to my surprise, gives "messenger," observing that "the old copies add a superfluous *s* to the word."

P. 280. (50) "*smooth every passion*
That in the natures of their lords rebel;"

See note 114 on *Love's Labour's lost*, vol. ii. p. 251.

P. 280. (51) "*Knowing naught,*" &c.

A line slightly mutilated.—The usual modern emendation is "As *knowing naught,*" &c.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "And *knowing naught,*" &c.

P. 282. (52) "*Come, bring away the stocks!*
[Stocks brought out."

In the folio the stage-direction "*Stocks brought out*" is placed two lines earlier (as it no doubt stood in the prompter's book, that the stocks might be in readiness); and so it is given by the modern editors, without any regard to the present speech.—Here the quartos have no stage-direction. —1865. Mr. Staunton, Mr. Grant White, and the Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) place this stage-direction rightly.

P. 282. (53)
"*Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches*"

So Capell here corrected the quartos, which have "*Is such, as basest and* temnest *wretches.*"—This passage, from "His fault is much" to "Are punish'd with" inclusive, is not in the folio (where, in consequence of that omission, the words "The king must take it ill" are altered to "The King *his Master needs* must take it ill").

P. 282. (54) "*and shall find time,*" &c.

Of this obscure, and, it may be, corrupted passage, no satisfactory explanation or emendation has yet been given.

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P. 283. (55) "*Strike in*"

i. e. Strike into.—But Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 36) proposes, with great probability, "Stick *in*."

P. 283. (56) "*Turlygood!*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "Turlygod."—"Warburton would read *Turlupin*, and Hanmer *Turluru;* but there is a better reason for rejecting both these terms than for preferring either; viz. that *Turlygood* is the *corrupted* word in *our* language. The Turlupins were a fanatical sect that overran France, Italy, and Germany, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. They were at first known by the names of *Beghards* or *Beghins*, and brethren and sisters of the free spirit. Their manners and appearance exhibited the strongest indications of lunacy and distraction. The common people alone called them *Turlupins;* a name which, though it has excited much doubt and controversy, seems obviously to be connected with the *wolvish howlings* which these people in all probability would make when influenced by their religious ravings. Their subsequent appellation of *the fraternity of poor men* might have been the cause why the wandering rogues called *Bedlam beggars*, and one of whom Edgar personates, assumed or obtained the title of *Turlupins* or *Turlygoods*, especially if their mode of asking alms was accompanied by the gesticulations of madmen. *Turlupino* and *Turluru* are old Italian terms for a fool or madman; and the Flemings had a proverb, As *unfortunate as Turlupin and his children*." DOUCE.—"*Turlygood.* Seemingly a name for the sort of beggar described in the preceding lines, which Shakespeare calls a *bedlam-beggar.* I cannot persuade myself that this word, however similar in meaning, has any real connection with *turlupin*, notwithstanding the authority of Warburton and Douce. It seems to be an original English term, being too remote in form from the other, to be a corruption from it." NARES'S *Gloss.*

P. 286. (57) "*The knave turns fool that runs away;*
The fool no knave, perdy."

"The sense will be mended if we read

'*The* fool *turns* knave *that runs away;*
The knave *no* fool, *perdy.*'" JOHNSON.

And so Capell in the first line.

P. 286. (58) "*images*"

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 255) proposes to read "image'," marked as a plural.

P. 287. (59) "*knapped*"

So the folio.—The quartos have "rapt."

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P. 288. (60) "'*Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;*'
[Kneeling."

The "[Kneeling" is not in the old eds. (which are generally sparing of stage-directions): but even if the present speech were not sufficient (and I think it is) to show that Lear, *wishing to impress Regan with the utter absurdity of his asking forgiveness of her sister*, drops upon his knees, the immediately following words of Regan would be decisive on the point,

"Good sir, no more; *these are unsightly tricks.*"—

Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also inserts "*Kneeling,*" in accordance with what was the stage-practice of his time, just as it is of ours, and as it will no doubt continue to be, in spite of what Delius has said to the contrary.

P. 288. (61) "*To fall and blast her pride!*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "*To fall,* and blister;" a mere blunder (possibly for "*To fall and* blast her," as Walker observes, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 278); which, however, Mr. Knight finds a reason for preferring.—1865. It will be understood that I quote what follows merely *animi causa:* "That the folio is right, I have no doubt, and that the quarto [*which was printed* FIFTEEN YEARS BEFORE THE FOLIO] substituted '*to blast her pride*' for '*blister,*' from an inability to give to the latter expression an applicable signification. Now, the state of atmosphere caused by the falling fogs, renders us extremely obnoxious to skin diseases, and to none more so than to erysipelas—known in Shakespeare's time as St. Anthony's fire. The moisture drawn up by the sun, and held suspended by its influence during the day, condenses quickly when that influence is withdrawn, and falling again to the earth, causes a great and sudden degradation of temperature. The skin, excited by the previous heat, feels this rapid transition, and erysipelas follows, attacking for the most part the face, '*infecting its beauty,*' and covering it over with extensive vesications or '*blisters.*'" *Notes on Shakespeare, No.* 11, by *James Nichols, M.R.C.P., Eng.*, p. 1.

P. 289. (62) "*To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—*
Necessity's hard pinch!"

Mr. Collier prints, with his Ms. Corrector,

"*To be a comrade with the wolf, and* howl
Necessity's sharp pinch;"

and observes (Preface to the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, p. xxvii.) that "Mr. Dyce has an antipathy to the old corrector's aspirate, and declines to adopt the reading 'howl,' because in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays ('The Custom of the Country,' A. i. sc. 2), he allowed the laughable cockneyism *me high* to stand instead of 'my eye.'" Now, there can be no stronger proof of Mr. Collier's downright infatuation than his blindness to the glaring absurdity of "the old corrector's aspirate" in the present speech,—the alteration of "*owl*" to "howl," which will inevitably be treated by every future editor with the contempt it deserves.—The passage of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*, in which, according to Mr. Collier, I "allowed a laughable cockneyism to stand," is this;

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"*Clod.* . . . . . Now fetch your daughter;
And bid the coy wench put on all her beauties,
All her enticements; out-blush damask roses,
And dim the breaking east with her bright crystals.
I am all on fire; away!
Char. And I am frozen. [*Exit with Servants.*

Enter ZENOCIA *with bow and quiver, an arrow bent; after her,* ARNOLDO *and* RUTILIO, *armed.*

Zen. Come fearless on.
Rut. Nay, an I budge from thee,
Beat me with dirty sticks.
Clod. What masque is this?
What pretty fancy to *provoke me high?*" &c.;

and I have no hesitation in asserting that the old reading "*provoke me high*" (*i. e.* excite me highly—"*high*" being used adverbially), is what the poet really wrote; and that Mr. Collier's "What pretty fancy to provoke *my eye*" is an emendation utterly uncalled for.

P. 291. (63)
"*You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!*"

Capell says this line "was to be altered of course [by the modern editors], for having a middle redundancy, and a repetition of which they saw not the meaning; and so its tame conclusion is this, in the four latter moderns —— *give me that patience* which *I need*, &c." *Notes*, &c. vol. i. P. ii. p. 162. —Other alterations have been suggested by Malone, Ritson, Mason, and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector; nor would I assert, with Capell, that the old text is uncorrupted.—1865. "I would expunge the second '*patience;*' or perhaps adopt Ritson's second suggestion,

'You heavens, give me patience!—*that* I need.'"
Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 278.

P. 293. (64) "*elements;*"

So the folio.—The quartos have "element;" which Malone adopts, explaining it, "the *air*." But compare, in the next scene, p. 295, "I tax not you, you *elements*, with unkindness."

P. 293. (65) "*out-scorn*"

Steevens proposes "*out*-storm."

P. 293. (66) "*Throne*"

The folio has "Thron'd."—This part of the speech is not in the quartos.

P. 293. (67) "*Which are to France the spies and speculations*"

Mr. Collier prints, at his Ms. Corrector's bidding, "*Which are to France the spies and* spectators;" and, to make the matter more laughable, seriously

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tells us that the substituted word is to be pronounced "spéctators."—Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 272) says, "There can be no doubt that it should be *speculators*, as I find it corrected in my second folio; and Mr. Collier, in a supplemental note, has seen that this is most probably the true word." (Johnson too, in his *Dict.* sub v., suggested "speculators.")—I must refer the reader to note 140 on *Love's Labour's lost*, vol. ii. p. 254.

P. 296. (68) "*pother*"

Here the spelling of the folio is "pudder,"—which Mr. Knight retains, observing "this is always modernized into *pother*," &c. But one of the quartos (considerably less "modern" than the folio) has "powther:" and in *Coriolanus*, act ii. sc. 1, the folio has

"such a *poother*,
As if that whatsoever God," &c.;

where Mr. Knight prints "such a *pother*."

P. 296. (69) "*Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue*"

So the folio.—The quartos have "—— *thou simular* man *of vertue*."—Theobald and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector read "*Thou* perjure,"—a substantive which occurs in *Love's Labour's lost*, act iv. sc. 3.

P. 297. (70) "*I will seek him*,"

So the quartos.—The folio has "*I will* looke *him*" (which is equally good sense: see note 141 on *King Henry V.* vol. iv. p. 529).

P. 299. (71) "*Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel*,"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 292) cites this line with a "*Qu.*:" but I see no reason for supposing it to be corrupt.

P. 299. (72) "*go to thy cold bed, and warm thee*."

So the quartos: and the very same words (which appear to have passed into a sort of proverbial expression) occur in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew;* see foot-note, vol. iii. pp. 105-6.—Here the folio has only "*goe to thy bed and warme thee;*" and Delius, who, with the folio, omits "*cold*," conjectures that Shakespeare himself may have struck out the word, in order to get rid of the comic turn which it gives to the sentence:—if so, why did not Shakespeare also strike out what Edgar presently says about "eating cow-dung for sallets"? The fact is, the poet has studiously made the assumed madness of Edgar somewhat akin to the comic, that it might contrast the better with the real insanity of Lear.—Mr. Staunton observes; "The commentators, with admirable unanimity, persist in declaring this line ['*go to thy cold bed, and warm thee*'] to be a ridicule on one in *The Spanish Tragedy* [by Thomas Kyd], act ii.;

'What outcries pluck me from my naked bed?'

But to an audience of Shakespeare's age there was nothing risible in either line. The phrase to *go to a cold bed* meant only to *go cold to bed;* to *rise*

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from a naked bed signified to *get up naked from bed;* and to say one *lay on a sick bed* (a form of expression far from uncommon even now) implied merely that he was lying *sick a-bed.*"

P. 300. (73) "*keep thy word justly;*"

The quartos have "*keepe thy* words *iustly.*"—The first folio has "*keepe thy* words Iustice;" and the second folio "*keepe thy word,* justice."—Mr. Knight and Delius make out from the first folio the ridiculous reading, "*keep thy* word's justice," &c.

P. 301. (74) "*wild*"

"Read '*wide;*' see context. And so the 1770 edition of *King Lear,* 'collated with the old and modern editions;' with a note,—'All editions read *wild;* but *wide* is better opposed to *little*'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 278.

P. 305. (75) "*All the power of his wits have given way*"

See note 114 on *Love's Labour's lost,* vol. ii. p. 251.

P. 305. (76) "*justicer;—*"

The quartos have "iustice."—This portion of the scene, from the preceding speech but one, "*Edg.* The foul fiend bites my back" to "False justicer, why hast thou let her scape?" inclusive, is omitted in the folio.

P. 305. (77) "*bourn,*"

The quartos have "broome."—See the preceding note.

P. 306. (78) "*store*"

Mr. Collier prints "stone."

P. 306. (79) "*place!*"

Altered by Mr. Grant White to "palace."

P. 307. (80) "*lym,*"

The old eds. have "him" and "Hym."

P. 308. (81) "*sinews,*"

Here Theobald's very specious alteration of "*sinews*" to "senses" is generally adopted (and without any note by Mr. Knight, who seems to take it for the original reading).—This speech, and all that follows to the end of the scene, excepting "*Glo.* Come, come, away," is omitted in the folio.

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P. 308. (82) "*thoughts defile*"

In my former edition I altered this (with Theobald) to "thought defiles:" see note 48 on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, vol. i. p. 332.

P. 310. (83) "*Be simple-answer'd*,"

"The old quarto reads '*Be simple answerer*.' Either is good sense: *simple* means *plain*." STEEVENS.

P. 311. (84) "*To see some mischief on them*."

The old eds. have "—— *on* him." But the Servant is evidently speaking of Cornwall *and Regan;* and "*them*" (and "'*em*") are often confounded with "him" by transcribers and printers: so afterwards in this play, p. 344, the folio has erroneously "I would have made *him* [the quartos rightly "them"] skip," &c. And compare what the other Servants say at the close of the present scene, "If *this man* come to good"—"If *she* live long," &c.

P. 312. (85) "*and known*"

"I think with Mr. Tyrwhitt that Dr. Johnson's conjecture ["unknown"] is well founded." MALONE. And so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

P. 312. (86) "*Our means secure us*,"

Pope printed "*Our* mean secures *us;*" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*Our* wants *secure us;*" Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 272) proposes "*Our* needs *secure us;*" and Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 281) is confident that Johnson's conjecture, "*Our* maims *secure us*," is the right reading.—In some remarks on this passage (*Notes and Queries*, vol. xii. p. 98), Mr. Arrowsmith says; "I affirm that not only is *means* or *meanes* the right reading, but *secur*ES is so likewise; that is, I affirm the correctness of the two first folios in both these words." Now I, in my turn, "affirm" that neither the first nor the second folio has "secur*ES*;" they both agree with the other old eds. in reading "secure."

P. 313. (87) "'*Tis the times' plague*,"

Rowe printed "'*Tis the* time's *plague*." But compare *Sec. Part of King Henry IV.*, "*The times* are wild," act i. sc. 1; "to dignify *the times*," ibid.; "as *the times* do brawl," act i. sc. 3; "the visage of *the times*," act ii. sc. 3: *King John*, "*the times* conspire with you," act iii. sc. 4: *The Merchant of Venice*, "the chaff and ruin of *the times*," act ii. sc. 8.

P. 314. (88) "*of lust, as Obidicut;*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 249) proposes "as Obidicut, of lust."

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P. 316. (89) "*these*"

The quartos have "the" and "this."—The present speech, and indeed the greater portion of the dialogue between Albany and Goneril, is omitted in the folio.

P. 316. (90) "*self-cover'd*"

Altered by Theobald to "*self*-converted."

P. 316. (91) "*To let these hands obey my blood,*"

A mutilated line.—Theobald printed "—— *my* boiling *blood.*"—This speech is not in the folio. See note 89.

P. 318. (92) "*The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.*"

Here "*Marshal*" is usually altered to "Mareschal" (see note 126 on *The First Part of King Henry VI.* vol. v. p. 98); and "*La Far*" to "Le Fer," because there is in *King Henry V.* act iv. sc. 4, a common soldier of the latter name, whom Pistol threatens to *fer, firk, and ferret.*—The whole of this scene is omitted in the folio.

P. 318. (93) "*Ay, sir; she*"

Theobald's correction.—The quartos have "I say *she.*"—See the preceding note.

P. 318. (94) "*strove*"

Pope's correction.—The quartos have "streme."—See note 92.

P. 318. (95) "*day:*"

The quartos have "way;" which, though retained and defended by Delius, cannot be right.—I prefer, on the whole, the reading in the text to the other modern alteration, "May."—See note 92.

P. 318. (96) "*As pearls from diamonds dropt.—In brief, sorrow*"

"I think Shakespeare wrote 'In brief, *sir*, sorrow'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 255. An insertion made long ago.

P. 318. (97) "*There she shook*
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd: then away she started
To deal with grief alone."

The quartos have "*And clamour moistened* her, *then away she started,*" &c. —See note 92.—Theobald, at Warburton's suggestion, printed

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"*There she shook*
The holy water from her heavenly eyes;
And, clamour-motion'd, *then away she started,*" &c.

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 157) bids us write

"*There she shook*
The holy water from her heavenly eyes
And clamour-moisten'd (*luctu madentes*): *then away she started,*" &c.

Mr. Grant White gives

"*There she shook*
The holy water from her heavenly eyes;
And, clamour-moisten'd, then away she started," &c.

P. 319. (98) "*fumiter*"

The quartos have "femiter;" the folio has "Fenitar."

P. 319. (99) "*burdocks,*"

So Hanmer.—The quartos have "hoar-docks" and "hor-docks;" the folio has "Hardokes."—Farmer would read "harlocks" (a plant mentioned by Drayton).

P. 322. (100) "*the murmuring surge,*
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,"

"The folios give

'The murmuring Surge,
That on th' vnnumbred idle *Pebble chafes,*'

while Steevens's reprint of the quarto reads '*peebles chafe.*' Perhaps '*pebbles chafe*' is the true reading, and '*surge*' consequently a plural. The ordinary reading, '*pebbles chafes,*' which sounds awkward even to modern ears, would have been still more offensive to those of our ancestors." Note by Lettsom,—Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 268.

P. 323. (101) "*Ten masts at each*"

Which means, I believe, "Ten masts joined each to the other,"—has given rise to sundry bad conjectural emendations.

P. 324. (102) "*To say 'ay' and 'no' to every thing that I said!—'Ay' and 'no' too was no good divinity.*"

The following reading was suggested to Pye by a friend; "*To say 'ay' and 'no' to every thing* [*that*] *I said 'ay' and 'no'* to *was no good divinity.*"

P. 325. (103) "*When I do stare, see how the subject quakes!*"

"I think Shakespeare wrote *quake. Subject*, more prisco, meaning, not *subjectus* but *subjecti;* as we say *the elect, the reprobate.* Old writers *passim;* indeed the usage occurs as late as Burke." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 246.

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P. 326. (104) "*Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;*"

The quartos have "*through tattered* ragges *small vices*," &c.—The folio has "*Thorough tatter'd cloathes* great *Vices*," &c.

P. 326. (105) "*Plate sin*"

The folio has "Place sinnes."—From these words to "accuser's lips" inclusive is only in the folio.

P. 327. (106) "*This' a good block:—*"

Here I follow Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, p. 80) in altering "This" to "*This'*," the contraction of "*This is*," which the folio has in *Measure for Measure*, act v. sc. 1.—After these words an interrogation-point or an exclamation-point is usually put, in opposition to the old eds.—"Upon the king's saying, '*I will preach to thee*,' the poet seems to have meant him to pull off his *hat*, and keep turning it and feeling it, in the attitude of one of the preachers of those times (whom I have seen so represented in ancient prints), till the idea of *felt*, which the good *hat* or *block* was made of, raises the stratagem in his brain of shoeing a troop of horse with a substance soft as that which he held and moulded between his hands. This makes him start from his preachment.—*Block* anciently signified the *head part* of the hat, or *the thing on which a hat is formed*, and sometimes the hat itself." STEEVENS, —who borrowed this explanation from Capell.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "'Tis *a good* plot."

P. 327. (107) "*have a surgeon;*"

The folio has "*haue* Surgeons."—The quartos read "*haue* a chirurgeon."

P. 327. (108) "*Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.*"

So the quartos, except that they omit "*for*."—These words are not in the folio.

P. 328. (109) "*made tame to fortune's blows;*"

So the folio.—The quartos have "*made* lame by *fortunes blowes*" (which Malone considers to be the right reading, because in our author's xxxvii[th] Sonnet we find "So I, *made lame by fortune's* dearest spite," &c.).

P. 329. (110) "*O, untimely death!*"

Here the old eds. have the word "*death*" twice.

P. 329. (111) "*O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!*"

The quartos have "*O vndistinguisht space of womans* wit:" the first folio has "*Oh* indinguish'd *space of Womans will;*" the second and third folios have "Of indinguish'd *space of Womans will;*" and the fourth folio has "Of *indistinguish'd space of Womans will.*"—The reading of the quartos,

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except in the last word, is no doubt the right one: and the sense is plain enough, "*undistinguish'd space*" meaning *space whose limits are not to be distinguished.*—Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector makes one of his unhappiest emendations,—"*O*, unextinguish'd blaze *of woman's will!*"

P. 330. (112) "Doct."

"According to the folio, the two parts of the Doctor and the Gentleman were combined, and played by the same actor: in the 4tos they are distinct characters, and have separate prefixes. We have followed the latter, because the scene was, in all probability, so originally written, and because merely the economy of the old stage seems to have led to the union of the two characters in the folio. It is singular that, at the earlier date, the more expensive course should have been pursued." COLLIER.

P. 330. (113) "*Is he array'd?*"

After these words Delius inserts, with the folio, the stage-direction "*Enter* LEAR *on* [in] *a chair carried by Servants;*" and he says that "from Cordelia's question it is plain that Lear is not on the stage at the beginning of this scene." But, as Capell long ago observed, "their [the folios'] mode of bringing in Lear was a mere stage-convenience." *Notes*, &c. vol. i. P. ii. p. 181. Cordelia has evidently come with Kent into the chamber where her father is asleep on a bed, the curtains of which conceal him from view; and a subsequent exclamation of the Physician, "Louder the music there!" shows that soft music is playing while he sleeps.

P. 330. (114)

"Gent. *Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep*
We put fresh garments on him.
Doct. *Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;*
I doubt not of his temperance."

One quarto gives the first of these speeches to "*Doct.*" and the second to "*Kent;*" the other two quartos give the first to "*Doct.*" and the second to "*Gent.:*" and the folio gives both to "*Gent.*"—Mr. Collier adheres to the quartos which assign the first speech to "*Doct.*" and the second to "*Kent;*" and remarks that "some modern editors (following Malone) have adopted a course consistent with no authority, by giving the two first lines to the Gentleman, and the two next to the Doctor." But where the old copies are so strangely at variance with each other, some liberty may be allowed to an editor; and the usual modern distribution of these speeches appears to me the only one which is at all satisfactory.

P. 331. (115)

"*Of quick, cross lightning? to watch—poor perdu!*—"

"Is not *lightning* a trisyllable? Pronounce, I think, *pérdu;* the flow of the verse shows this; and the instances I have met with of the use of the word mostly agree with this supposition." Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 17.

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P. 331. (116)

"*Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;*"

In this passage the folio alone has the words "*not an hour more nor less.*" —Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 156) observes, "They are nonsense, it is true: but are they out of place in the mouth of Lear?"

P. 334. (117)

"*With the ancient of war on our proceedings.*"

"Possibly, 'With th' ancient *men* of war,' &c." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 283.

P. 335. (118) "*carry out my side,*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 283) proposes to substitute "suit" for "*side.*" But the old reading is quite right: see Glossary.

P. 336. (119) "*The goujeers shall*"

The quartos have "*The* good *shall.*"—The folio has "*The* good yeares *shall.*"

P. 338. (120) "*the walls are thine:*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*the walls* is *thine.*"—This line is not in the quartos.—"A metaphorical phrase taken from the camp, and signifying *to surrender at discretion.*" WARBURTON.—Hanmer printed "they all *are thine.*"—"Has not the editor of the second folio altered this improperly? and may we not read 'yea, all is *thine*'?" W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 339. (121) "*Yet am I noble as the adversary*
I come to cope."

Here most of the modern editors insert, from the quartos, "withal" after "*cope;*" but unnecessarily: compare *Troilus and Cressida*, act ii. sc. 3, "Ajax shall *cope* the best."

P. 340. (122) "*Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,*
My oath, and my profession: I protest,—"

The quartos have

"*Behold it is the priuiledge of* my tongue,
My oath and profession," &c.

The folio has

"*Behold it is* my priuiledge,
The priuiledge of mine Honours,
My oath, and my profession," &c.

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P. 340. (123)

"Alb. *Save him, save him!*
Gon. *This is practice, Gloster:*"

Theobald (printing "O, *save him*," &c.) gave these two hemistichs to *Goneril*, and remarked, "'Tis absurd that Albany, who knew Edmund's treasons and his own wife's passion for him, should be solicitous to have his life saved."—According to Johnson, "Albany desires that Edmund's life might be spared at present, only to obtain his confession, and to convict him openly by his own letter."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 185) says, "Theobald was right in giving the words '*O*, save him, save him' (as he properly read) to Goneril."

P. 340. (124) "*Hold, sir;*
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—"

Delius says that "*Hold, sir*," is a command to Edgar to forbear further violence on Edmund, and that the next line is addressed to Edmund, to whom Albany hands Goneril's letter found on Oswald. About "the next line" Delius is no doubt right; but (like Malone and Mr. Collier, as shown by the note of the former and the punctuation of the latter) he is quite mistaken about the "*Hold, sir*," which is also spoken to Edmund,—"*Hold*" being formerly a word commonly used when any one presented any thing to another: compare our author's *Measure for Measure*, "*Hold*, therefore, Angelo," &c. act i. sc. 1 (see note 4, vol. i. p. 523); and *Julius Cæsar*, "*Hold*, my hand," &c. act i. sc. 3; "But, *hold thee*, take this garland on thy brow," &c. act v. sc. 3 (see note 106, vol. vi. p. 708).—1865. Mr. Grant White prints "[*To* EDG.] Hold, sir!—" &c.

P. 341. (125) "Gon. *Ask me not what I know.* [Exit."

So the quartos.—"The folio," as Mr. Collier observes, "having erroneously fixed Goneril's *exit* earlier, transfers 'Ask me not what I know' to Edmund." And to Edmund both Mr. Knight and Delius assign the words, though they are manifestly those of Goneril in her desperation, and proved by Edmund's next speech not to belong to him.

P. 341. (126)

"*That with the pain of death we'd hourly die*"

So the quartos, except that, instead of "*we'd*" (Malone's alteration), they have "would."—The folio has "*That we the paine of death* would *hourely dye*."

P. 342. (127) "*him*"

The quartos have "me."—This speech and the two next speeches are not in the folio.

P. 342. (128) "*puissant*,"

"Possibly 'piersant'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 284.

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P. 344. (129) "*stone:*"

The old eds. have "stones." (So in *King Richard III.* act iii. sc. 7, the old eds. make Gloster say "I am not made of *stones.*")

P. 344. (130) "*This is a dull sight.*"

Here Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 80) would alter "*This is*" to the contracted form "This'" (see note 106); and with the following arrangement;

"One of them we behold.
Lear. *This'* a dull sight:
Are you not Kent?
Kent. The same; your servant Kent."—

Mr. Grant White prints "*This is a dull* light."

P. 346. (131) "*tough*"

Pope substituted "rough."

P. 346. (132)

"*The weight of this sad time we must obey;*
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long."

"This speech from the authority of the old quarto is rightly placed to Albany: in the edition by the players it is given to Edgar, by whom, I doubt not, it was of custom spoken. And the case was this: he who played Edgar being a more favourite actor than he who personated Albany, in spite of decorum it was thought proper he should have the last word." THEOBALD. —"Here, however, it seems to me just possible—yet hardly so—that the folio may be right." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 185.—Hanmer altered the last line of this speech (which is certainly obscure in meaning) to "*Shall never see so much*, live e'er *so long.*"

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OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

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OTHELLO.

"I HAVE evidence to produce which very clearly shows that this play was written before 1600; for in a Ms. entitled 'The Newe Metamorphosis, or a Feaste of Fancie, or Poeticall Legendes, written by J. M. Gent. 1600,' occurs the following passage, evidently imitated from Shakespeare's well-known lines [*Othello*, act iii. sc. 3] beginning 'Who steals my purse, steals trash;'

'The highwayman that robs one of his purse
Is not soe bad; nay, these are ten tymes worse!
For these doe rob men of their pretious name,
And in exchange give obloquie and shame.'

It should be remarked that some additions were made by the author of this Ms. several years after the date he assigns to its composition; but there is no reason to suppose that the part in which the above passage occurs was written after the year 1600." Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 190, ed. 8vo. —"But," observes Mr. Staunton, after citing the above four lines of J. M., "the reflection is sufficiently trite, and in both instances, as in many others where it occurs, was probably founded on the following passages;

'Is not that *Treasure*, which, before all other, is most regarded of honest persons, *the good Fame of Man and Woman*, lost through whoredom?' *Homily* xi. pt. 2.

'Now here consider that St. Paul numbreth a Scolder, Brawler, or a Picker of Quarrels, among Thieves and Idolators, and many Times there cometh less Hurt of a Thiefe than of a railing tongue. For the one taketh away a *Mans good name, the other taketh but his Riches, which is of much less Value and Estimation than is his good name.*' *Homily* xii. pt. 1."
—According to one of the Ellesmere papers, *Othello* was acted before Queen Elizabeth at Harefield Place about the beginning of August 1602; but it seems to be now agreed that the paper in question is not genuine: see the Memoir of Shakespeare, p. 77, note.—The earliest authentic notice of the performance of this tragedy is in *The Accounts of the Revels*, which show that it was played at court Nov. 1st, 1604: see the Memoir of Shakespeare, p. 92.—The story of *Othello* is to be found in Cinthio's *Hecatommithi, Parte Prima, Deca Terza, Novella* 7, "*Un capitano Moro piglia per mogliera una cittadina Venetiana: un suo alfieri l' accusa di adulterio al marito; cerca che l' alfieri uccida colui ch' egli credea l' adultero: il capitano uccide la moglie, è accusato dall' alfieri, non confessa il Moro, ma essendovi chiari inditii è bandito; e lo scelerato alfieri, credendo nuocere ad altri, procaccia a se la morte miseramente.*" The novel, however, not only differs considerably from the play in incident, but Cinthio's characters have no names with the exception of Desdemona. "I have not hitherto met with any translation of this novel of so early a date as the age of Shakespeare; but undoubtedly many of those little pamphlets have perished between his time and ours. It is highly probable that our author met with the name of Othello in some tale that has escaped our researches; as I likewise find it in Reynolds's 'God's Revenge against Adultery,' standing in one of his Argu-

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ments as follows: 'She marries Othello, an old German soldier.' This History (the eighth) is professed to be an *Italian* one. Here also occurs the name of Iago. It is likewise found, as Dr. Farmer observes, in 'The History of the famous Euordanus Prince of Denmark, with the strange Adventures of *Iago* Prince of Saxonie; bl. l. 4to, London, 1605. It may indeed be urged that these names were adopted from the tragedy before us: but I trust that every reader who is conversant with the peculiar style and method in which the work of honest John Reynolds is composed will acquit him of the slightest familiarity with the scenes of Shakespeare. This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 6, 1621, by Thomas Walkley [who published it in quarto during the next year]." STEEVENS.—"I have seen a French translation of Cinthio by Gabriel Chappuys, Par. 1584. This is not a faithful one; and I suspect through this medium the work came into English." FARMER. (An English version of Cinthio's novel by W. Parr is in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. ii.)

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THE STATIONER TO THE READER.*

To set forth a book without an epistle were like to the old English proverb, *A blue coat without a badge;* and the author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of work upon me. To commend it, I will not; for that which is good I hope every man will commend without entreaty; and I am the bolder because the author's name is sufficient to vent his work. Thus leaving every one to the liberty of judgment, I have ventured to print this play, and leave it to the general censure.

Yours,

THOMAS WALKLEY.

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* Prefixed to the quarto 1622.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF VENICE.
BRABANTIO, a senator.
Other Senators.
GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.
LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio.
OTHELLO, a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state.
CASSIO, his lieutenant.
IAGO, his ancient.
RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.
MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.
Clown, servant to Othello.

DESDEMONA, daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello.
EMILIA, wife to Iago.
BIANCA, mistress to Cassio.

Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE—*The first act in Venice; during the rest of the play, at a seaport in Cyprus.*

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OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

Enter RODERIGO *and* IAGO.

Rod. Tush, never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this,—
Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.[1]
Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him:[2]—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I'm worth no worse a place:—
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,[3]
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,[4]
Nonsuits my mediators; for, "Certes," says he,
"I have already chose my officer."[5]
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,

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A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;[6]
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the togèd consuls[7] can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had th' election:
And I—of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christian and heathen—must be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debitor and creditor, this counter-caster;
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. Why, there's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him, then.

Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For naught but provender; and, when he's old, cashier'd:
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they've lin'd their coats,
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself.
For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;

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Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him:—make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen:
And though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies; though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent and dire yell
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho, Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO *appears above, at a window.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why, wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Zounds, sir, you're robb'd; for shame, put on your gown;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.

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Bra. What, have you lost your wits?
Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I: what are you?
Rod. My name is Roderigo.
Bra. The worser welcome:
I've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet;—
Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—
Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good sir.
Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.
Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, and you think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.
Iago. You are—a senator.
Bra. This thou shalt answer: I know thee, Roderigo.
Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech you,
If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported, with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,(8)
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,

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We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself:
If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper!—call up all my people!—
This accident is not unlike my dream:
Belief of it oppresses me already.—
Light, I say! light! [*Exit above.*

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd—as, if I stay, I shall—
Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state—
However this may gall him with some check—
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the raisèd search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit.*

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, *and* Servants *with torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despisèd time
Is naught but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O unhappy girl!—

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With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father!—
How didst thou know 'twas she?—O, she deceives me
Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;
Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. O heaven!—How got she out!—O treason of the blood!—
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Is there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, would you had had her!—
Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.—
On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another street.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and* Attendants *with torches.*

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no cóntriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times
I had thought t' have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,

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That the magnifico is much belov'd;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law—with all his might t' enforce it on—
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services which I have done the signiory
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,—
Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate,—I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak, unbonneted,(9) to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhousèd free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yond?

Iago. Those are the raisèd father and his friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I; I must be found:
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter Cassio, *and certain* Officers *with torches.*

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.—
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is a business of some heat: the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the duke's already: you have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,

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The senate sent about three several quests
To search you out.(10)

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack:
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Iago. It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, *and* Officers *with torches and weapons.*

Oth. Holla! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both sides.*

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for(11) the dew will rust them.—
Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd
The wealthy curlèd darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, t' incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou,—to fear, not to delight.

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Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That weaken motion:(12)—I'll have 't disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.—
Lay hold upon him: if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison; till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state
To bring me to him?

First Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior;
The duke's in council, and your noble self,
I'm sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A council-chamber.*

The Duke *and* Senators *sitting at a table;* Officers *attending.*

Duke. There is no composition in these news
That gives them credit.

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First Sen. Indeed, they're disproportion'd;
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.
Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.
Sec. Sen. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,—
As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference,—yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.
Sailor. [*within*] What, ho! what, ho! what, ho!
First Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a Sailor.

Duke. Now,—what's the business?
Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state
By Signior Angelo.
Duke. How say you by this change?
First Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason: 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
Th' importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th' abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless.
Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.
First Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,

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Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.(13)

First Sen. Ay, so I thought.—How many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,(14)
And prays you to believe him.(15)

Duke. 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.—
Marcus Luccicos,(16) is not he in town?

First Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him; post-post-haste dispatch.

First Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, *and* Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—
[*To Brabantio*] I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Duke and Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Whoe'er he be that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter

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After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state-affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke and Sen. We're very sorry for't.

Duke. [*to Othello*] What, in your own part, can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,—
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,—
I won his daughter.(17)

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgment maim'd(18) and most imperfect,
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,

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Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more wider and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

First Sen. But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forcèd courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you best know the place.—
[*Exeunt Iago and Attendants.*
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year,—the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travels' history:(19)
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,

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Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse:—which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd:—
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA *with* IAGO *and* Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.—
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak:
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame

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Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress:
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I'm bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you're the lord of duty,—
I'm hitherto your daughter: but here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.

Bra. God b' wi' you!—I have done.—
Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs:
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.—
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,(20)
I'm glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sentence,
Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That to pay grief must of poor patience borrow.

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These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruis'd heart was piercèd through the ear.—(21)
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness; and do undertake
This present war(21*) against the Ottomites.
Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place and exhibition;
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be 't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
T' assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes(22)
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours and his valiant parts

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Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords: beseech you, let her will
Have a free way.
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat—the young affects
In me defunct—and proper satisfaction;[23]
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant
For she is with me: no, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dullness
My speculative and offic'd instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going: th' affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it.

First Sen. You must away to-night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.—
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

Oth. So please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—
Good night to every one.—[*To Brab.*] And, noble signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,

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Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

First Sen. Adieu, brave Moor; use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*

Oth. My life upon her faith!—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I prithee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

Rod. Iago,—

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.

Iago. O villanous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are gardens; to the which our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed-up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct

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us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purse with money:—the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice: she must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse.[24]—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: if sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me:—go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

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Iago. At my lodging.
Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.
Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?
Rod. What say you?
Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?
Rod. I am changed: I'll go sell all my land. [*Exit.*
Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;(25)
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
'Has done my office: I know not if't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will
In double knavery—How, how?—Let's see:—
After some time, t' abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.
I have 't;—it is engender'd:—hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A seaport town in Cyprus. A platform.*

Enter MONTANO *and two* Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?
First Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;

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I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

Sec. Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of th' ever-fixèd pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafèd flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Third Gent. News, lads! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: a noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

Third Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronesa; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,(26)
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I'm glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

Third Gent. But this same Cassio,—though he speak of comfort
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heavens he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the seaside, ho!

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As well to see the vessel that's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and th' aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

Third Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.(27)

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks you, the valiant of this warlike isle,(28)
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[*Within*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter a fourth Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

Fourth Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry "A sail!"

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

[*Guns within.*

Sec. Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Sec. Gent. I shall. [*Exit.*

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.(29)

Re-enter second Gentleman.

How now! who has put in?

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Sec. Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.
Cas. 'Has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,—(30)
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.
Mon. What is she?
Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove,(31) Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and* Attendants.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!
Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
Cas. He is not yet arriv'd: nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.
Des. O, but I fear—How lost you company?
Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship:—but, hark! a sail.
[*Within*] A sail, a sail! [*Guns within.*
Sec. Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel:
This likewise is a friend.
Cas. See for the news.—
[*Exit Gentleman.*
Good ancient, you are welcome:—[*To Emilia*] welcome, mistress:—
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,

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That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. [*Kissing her.*

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you're pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay.—There's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize,—
It plucks out brains and all: but my Muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.
If she be fair and wise,—fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

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Emil. How if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed,—one that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said "Now I may;"
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind;
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?(32)

Cas. He speaks home, madam: you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. [*aside*] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were clyster-

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pipes for your sake! [*Trumpet within.*]—The Moor! I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO *and* Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be [*Kissing her.*
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. [*aside*] O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll set down(33) the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.—
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus;
I've found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel;

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He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant,—as, they say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court-of-guard:—first, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite—loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted,—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,—who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knave; a finder of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: a devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent-complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she's full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's-end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved

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the Moor: blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not:—I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course[34] you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.[35]

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not—
Is of a constant-loving noble nature;
And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust,—though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin,—
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor

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Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
For his quick hunting,(36) stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd:
Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter a Herald *with a proclamation;* People *following.*

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him:(37) for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial:—so much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless(38) the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A hall in the castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:

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Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: to-morrow with your earliest
Let me have speech with you.—[*To Desdemona*] Come, my dear love,—
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit 's yet to come 'tween me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona; who let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

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Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit.*

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads(39) of Cyprus—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle:—but here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter Cassio, *followed by* Montano, Gentlemen, *and* Servant *with wine.*

Cas. 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink; [*Sings.*
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span;(40)
Why, then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

Cas. 'Fore God, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

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Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general!

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer,*(41) [*Sings.*
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear 't again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things.—Well,—God's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then; you must not think, then, that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

* *King Stephen was a worthy peer*, &c.] These two stanzas (with very slight variations) form part of a ballad which may be found in Percy's *Rel. of A. E. Poetry*, vol. i. p. 204, ed. 1794.

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Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;—
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as th' other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,[42]
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.
Mon. But is he often thus?
Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.
Mon. It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. [*aside to Roderigo*] How now, Roderigo!
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit Roderigo.*
Mon. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.
Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil—But, hark! what noise?
[*Cry within,*—"Help! help!"[43]

Re-enter CASSIO, *driving in* RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!
Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?
Cas. A knave teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.
Rod. Beat me!
Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue? [*Striking Roderigo.*
Mon. Nay, good lieutenant;
[*Staying him.*

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I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazard.

Mon. Come, come, you 're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*

Iago. [*aside to Roderigo*] Away, I say; go out, and cry a mutiny! [*Exit Roderigo.*

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen;—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—
Help, masters![44]—Here's a goodly watch indeed!

[*Bell rings.*

Who's that which rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!
The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant, hold;
You will be sham'd for ever.[45]

Re-enter OTHELLO *and* Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.[46]

[*Faints.*

Oth. Hold, for your lives!

Iago. Hold, ho! Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?[47]
Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame![48]

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know:—friends all but now, even now,
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed; and then, but now—
As if some planet had unwitted men—
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

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Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way:—if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What![49] in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety![50]
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began 't?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,[51]
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;

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Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help;
And Cassio following him(52) with determin'd sword
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour—as it so fell out—
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,—
For this was brief,—I found them close together,
At blow and thrust; even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report:—
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—

Re-enter DESDEMONA, *attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up!—
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; come away to bed.—
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:
Lead him off.(53) [*To Montano, who is led off.*
Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
Come, Desdemona: 'tis the soldiers' life

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To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all except Iago and Cassio.*

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is 't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler: as the time,

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the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again,—he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You or any man living may be drunk at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement(54) of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested: this broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit.*

Iago. And what's he, then, that says I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal to thinking, and, indeed, the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
Th' inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit: she's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her

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To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemèd sin,
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I, then, a villain
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now: for whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

Re-enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio:
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
Content thyself awhile.—By the mass, 'tis morning;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.—
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:

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Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Roderigo.*] Two things are to be done,—
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on;
Myself the while(55) to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife:—ay, that's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Cyprus. Before the castle.*

Enter CASSIO *and some* Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here,—I will content your pains,—
Something that's brief; and bid "Good morrow, general."
[*Music.*

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

First Mus. How, sir, how!

Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?

First Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

First Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

First Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

First Mus. We have none such, sir.

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Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: go; vanish into air; away! [*Exeunt Musicians.*

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

Cas. Do, good my friend. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter IAGO.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free.

Cas. I humbly(56) thank you for't. [*Exit Iago.*] I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom
He might not but refuse you; but he protests he loves you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings(57)
To take the saf'st occasion by the front
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—

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If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemon alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in:
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in the castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and* Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And, by him, do my duties to the senate:
That done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The garden of the castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know't,—I thank you. You do love my lord:
You've known him long; and be you well assur'd
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.

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Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now: I'm very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion.(58) [*Exit Cassio.*

Enter Othello *and* Iago.

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord!(59)
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,

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That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I prithee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That[60] he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemon; some other time.

Des. But shall 't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner, then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why, then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:—
I prithee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,—
Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best,[61]—is not almost a fault
T' incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,
What you would ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you; and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

Oth. Prithee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,[62]
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit[63]
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.

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Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.
Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.
Oth. Farewell, my Desdemon:(64) I'll come to thee straight.
Des. Emilia, come.—Be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit, with Emilia.*
Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
Iago. My noble lord,—
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.
Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed!
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord!
Oth. Honest! ay, honest.
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord!
Oth. Think, my lord!
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.(65)—Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say even now, thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
And when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst "Indeed!"
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,

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Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost;
And, for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just
They're close delations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.(66)

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:
I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me:
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they're vile and false,—
As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?(67)

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you—
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble

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Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts!

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on:[68] that cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damnèd minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves![69]

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why, why is this?
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolv'd: exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw

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The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love or jealousy!

Iago. I'm glad of it; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seel her father's eyes up close as oak—
He thought 'twas witchcraft:—but I'm much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth. I'm bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. I' faith, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love;—but I do see you're mov'd:—
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success

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As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend:—
My lord, I see you're mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd:—
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point:—as—to be bold with you—
Not to affect many proposèd matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends,—
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural:—
But pardon me: I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature doubtless
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would I might entreat your honour [*Returning.*
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,—
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,—
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,—
As worthy cause I have to fear I am,—
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learnèd spirit,

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Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much;—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forkèd plague is fated to us
When we do quicken.—Desdemona comes:
If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe 't.

Re-enter DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

Des. How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.
Oth. I am to blame.
Des. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?
Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.
Des. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
Oth. Your napkin is too little;
[*He puts the handkerchief from him; and she drops it.*
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.
Des. I'm very sorry that you are not well.
[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*
Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin:
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times

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Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,—
For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,—
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give 't Iago:
What he will do with it heaven knows, not I;
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Re-enter IAGO.

Iago. How now![70] what do you here alone?
Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.
Iago. A thing for me!—it is a common thing—
Emil. Ha!
Iago. To have a foolish wife.
Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief?
Emil. What handkerchief!
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.
Iago. Hast stol'n it from her?
Emil. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence,
And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took 't up.
Look, here it is.
Iago. A good wench; give it me.
Emil. What will you do with 't, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?
Iago. Why, what's that to you? [*Snatching it.*
Emil. If 't be not for some purpose of import,
Give 't me again: poor lady, she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.
Iago. Be not you acknown on 't;
I have use for it. Go, leave me.[71] [*Exit Emilia.*
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ: this may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,[72]

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Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—
Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?
Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of that.
Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:—
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd
Than but to know 't a little.
Iago. How now, my lord!
Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;(73)
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all.
Iago. I am sorry to hear this.
Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumèd troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!
Iago. Is't possible, my lord?
Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,—
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog

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Than answer my wak'd wrath!

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't; or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors[74] accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven forgive me!
Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?—
God b' wi' you! take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not:
I'll have some proof: her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.[75]—If there be cords or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would! nay, I will.

Iago. And may: but, how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on,—
Behold her tupp'd?[76]

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,

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To bring them to that prospect: damn them, then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances—
Which lead directly to the door of truth—
Will give you satisfaction, you may have 't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office:
But, sith I'm enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.(77)
There are a kind of men so loose of soul
That in their sleeps(78) will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio:
In sleep I heard him say, "Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves;"
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry "O sweet creature!" and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then
Cried "Cursèd fate that gave thee to the Moor!"(79)

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

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Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.
Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief—
I'm sure it was your wife's—did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.
Oth. If it be that,—
Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,(80)
It speaks against her with the other proofs.
Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives,—
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.—
Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!(81)
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!
Iago. Yet be content.
Oth. O, blood, blood, blood!
Iago. Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may change.
Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on(82)
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*
I here engage my words.
Iago. Do not rise yet.— [*Kneels.*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,—
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.
Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to 't:

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Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done at your request:
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Before the castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and* Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He's a soldier; and for one to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to: where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him I have moved my lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit.*

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of crusadoes: and, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough

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To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the sun where he was born
Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now till Cassio
Be call'd to him.

Enter OTHELLO.

How is 't with you, my lord?

Oth. Well, my good lady.—[*Aside*] O, hardness to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:—
Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I've sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault.
That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read

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The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathèd, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: she, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on't;
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose't or give't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
And it was dy'd in mummy which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would to God that I had never seen't!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o' the way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Oth. How!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.
This is a trick to put me from my suit:
Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come;
You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief!

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Des. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shar'd dangers with you,—
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. In sooth, you are to blame.
Oth. Away! [*Exit.*
Emil. Is not this man jealous?
Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I'm most unhappy in the loss of it.
Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:
They're all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they're full,
They belch us.—Look you,—Cassio and my husband.

Enter Cassio *and* Iago.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't:
And, lo, the happiness! go, and impórtune her.
Des. How now, good Cassio! what's the news with you?
Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love
Whom I with all the office of my heart
Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,(83)
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.
Des. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech! You must awhile be patient:

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What I can do I will; and more I will
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.
Iago. Is my lord angry?
Emil. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.
Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—and can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him:
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.
Des. I prithee, do so. [*Exit Iago.*
Something, sure, of state,—
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice
Made démonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object.(84) 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members even to that sense
Of pain: nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was—unhandsome warrior as I am—
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.
Emil. Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,
And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.
Des. Alas the day, I never gave him cause!
Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they're jealous: 'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.
Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!
Emil. Lady, amen.
Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek t' effect it to my uttermost.

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Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!
Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.
Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!
Cas. Pardon me, Bianca:
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall, in a more continuate time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.
Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is 't come to this? Well, well.
Cas. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.
Bian. Why, whose is it?
Cas. I know not neither: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well: ere it be demanded,—
As like enough it will,—I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do 't; and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you! wherefore?
Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.
Bian. Why, I pray you?
Cas. Not that I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me.

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I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say if I shall see you soon at night.
Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you;
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Cyprus. Before the castle.*

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?(85)
Oth. Think so, Iago!
Iago. What,
To kiss in private?
Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.
Iago. Or to be nakèd with her friend in bed
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Nakèd in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.
Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—
Oth. What then?
Iago. Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.
Oth. She is protectress of her honour too:
May she give that?
Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—
Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:—
Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er th' infected house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

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Iago. Ay, what of that?
Oth. That's not so good now.(86)
Iago. What,
If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convincèd or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab—
Oth. Hath he said any thing?
Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.
Oth. What hath he said?
Iago. Faith, that he did—I know not what he did.
Oth. What? what?
Iago. Lie—
Oth. With her?
Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say lie on her, when they belie her.—Lie with her! that's fulsome.—Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labour;—first, to be hanged, and then to confess.—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus:—pish!—noses, ears, and lips.—Is 't possible?—Confess—handkerchief!—O devil!— [*Falls in a trance.*

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!
My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter Cassio.

How now, Cassio!
Cas. What's the matter?
Iago. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.
Cas. Rub him about the temples.
Iago. No, forbear;
The lethargy must have his quiet course:

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If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you. [*Exit Cassio.*
How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven.
Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

Oth. A hornèd man's a monster and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast, then, in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think every bearded fellow that's but yok'd
May draw with you: there's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds
Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a sécure couch,
And to suppose her chaste![87] No, let me know;
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here o'erwhelmèd with your grief,—
A passion most unfitting such a man,—
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife:
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say you're all in all in spleen,[88]
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?

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I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.
Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[*Othello retires.*
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague
To beguile many and be beguil'd by one:—
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter:—here he comes:—
As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.

Re-enter CASSIO.

How do you now, lieutenant?
Cas. The worser that you give me the addition
Whose want even kills me.
Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on 't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power, [*Speaking lower.*
How quickly should you speed!
Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!
Oth. [*aside*] Look, how he laughs already!
Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.
Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves me.
Oth. [*aside*] Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.
Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?
Oth. [*aside*] Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er:—go to; well said, well said.
Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?
Cas. Ha, ha, ha!
Oth. [*aside*] Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?
Cas. I marry her!—what, a customer! Prithee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome:—ha, ha, ha!
Oth. [*aside*] So, so, so, so:—they laugh that win.

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Iago. Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

Cas. Prithee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. [*aside*] Have you scored me? Well.

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. [*aside*] Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck,—

Oth. [*aside*] Crying "O dear Cassio!" as it were: his gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales and pulls me:—ha, ha, ha!

Oth. [*aside*] Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.

Enter BIANCA.

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There,—give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!

Oth. [*aside*] By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. Yes, I intend so.

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Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Prithee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit Cassio.*

Oth. [*coming forward*] How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing.—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: no, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.—O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—so delicate with her needle!—an admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand-thousand times:—and then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain:—but yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes:—cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, Iago.

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Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases: very good.

Iago. And for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker: you shall hear more by midnight.

Oth. Excellent good. [*A trumpet within.*] What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico
Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, *and* Attendants.

Lod. Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.
[*Gives him a packet.*

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.
[*Opens the packet, and reads.*

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. [*reads*] "This fail you not to do, as you will—"

Lod. He did not call: he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much
T' atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on 't.

Oth. Indeed!

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Des. My lord?
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
Des. Why, sweet Othello,—
Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*
Des. I have not deserv'd this.
Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw 't: 'tis very much:
Make her amends; she weeps.
Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—
Out of my sight!
Des. I will not stay t' offend you. [*Going.*
Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.
Oth. Mistress!
Des. My lord?
Oth. What would you with her, sir?
Lod. Who, I, my lord?
Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!—
I am commanded home.—Get you away;
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice.—Hence, avaunt!
[*Exit Desdemona.*
Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night
I do entreat that we may sup together:
You're welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys!
[*Exit.*
Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient?—Is this the nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze nor pierce?
Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

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Iago. He 's that he is: I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven he were!
Lod. What, strike his wife!
Iago. Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst!
Lod. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?
Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech: do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I'm sorry that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in the castle.*

Enter OTHELLO *and* EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing, then?
Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.
Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.
Emil. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.
Oth. What, did they never whisper?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?
Emil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. That's strange.
Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought,—it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,

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There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither:—go. [*Exit Emilia.*
She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villanous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel and pray; I've seen her do't.

Enter DESDEMONA *with* EMILIA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. [*to Emilia*] Some of your function, mistress;
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;
Cough, or cry "hem," if any body come:
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, dispatch. [*Exit Emilia.*

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damn'd,—
Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? how am I false?

Oth. Ah, Desdemon!—away! away! away!

Des. Alas the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven

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To try me with affliction; had they rain'd[89]
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me
A fixèd figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at!—[90]
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,—
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,—
Ay, there,[91] look grim as hell!

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee,—would thou hadst ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write "whore" upon? What committed!
Committed!—O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,[92]
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it.—What committed!—
Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian:
If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch,

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Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Des. No, as I shall be sav'd.
Oth. Is 't possible?
Des. O, heaven forgive us!
Oth. I cry you mercy, then:
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter EMILIA.

You, you, ay, you!
We've done our course; there's money for your pains:
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*
Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?
Des. Faith, half asleep.
Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?
Des. With who?
Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.
Des. Who is thy lord?
Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.
Des. I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Prithee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—
And call thy husband hither.
Emil. Here's a change indeed! [*Exit.*
Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?(93)

Re-enter EMILIA *with* IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is 't with you?
Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.
Iago. What's the matter, lady?

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Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as she says my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink
Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I'm sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep:—alas the day!

Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for 't!
How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie,
There's no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor 's abus'd by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—
O heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, fie upon them! Some such squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. Alas, Iago,

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What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say "whore,"—
It does abhor me now I speak the word;
To do the act that might th' addition earn
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour:
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. 'Tis but so, I warrant. [*Trumpets within.*
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
The messengers of Venice stay the meat:
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do not find that thou dealest justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou daffest me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me all conveniency than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With naught but truth. I have wasted myself out

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of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist: you have told me she hath received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: nay, I think it is scurvy, and begin to find myself fopped(94) in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean purpose, courage, and valour, —this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean, removing of him?

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Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place, —knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him:—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence,—which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,—you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another room in the castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and* Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—
O,—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there: look 't be done.

Des. I will, my lord. [*Exeunt Oth., Lod., and Attend.*

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent:
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him!

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Des. So would not I: my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,—
Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I've laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one.—Good faith, how foolish are our minds!—
If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:(95)
She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of "willow;"
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I've much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara.—Prithee, dispatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.—
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. The poor soul sat sighing(96) by a sycamore tree,* [*Singing.*
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;—
Lay by these:—
Sing willow, willow, willow; [*Singing.*
Prithee, hie thee; he'll come anon:—
Sing all a green willow must be my garland. [*Singing.*

* *The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree*, &c.] The old ballad, on which Shakespeare formed this song, is given in Percy's *Rel. of A. E. Poetry*, vol. i. p. 208, ed. 1794, from a copy in the Pepysian collection. A different version of it, printed from a Ms., may be seen in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, &c. vol. i. p. 207, sec. ed.—The original ditty is the lamentation of a lover for the inconstancy of his mistress.

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Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,—
Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is't that knocks?

Emil. It's the wind.

Des. I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow: [*Singing.*
If I court more women, you'll couch with more[97] men.—
So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I've heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!—
Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light; I might do't as well i' the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world's a huge thing:
It is a great price*
For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emil. In troth, I think I should; and undo 't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage as would store the world they played for.

* *It is a great price*, &c.] A quotation evidently.

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But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite;
Why, we have galls; and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is: and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth: is 't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too:—and have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well: else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night: heaven me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Cyprus. A street.*

Enter IAGO *and* RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home:
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in 't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand.
[*Retires to a little distance.*

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;

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And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:—
'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.
[*Goes to his stand.*

Iago. I've rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:
No, he must die:—be 't so:(97*) I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he.—Villain, thou diest!
[*Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at Cassio.*

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine. [*Draws, and wounds Roderigo.*

Rod. O, I am slain!
[*Iago rushes from his post, cuts Cassio behind in the leg, and exit.*

Cas. I'm maim'd for ever.—Help, ho! murder! murder!
[*Falls.*

Enter OTHELLO, *at some distance.*

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he:—O brave Iago, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me:—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies: strumpet, I come!
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed lust-stain'd shall with lust's blood be spotted.
[*Exit.*

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Enter LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO, *at some distance.*

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!
Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.
Cas. O, help!
Lod. Hark!
Rod. O wretched villain!
Lod. Two or three groan:(98)—it is a heavy night:
These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.
Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.
Lod. Hark!
Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Re-enter IAGO, *with a light.*

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?
Lod. We do not know.
Iago. Did not you hear a cry?
Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!
Iago. What's the matter?
Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.
Lod. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.
Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?
Cas. Iago? O, I'm spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.
Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?
Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.
Iago. O treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give some help.
[*To Lodovico and Gratiano.*
Rod. O, help me here!
Cas. That's one of them.
Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!
[*Stabs Roderigo.*
Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!
Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—
How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!—

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What may you be? are you of good or evil?
Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.
Iago. Signior Lodovico?
Lod. He; sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.
Gra. Cassio!
Iago. How is't, brother?
Cas. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen:—I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cried?
Iago. Who is't that cried!
Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be that have thus mangled you?
Cas. No.
Gra. I'm sorry to find you thus: I've been to seek you.
Iago. Lend me a garter:—so.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!
Bian. Alas, he faints!—O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.—
Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come;
Lend me a light.—Know we this face or no?
Alas, my friend and my dear countryman
Roderigo? no:—yes, sure; O heaven! Roderigo.
Gra. What, of Venice?
Iago. Even he, sir: did you know him?
Gra. Know him! ay.
Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
Gra. I'm glad to see you.
Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!
Gra. Roderigo!
Iago. He, he, 'tis he.—[*A chair brought in.*] O, that's well said;—the chair:—

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Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—[*To Bianca*] For you, mistress,
Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend: what malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [*to Bianca*] What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o' th' air.— [*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.*
Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?—
Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.—
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd:
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Prithee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.—
[*To Bianca*] What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I! foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.—
[*To Bianca*] Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.—
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—
Will you go on afore?—[*Aside*] This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II. *A bedchamber in the castle:* DESDEMONA *in bed asleep; a light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.—
Put out the light,—and then put out thy light:(99)
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—
[*Kissing her.*
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more:—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after:—one more, and that's the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes.

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemon?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No,—heaven forfend!—I would not kill thy soul.

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Des. Talk you of killing?
Oth. Ay, I do.
Des. Then heaven
Have mercy on me!
Oth. Amen, with all my heart!
Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Hum!
Des. And yet I fear you; for you're fatal then
When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness[100] I know not; but yet I feel I fear.
Oth. Think on thy sins.
Des. They're loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.
Des. That death's unnatural that kills for loving.—
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still!
Des. I will so. What's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief which I so lov'd and gave thee
Thou gav'st to Cassio.
Des. No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou 'rt on thy death-bed.
Des. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Des. Then Lord have mercy on me!
Oth. I say, amen.
Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love; I never gave him token.
Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,

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And mak'st me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it, then;
I never gave it him:—send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath us'd thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. O, my fear interprets:—what, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone!

Oth. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night!

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour!

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer!

Oth. It is too late. [*Smothers her.*

Emil. [*within*] My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord!(101)

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruel am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain:—
So, so.

Emil. [*within*] What, ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [*within*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you!

Oth. Yes:—'tis Emilia:—by and by.—She's dead.—
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?

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Still as the grave.[102]—Shall she come in? were 't good?—
I think she stirs again:—no.—What's best to do?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*within*] I do beseech you
That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—
Soft,—by and by:—let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou? [*Opens the door.*

Enter EMILIA.

What's the matter with thee now?

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder 's foul murder done![103]

Oth. What, now?

Emil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian
Call'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd!

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas, what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done
This deed?

Des. Nobody,—I myself. Farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord: O, farewell! [*Dies.*

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Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?
Emil. Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.
Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell:
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was false as water.
Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!
Oth. Cassio did tup(104) her; ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.
Emil. My husband!
Oth. Thy husband.
Emil. That she was false to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.
Emil. My husband!
Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first:
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
Emil. My husband!
Oth. What needs this iterance, woman? I say thy husband.
Emil. O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love!—
My husband say that she was false!
Oth. He, woman;
I say thy husband: dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.
Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
Oth. Ha!

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Emil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, *and* IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general!
Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you 've done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.
Gra. What is the matter?
Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false:
I know thou didst not, thou 'rt not such a villain:
Speak, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.
Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false?
Iago. I did.
Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damnèd lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—
She false with Cassio!—did you say with Cassio?
Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.
Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I'm bound to speak:
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—
Mon., Gra. O heavens forfend!
Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.
Oth. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.
Mon. O monstrous act!
Emil. Villany, villany, villany!
I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't;—O villany!—
I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief:—
O villany, villany!
Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

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Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. O! O! O! [*Falling on the bed.*(105)
Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.
Oth. O, she was foul!— [*Rising.*
I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:
I know this act shows horrible and grim.
Gra. Poor Desdemon! I'm glad thy father's dead:
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobance.
Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand:
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.
Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I peace!
No, I will speak as liberal as the north:
Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.
Iago. Be wise, and get you home.
Emil. I will not.
[*Iago offers to stab Emilia.*
Gra. Fie!
Your sword upon a woman?
Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness—

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More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle—
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore!

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas, I found it,
And I did give't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest!

Emil. By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.—
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain![106]

[*Othello offers to stab Iago, but is disarmed by Montano: Iago stabs Emilia, and then runs out.*

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay:—O, lay me by my mistress' side.

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damnèd slave. [*Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.*

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword:—
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music:—Willow, willow, willow.— [*Singing.*
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber;
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper:—
O, here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*within*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

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Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold, I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I've seen the day
That, with this little arm and this good sword,
I've made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop:—but, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires:—where should Othello go?—
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity.—
O cursèd, cursèd slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Desdemon! dead, Desdemon! dead! O![107]

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO *carried in a chair, and* Officers *with* IAGO, *prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he that was Othello;—here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet,—but that's a fable.—
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee. [*Wounds Iago.*
Lod. Wrench his sword from him. [*Othello is disarmed.*
Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.
Lod. O thou Othello, that wert once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a damnèd slave,[108]

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What shall be said to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For naught I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?
Oth. Ay.
Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.
Lod. What, not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou dost best.
Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here's a letter
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.
Oth. O villain![109]
Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!
Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant t' have sent this damnèd villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.
Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?
Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess'd but even now[110]
That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose
Which wrought to his desire.
Oth. O fool! fool! fool!
Cas. There is besides in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came

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That I was cast: and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us:
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state.—Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I've done the state some service, and they know't;—
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe;(111) of one whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unusèd to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their med'cinable(112) gum. Set you down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcisèd dog,
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself with a dagger.*(113)

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All that's spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: no way but this,
[*Falling upon Desdemona.*
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.

Lod. [*to Iago*] O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;

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This is thy work :—the object poisons sight;
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture,—O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*

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P. 375. (1) "'*Sblood, but you will not hear me :—*
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me."

So the quarto of 1622 *verbatim.* (What can Mr. Knight mean when he says that so "*Steevens writes* these lines"?)—The folio, and the quarto of 1630, have "*But* you'l *not heare me,*" &c.

P. 375. (2) "*Oft capp'd to him :*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "Off-*capt to him.*"—"In support of the folio *Antony and Cleopatra* may be quoted, 'I've ever held my *cap off* to thy fortunes' [act ii. sc. 7]. This reading I once thought to be the true one. But a more intimate knowledge of the quarto copies has convinced me that they ought not without very strong reason to be departed from." MALONE. —Mr. Grant White adheres to the reading of the folio, "because 'capped' seems to have meant to keep the cap on, not to take it off." But Coles has "To cap a person, *coram aliquo caput aperire, nudare.*" *Dict.*

P. 375. (3) "*purposes,*"

"Qy. '*purpose*' [an early alteration]?" W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 375. (4) "*And, in conclusion,*"

"The first folio and the second quarto wrongly omit these words; but probably something has been lost before them." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 375. (5) "*for, 'Certes,' says he,*
'I have already chose my officer.'"

Mr. Collier and Delius [1865, and Mr. Grant White] point with the old copies, "'*For certes,' says he,*" &c.,—Delius observing that "*For certes*" is here equivalent to "*For certain,*" and that the modern editors are wrong in putting a comma between these words. But it appears to me that the "*for*" is not a portion of what Iago makes Othello say. (Compare *The Tempest*, act iii. sc. 3;

"If I should say, I saw such islanders,—
For, certes, these are people of the island," &c.)

P. 376. (6) "*A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;*"

Here Hanmer substituted "*a fair* phiz" (!); Capell, "*a fair* face;" Tyrwhitt conjectured "*a fair* life;" and Mr. Grant White prints "*a fair* wise."—The Rev. W. R. Arrowsmith gives the following explanation of the old reading,—an explanation which, to me at least, is altogether forced and unsatisfactory; "The words are to be taken circumscriptly, not sent gadding after Bianca, or no one knows who; their meaning must be sought and

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found within the compass of the line in which they stand. Had Shakespeare written 'A fellow almost damned in a raw lad,' the dullest brain could scarcely have missed the imputation that Cassio's military abilities would be almost disallowed, condemned as hardly up to the mark in an inexperienced boy: or had the words run 'A fellow almost damned in an old maid,' then, though it might not be understood how an officer, after Iago's report, of Cassio's incapacity, should be almost damned in one of her sex and condition, she at any rate could not, like the 'fair wife,' have been discovered at Cyprus in a young courtezan. Or, not altering a syllable, with only a slight change in their order, let us place the words thus,

'A fellow in a fair wife almost damned;'

by this disposition of them, the reader is pinned to their true construction: the alliance between Cassio and the fair wife is closer than the commentators suspected; they harp upon conjugal union, Iago speaks of virtual identity; they seek the coupling of two persons in wedlock, he contemplates an embodiment of the soldiership of the one in the condition of the other, and so incorporated he pronounces it to be 'in a fair wife' almost reproveable; adding, in the same vein, that it was no better than might be found in 'a spinster.' To dwell on this point longer would be to upbraid the reader's understanding." *Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators*, p. 39.

P. 376. (7) "*the togèd consuls*"

So the quarto of 1622.—The folio, and the quarto of 1630, have "*the* Tongued *Consuls*;" which, according to Boswell, agrees better with the context "mere prattle," and which several editors adopt; though the folio has a similar error in *Coriolanus*, act ii. sc. 3, "*Why in this Wooluish* tongue *should I stand heere*," &c.

P. 378. (8) "*a gondolier*,"

So the folio, and the quarto of 1630 ("*gundelier*"). But if the author did not write "gundeler" ("gondoler"), he certainly intended the word to be so pronounced. See Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 218.—Only the first line and the three concluding lines of this speech are in the quarto of 1622.

P. 381. (9) "*unbonneted*,"

Theobald reads "and bonneted."—Hanmer printed "e'en bonneted."

P. 381. (10) "*you have been hotly call'd for;*
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate sent about three several quests
To search you out."

The quartos have "*The Senate sent* aboue *three seuerall quests*," &c.—The folio has "*The Senate* hath *sent about three seuerall Quests*," &c. (and Mr. Collier erroneously states that the word "hath" is found also in the quartos). —In the first of these lines Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "*you* had *been*," &c.

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P. 382. (11) "*for*"

"Read '*or*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 323.

P. 383. (12) "*That weaken motion:*"

"To '*weaken motion*'," says Ritson, "is to *impair the faculties*."—Theobald substituted "*That weaken* notion;" Hanmer, "*That* waken *motion*."

P. 385. (13) "*Have there injointed them with an after fleet.*"

The quarto of 1622 omits "*them*."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 285) queries "*injoint*."

P. 385. (14) "*thus*,"

"Qy. '*this*'?" W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 385. (15) "*And prays you to believe him.*"

"The Rev. H. Barry plausibly suggests to me, that we ought to read *relieve* for 'believe.'" COLLIER.—But that alteration had been suggested long ago. "An emendation not necessary of a word in the line before has a place in the same '*Readings*;' put there more to shew it was thought of, than from any other inducement: Montano's message to the senate is worded with great politeness in all the parts of it: in this last, *relief*, the thing he stood in want of and wish'd, is only insinuated; knowing it would follow from them, was *belief* accorded him." Capell's *Notes*, &c. vol. ii. P. iii. p. 139.—"'*Believe*' I think right, as Johnson takes it ['He entreats you not to doubt the truth of this intelligence']. '*Relieve*' would mean *send a successor*." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 385. (16) "*Luccicos*,"

Altered by Capell to "Lucchesé."

P. 386. (17) "*I won his daughter.*"

The editor of the second folio added "with;" not knowing that, according to the earlier phraseology, such an addition was unnecessary for the sense.

P. 386. (18) "*maim'd*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "main'd;" a reading which I do not mean to defend when I observe that in *The Sec. Part of Henry VI.* we have the provincialism "*mained*," i. e. lamed; see note 148, vol. v. p. 221.

P. 387. (19) "*And portance in my travels' history:*"

So the quarto of 1630.—The quarto of 1622 has "*And* with it all *my trauells Historie*."—The folio reads "*And portance in my* Trauellours *historie*," which is given by Mr. Knight and Delius; the former remarking that "Othello modestly, and somewhat *jocosely*, calls his wonderful relations *a*

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traveller's history," though a personage less inclined to *jocosenes* than Othello cannot well be conceived.—Dr. Richardson suggests to me that the "Trauellours" of the folio is a misprint for "*travellous*" (or "*travailous*"), and adds that Wiclif has "Jobs *trauailous* nights" and "the *traveilous* presoun of the Egipcians:" but, though the epithet is very properly applied to "nights" or to a "prison," can we speak of a "*travailous* history"?—(Further on in the present speech the folio has "But not *instinctiuely*," which Mr. Knight allows to be "a decided typographical error;" and, a little after that, "She gaue me for my paines a world of *kisses*"!!)

P. 389. (20) "*For your sake, jewel,*"

"The sense, as well as the metre, requires 'For *my own* sake, jewel.'" W. N. LETTSOM.—(Hanmer printed "And *for your*," &c.)

P. 390. (21) "*I never yet did hear*
That the bruis'd heart was piercèd through the ear."

"A doubt has been entertained concerning the word '*pierced*,' which Dr. Warburton supposed to mean *wounded*, and therefore substituted '*pieced*' in its room. But '*pierced*' is merely a figurative expression, and means not *wounded* but *penetrated, in a metaphorical sense;* thoroughly affected." MALONE,—who cites from Spenser's *Faery Queene*, B. iv. C. viii. st. 26,

"Her *words* . . . . . .
Which, *passing through the eares*, would *pierce* the *hart*;"

and from the First Part of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*,

"Nor thee nor them, thrice noble Tamburlaine,
Shall want my *heart* to be *with gladness pierc'd*," &c.
Act i. sc. 2,—*Works*, p. 12, ed. Dyce, 1858.

P. 390. (21*) "*This present war*"

So the quarto of 1630.—The quarto of 1622, and the folio, have "*This present* warres;" and, no doubt, formerly the plural of that word was sometimes used as equivalent to the singular: but in the next page Desdemona, speaking of the same expedition, calls it "*the war*."—Malone printed "These *present* wars."

P. 390. (22) "*storm of fortunes*"

So the folio, and the quarto of 1630.—The quarto of 1622 has "scorne *of Fortunes;*" "which," says Johnson, "is perhaps the true reading."—1865. "Qy. '*scorn of Fortune*,' i. e. setting Fortune at defiance." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 391. (23) "*I therefore beg it not,*
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat—the young affects
In me defunct—and proper satisfaction;"

So the old copies, except that they have "*In* my *defunct*," &c.—There is a

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passage in Massinger's *Bondman*, act i. sc. 3, which was undoubtedly copied from the present one, viz.

"Let me wear
Your colours, lady; and though *youthful heats*,
That look no further than your outward form,
Are long since *buried in me*, while I live,
I am," &c.;

and a passage, also imitated from the same source, occurs in Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*, act i. sc. 1;

"Shall we take our fortune? and (while our cold fathers,
In whom long since their *youthful heats were dead*,
Talk much of Mars) serve under Venus' ensigns,
And seek a mistress?"

These passages, as Gifford has observed, show how the lines of Shakespeare were understood by his contemporaries. They also show that in our text the alteration of a single letter, the change of "my" to "*me*" (which was first made by Upton) is absolutely necessary.—"'*Affects*'," says Johnson (whose explanation is termed "rational and unforced" by Gifford, Massinger's *Works*, ii. 30, ed. 1813), "stands here not for *love*, but for *passions*, for that by which any thing is affected. *I ask it not*, says he, *to please appetite, or satisfy loose desires*, the passions of youth which I have now outlived, or 'for any particular gratification of myself; but merely that I may indulge the wishes of my wife'."—"*Young affects*," writes Gifford (*ubi supra*), "are therefore perfectly synonymous with *youthful heats*. Othello was not an old man, though he had lost the fire of youth; the critics might therefore have dismissed that concern for the lady, which they have so delicately communicated for the edification of the rising generation." (I cannot help wondering what Gifford would have thought, if he had lived to read in Delius's ed. of *Othello* that

"Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,"

is equivalent to "Nor to comply with heat *which* affects the young"!)

P. 393. (24) "*as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice: she must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse.*"

So the quarto of 1630.—The quarto of 1622 has, not so well, "*as* acerbe *as* the *Colloquintida. When shee is sated with his body*," &c.—The reading of the folio is still worse, "*as bitter as Coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body she will find the* errors *of her choice. Therefore, put Money in thy purse.*"

P. 394. (25)

"Iago. *Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?*
Rod. *What say you?*
Iago. *No more of drowning, do you hear?*
Rod. *I am changed: I'll go sell all my land.* [Exit.
Iago. *Thus do I ever make my fool my purse*," &c.

So the quarto of 1630.—The quarto of 1622 has

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"Iag. *Go to, farewell: . . . doe you heare Roderigo?*
Rod. *What say you?*
Iag. *No more of drowning, doe you heare?*
Rod. *I am chang'd.* [Exit Roderigo.
Iag. Goe to, farewell, put money enough in your purse:
Thus doe I euer make my foole my purse," &c.—

In the folio the passage is awkwardly cut down to,

"Iago. *Go too, farewell. Do you heare Rodorigo?*
Rod. *Ile sell all my Land.*
Iago. *Thus do I euer make my Foole, my purse,*" &c.

P. 395. (26) "*The ship is here put in,*
A Veronesa; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,"

There has been considerable dispute about the word "*Veronesa*" (spelt in the old eds. "Veronessa" and "Verennessa").—Malone has the following note; "This ship has been already described as a ship of *Venice.* It is now called 'a *Veronesé;*' that is, a ship belonging to and furnished by the inland city of Verona for the use of the Venetian state; and newly arrived from Venice. 'Besides many other towns (says Contareno), castles, and villages, they [the Venetians] possess seven faire cities; as Trevigi, Padoua, Vicenza, *Verona,* Brescia, Bergamo, and Crema.' *Commonwealth of Venice,* 1599."—"*the Moor himself at sea:*" qy. "*the Moor*'s *himself at sea*"?

P. 396. (27) "*For every minute is expectancy*
Of more arrivance."

The folio has "*Of more* Arriuancie;" which Mr. Knight retains, though a manifest error caught from the "expectan*cie*" of the preceding line.

P. 396. (28) "*Thanks you, the valiant of this warlike isle,*"

The quarto of 1622 has "*Thankes* to *the valiant of this* worthy *Isle;*" and so the quarto of 1630, except that it omits "worthy."—The folio has "*Thankes you, the valiant of* the *warlike Isle,*"—the transcriber or printer having repeated "the" by mistake: compare, at p. 405, "The very elements of *this warlike isle,*" &c.—The modern (and perhaps the right) reading is "*Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle.*"

P. 396. (29) "*Does tire the ingener.*"

The quarto of 1622 has "*Does* beare all excellency:" and so the quarto of 1630, except that it has "an *excellency.*"—The folio has "*Do's tyre the* Ingeniuer;" a misprint perhaps for "*ingener,*" as was first suggested by Steevens (who justly terms the readings of the quartos "flat and unpoetical").—1865. Mr. Swynfen Jervis conjectures "*Does tire th'* imaginer;" comparing "And still he did it, by first telling *the imaginer,* and after bidding the actor think." Bacon's *Natural History,* Century x. p. 205, ed. 1677.

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P. 397. (30) "*Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,*—"

So the quarto of 1630, and the folio,—except that the folio, instead of "*clog*," has "enclogge" (the eye of the transcriber or printer having caught the preceding "*en*steep'd").—The quarto of 1622 has "*Traitors* enscerped," &c.; on which Steevens says, that "perhaps *escerped* was an old English word borrowed from the French *escarpé*;" while, according to Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 437), "it requires no very great ingenuity to discover that 'enscerp'd' was a misprint for *enscarp'd*."—That "ensteep'd" is the genuine reading, I agree with Boswell *ad l.*, and with Richardson in his *Dict.* sub "Ensteep."—1865. Mr. Grant White in his *Shakespeare* gives "*Traitors* enscarp'd *to clog*," &c., believing that both "ensteep'd" and "enscerped" are misprints of "enscarp'd," "because 'steep' is never used by Shakespeare in the sense of 'plunge' or 'submerge,' but always in that of 'lave' or 'soak,' which is almost ridiculously inappropriate here," &c.; but Mr. Grant White forgets that we have afterwards in the present play

"Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips," p. 446.

P. 397. (31) "*Great Jove,*"

"For this absurdity I have not the smallest doubt that the Master of the Revels, and not our poet, is answerable." MALONE.—And see note 188 on *The Sec. Part of King Henry VI.* vol. v. p. 226.

P. 399. (32) "*counsellor?*"

Altered by Theobald (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector) to "censurer?"

P. 400. (33) "*set down*"

Has been altered to "let *down*."

P. 402. (34) "*course*"

When Mr. Collier mentioned that here his Ms. Corrector alters "*course*" to "cause," it had escaped him that "cause" is the reading of the quarto of 1622.

P. 402. (35)
"*I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "—— *if* you *can bring it*," &c. "The sense requires *I;* for Iago had brought the affair to opportunity by fixing on Roderigo for one of the watch. Roderigo's part remained to be done, viz. provoking Cassio, which he promises to do if opportunity offered to give him cause." JENNENS.—Mr. Knight, however, and Delius prefer the reading of the folio, and think that it is confirmed by the reply of Iago, "I warrant thee:"—which words, in fact, determine nothing; they suit equally well with either lection.

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P. 403. (36) "*If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash*
For his quick hunting,"

The quarto of 1622 has

"*If this poore trash of Venice, whom I* crush," &c.

The folio, and the quarto of 1630, have

"*If this poore Trash of Venice, whom I* trace," &c.

Warburton reads

"*If this poor* brach *of Venice, whom I* trace," &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector,

"*If this poor* brach *of Venice, whom I trash,*" &c.—

I give the reading of Steevens (who compares what the same speaker afterwards says (p. 457) of Bianca,—

"Gentlemen all, I do suspect *this trash*
To be a party in this injury");

but I now (1865) entertain great doubts if it be what Shakespeare wrote.

P. 403. (37) "*his addiction leads him:*"

So the quarto of 1630.—The quarto of 1622 has "*his* minde *leades him.*" —The folio reads "*his* addition *leads him,*"—which stark misprint is retained by Delius.

P. 403. (38) "*Heaven bless*"

So the quartos.—The folio omits "*Heaven.*"—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 215) would read "God *bless.*"

P. 405. (39) "*lads*"

So the quartos.—In my former edition I gave, with the folio, "else" (comparing *King John*, act ii. sc. 1, "Bastards and *else*"): but I now think it safer to adhere to the lection of the quartos.

P. 405. (40) "*A life's but a span;*"

So the quartos.—The folio reads, more feebly, "Oh, mans *life's but a span.*"

P. 406. (41) "*King Stephen was a worthy peer,*"

So the quarto of 1622.—The folio, and the quarto of 1630, have "*King Stephen was* and *a worthy Peere:*" (with which compare the song at the conclusion of *Twelfth-Night*, "When that I was *and* a little tiny boy," &c. vol. iii. p. 395; and that in *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 2, "He that has *and* a little tiny wit," &c. p. 296 of the present volume;—"*and*" being often used redundantly in ballad poetry).

P. 407. (42) "*puts him in,*"

"Read, with Capell, '*puts in him.*' So at p. 408 all the old eds. have '*place of sense*' for '*sense of place,*'—a worse blunder." W. N. LETTSOM.

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P. 407. (43) "Cry within,—'*Help! help!*'"

Mr. Knight omits this stage-direction, because it is found only in the quartos. But Iago afterwards says (p. 410),

> "There comes a fellow *crying out for help;*
> And Cassio following him," &c.

P. 408. (44)

> "*Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—*
> *Help, masters!*"

The quarto of 1622 has

> "*Helpe ho, Leiutenant: Sir* Montanio, *sir*," &c.

The folio,

> "*Helpe hoa. Lieutenant. Sir Montano*," &c.

The quarto of 1630,

> "*Helpe ho, Leiutenant: Sir*, Montanio, *sir*," &c.

Mr. Knight and Delius print "*Sir Montano*,"—as a title of courtesy given by Iago to the ex-governor, with whom he is not on familiar terms. But from the earlier part of the scene it appears plainly enough that the ex-governor is hail-fellow-well-met with Othello's officers;

> "*Cas.* 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse already.
> *Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.*
> . . . . . .
> *Cas.* To the health of our general!
> *Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.*"

P. 408. (45) "*You will be sham'd for ever.*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "You'le *be* asham'd *for euer*,"—most ridiculously; and yet Mr. Knight and Delius prefer that reading.

P. 408. (46)

> "Mon. *Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.*
> [Faints."

So the quarto of 1622, except that it adds no stage-direction.—The folio has

> "*Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to th' death.* He dies."

The quarto of 1630,

> "*Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death.* he faints."

The editor of the second folio substitutes

> "*Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt*, but not *to th' death.*"

P. 408. (47) "*all sense of place and duty?*"

The old eds. have "*all* place *of* sence, *and duty?*"

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P. 408. (48)

"*Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!*"

So the folio.—The quartos have

"*Hold, the Generall speakes to you; hold,* hold, *for shame.*"

(The usual modern reading—which both Mr. Collier and Delius silently adopt—is

"*Hold,* hold! *the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!*")—

1865. Mr. Grant White prints

"*Hold,* hold! *the general speaks to you: for shame!*"

P. 409. (49) "*Shall lose me.—What!*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom conjectures "*Shall lose me* ever.—*What!*"

P. 409. (50) "*on the court and guard of safety!*"

Altered by Theobald to "*on the court* of *guard* and *safety!*" and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—Steevens defends the old reading, not very satisfactorily.

P. 409. (51) "*or leagu'd in office,*"

The old eds. have "*or* league *in office.*"

P. 410. (52) "*him*"

An interpolation?

P. 410. (53) "*Lead him off.*"

In all probability, as Malone supposed, a stage-direction which has crept into the text.

P. 412. (54) "*denotement*"

The old eds. have "deuotement."

P. 414. (55) "*the while*"

The old eds. have "a *while.*"

P. 415. 56) "*humbly*"

"The word '*humbly*' is constantly used with '*thank,*' '*pray,*' '*beseech,*' and the like: hence, I suppose, a transcriber inserted it here. Cassio was Iago's equal, or rather his superior, and would scarcely have used the word even in his present dejected state." W. N. LETTSOM.—Here, I apprehend, "*humbly*" is no more to be taken in its literal sense than is "*humble*" now-a-days, when some very courteous correspondent signs himself "Your *humble* servant."

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P. 415. (57) "*likings*"

"Why the plural?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 250.

P. 417. (58) "*Well, do your discretion.*"

Capell printed

"*Well*, well,
Do your discretion;"

which is approved of by Walker, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 147.

P. 417. (59)

"Oth. *I do believe 'twas he.*
Des. *How now, my lord!*"

"Arrange rather;

'*Oth.* I do believe 'twas he.
Des. How now, my lord!'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 286.

P. 418. (60)

"Oth. *Went he hence now?*
Des. *Ay, sooth; so humbled,*
That"

"Arrange;

'*Oth.* Went he hence now?
Des. Ay, sooth, so humbled,
That,' &c.

'*Humbled*' is a trisyllable." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 286.

P. 418. (61) "*the wars must make examples*
Out of their best,"

The old eds. have "*Out of* her *best;*" which I retained in my former edition, observing, "Here, if we consider '*the wars*' as used for *war generally*, the usual modern alteration '*Out of* their *best*' is unnecessary."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*Out of* our *best*," &c.; and Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 284) says, "Read '*Out of* the *best*,'" &c.—"I must own I think '*her*' wrong. '*The*' is perhaps better than '*their*' or '*our*'." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 418. (62) "*Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,*"

"The extra syllable in the body of the line seems hardly allowable, where the pause is so slight; and yet '*dish*' for '*dishes*' appears much too harsh." Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 267.

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P. 418. (63) "*to do peculiar profit*"

The old eds. have "*to doe* a *peculiar profit*."—"Malone," says Mr. Collier, "here omits *a*, probably for the sake of the measure," &c.: but Malone was not the first editor who very properly rejected it as injurious to the metre.

P. 419. (64) "*Desdemon:*"

Here the old eds. have "Desdemona."—But compare (according to the reading of the folio), in p. 416, "With *Desdemon* alone;" in p. 418, "sweet *Desdemon;*" in p. 445, "Ah, *Desdemon!*" in p. 459, "Have you pray'd to-night, *Desdemon?*" in p. 465, "Poor *Desdemon;*" and in p. 467, "O *Desdemon!* dead, *Desdemon!*"

P. 419. (65) "*By heaven, he echoes me,*
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown."

So the quarto of 1622.—The folio has

"Alas, thou ecchos't *me;*
As if there were some Monster in thy *thought*," &c.

(which, though rejected even by Mr. Knight, is adopted by Delius).—The quarto of 1630 has

"why dost thou ecchoe *me,*
As if there were some monster in thy *thought*," &c.

P. 420. (66) "*I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.*"

"Should not this be written with a break, as if Iago were correcting himself? '*I dare be sworn—I think that he is honest*'." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 420. (67) "*who has a breast so pure,*
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?"

So the quartos.—The folio has

"*who ha's* that *breast so pure,*
Wherein *vncleanly Apprehensions*
Keepe Leetes, and Law-dayes, and in Sessions *sit*
With meditations lawfull?"

nonsensically,—the transcriber or printer having perhaps by mistake omitted "do not" at the end of the second line.—Both Mr. Knight and Delius retain the "sessions" of the folio, Mr. Knight quoting as "a parallel," from our author's xxx^th Sonnet,

"When to the *sessions* of sweet silent thought," &c.

But "*session*" occurs in Shakespeare oftener than "sessions" (e.g. in *King Lear*, act v. sc. 3, "Where you shall hold your *session*," and in the present play, act i. sc. 2, "course of direct *session*," &c.); and there are not a few passages in the folio where the final *s* is erroneously added to substantives (so afterwards, p. 423, it has "Foule disproportion*s*, Thoughts vnnaturall," &c.; which Mr. Knight retains).

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P. 421. (68) "*It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock*
The meat it feeds on :"

So the folio.—The quarto of 1622 has "That *meate it feedes on.*"—The quarto of 1630 has "*It is* a *green-eyd monster,*" &c.—Hanmer and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector read

"—— *which doth* make
The meat," &c.

P. 421. (69) "*strongly loves!*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "soundly *loues*" (with which reading compare *Henry V.* act v. sc. 2, "O fair Katherine, if you will *love me soundly* with your French heart," &c.).—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector and Mr. Singer's alter "soundly" to "fondly."

P. 425. (70) "*How now,*" &c.

"Arrange, perhaps;

'How now!
What do you here alone?
Emil. Do not you chide;
I have a thing for you.
Iago. A thing for me!—
It is a common thing—'"

P. 425. (71) "*Be not you acknown on't;*
I have use for it. Go, leave me."

Such is the arrangement in the folio; but it omits "*you,*" which is found in the quarto of 1630, where all this stands as a single line.—The quarto of 1622 has "*Be not you* knowne *on't,*" &c.

P. 425. (72) "*The Moor already changes with my poison:—*
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,"

"I once thought that we should read 'with my *practice;*' but it would seem that the word required should be similar in termination, or general appearance, to *poison;* for this latter line ['The Moor already changes with my poison'] had dropt out, most probably from that cause, in the quarto 1622. Therefore I conjecture 'potion'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 288.

P. 426. (73) "*I slept the next night well, was free and merry;*"

So the quartos.—The folio has

"*I slept the next night well,* fed well, *was free, and merrie;*"

which Mr. Knight and Delius prefer [and, 1865, Mr. Grant White].

P. 427. (74) "*horrors*"

Walker would read "horror:" he says, "the corruption originated in the preceding '*horror's*'." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 253.

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P. 427. (75) "*her name, that was as fresh*
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face."

So the quarto of 1630. (This speech is not in the quarto of 1622.)—The folio has "My *name that was as fresh*," &c., which Mr. Knight adopts; though the word "*own*" in the last line is alone sufficient to prove that "My" is grossly wrong: would Othello say "MY name is now as black as mine OWN face"?

P. 427. (76) "*tupp'd?*"

Here the old eds. have "topt" and "top'd;" but in act i. sc. 1, they have "*tupping* your white ewe,"—with their usual inconsistency of spelling.

P. 428. (77) "*I could not sleep*," &c.

"I would rather arrange with the folio, adding a word;

'I could not sleep. There are a kind of men
So loose of soul, that in their sleeps will mutter
Of their affairs: one of this kind is Cassio'."

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 287; where his editor adds in a note, "So Capell. Hanmer also follows the folio arrangement, but supplies '*All*,' not '*Of*'."

P. 428. (78) "*sleeps*"

See note 123, p. 236 of the present volume.

P. 428. (79) "—— *creature!' and then kiss me hard,*
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then
Cried 'Cursèd fate that gave thee to the Moor!'"

So the quartos.—The folio has

"—— *Creature: then kisse me hard,*
As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lippes, laid his Leg ore *my Thigh,*
And sigh, *and* kisse, *and then* cry *cursed Fate,*
That gaue thee to the Moore;"

which is adopted by Mr. Knight, who, however, silently introduces in the third line a reading of his own, "lay *his leg o'er my thigh*," &c.—Perhaps "*creature*" is here a trisyllable, and the better reading may be, "*Cry 'O sweet creature!' and kiss me hard*," &c.: see Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 20, and Mr. W. N. Lettsom's note there.

P. 429. (80) "*or any that was hers*,"

The quartos and the folio have "*or any*, it *was hers*;" which the editor of the second folio altered to "*or any*, if 't *was hers*."—Malone restored the obviously right reading.

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P. 429. (81) "*Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!*"

So the folio.—The quartos have

"*Arise blacke vengeance, from* thy *hollow* Cell;"

which is the usual modern reading: but Mr. Knight seems justly to remark that the lection of the folio is the better one on account of the preceding "heaven;" and Steevens aptly compares a line in Jasper Heywood's translation of Seneca's *Thyestes*,

"Where most prodigious vgly thinges *the hollowe hell* doth hyde."
fol. 39, ed. 1581.

P. 429. (82) "*Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on*"

So the quarto of 1630.—The folio has "*Neu'r* keepes *retyring ebbe, but keepes due on.*"—This speech in the quarto of 1622 is curtailed to,

"Oth. *Neuer:*
In the due reuerence of a sacred vow,
I here ingage my words."—

Southern in his copy of the folio 1685, and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, substitute "*Ne'er* knows *retiring ebb,*" &c.—According to Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 314), the reading "*feels,*" though authorised by the quarto of 1630, "is wrong; '*brooks*' would be better, though not, I think, the true word."

P. 433. (83) "*sorrows,*"

Walker would read "sorrow." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 246.

P. 434. (84) "*Though great ones are their object,*" &c.

So the folio arranges this passage.—The quartos arrange it (as Capell does; and as Walker, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 288, thinks it ought perhaps to be arranged) thus;

"*Tho great ones are* the *obiect,*
T'is euen so: for let our finger ake,
And it endues our other healthfull members
Euen to that sence of paine; nay, we must thinke,
Men are not gods,
Nor of them looke," &c.

P. 436. (85) "*Will you think so,*" &c.

"Arrange, perhaps;

'Will you think so?
Oth. Think so, Iago?
Iago. What, to kiss in private?
Oth. An unauthóriz'd kiss.'

For *authórize*, see *S*[*hakespeare's*] *V*[*ersification*], Art. xxxvii." Walker's

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Crit. Exam. &c. vol. iii. p. 288 ; where his editor adds in a note, "Walker, intentionally or otherwise, has placed a full-stop after '*kiss*.' So the quartos, I believe [yes, A.D.] ; and Mr. Dyce : the folio has a note of interrogation. Are these short speeches properly distributed? Iago seems to have been pretending that, if Othello had caught Cassio kissing Desdemona, that would have been no proof of guilt in the lady and her friend : from this Othello seems to have dissented. Qu.,

'Think so, Iago ! what, to kiss in private !
An unauthoriz'd kiss !' "

P. 437. (86) "*That's not so good now,*" &c.

"Arrange, perhaps ;

'That's not so good now.
Iago. What, if I had said
I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,' &c."

P. 438. (87) "*And to suppose her chaste,*" &c.

"Arrange, perhaps (if the reading be right) ;

'And to suppose her chaste !
No, let me know ; and, knowing what I am,
I know what she shall be.
Oth. O, thou art wise ;
'Tis certain'."

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 289.—And so Hanmer arranges the lines from "No, let me know," &c.

P. 438. (88) "*all in all in spleen,*"

Capell prints "*all in all* a *spleen.*"—Mr. W. N. Lettsom suggests "*all in all* one *spleen.*"

P. 445. (89) "*Had it pleas'd heaven*
To try me with affliction : had they rain'd"

So the folio.—The quartos have "he" instead of "*they.*" But compare *Richard II.* act i. sc. 2 ;

'Put we our quarrel to the will of *heaven ;*
Who, when *they* see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads."

and *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 4 ;

"*heaven* hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be *their* scourge and minister."

And see Walker on "*Heaven* used as plural." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 110.

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P. 446. (90) "*A fixèd figure for the time of scorn*
To point his slow unmoving finger at!—"

So the quarto of 1622, except that it has ". . . *vnmouing* fingers *at* . . oh, oh."—The folio has

"The *fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,*
To point his slow, and mouing *finger at.*"—

The quarto of 1630 differs from that of 1622 only in having "*finger.*"—Rowe substituted "*for the* hand *of scorn;*" and Mason proposed "slowly moving *finger;*" both which alterations are made by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—Mr. Knight adopts Mr. Hunter's conjecture;

"The *fixed figure* of *the time*, for *scorn*
To point his slow and moving *finger at.*"

P. 446. (91) "*there,*"

The old eds. have "here" and "heere."

P. 446. (92) "*my cheeks,*"

Mr. Grant White suspects that Shakespeare wrote "thy *cheeks;*" but, as Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes, "Othello is speaking, not of blushes, but of heat."

P. 447. (93) "*on my great'st abuse?*"

"This is the reading of the quarto 1622, which Dr. Johnson thought preferable to the reading of the folio, '*on my least misuse?*'" MALONE.

P. 450. (94) "*fopped*"

So all the old eds. ("*fopt*").—The modern reading is "fobbed."

P. 452. (95) "*Barbara:*"

"'*Barbarie,*' fol. Qu. The form is not yet obsolete among the common people." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 290; where his editor adds in a note, "The quartos also have either '*Barbarie*' or '*Barbary.*' [The quartos of 1622 and 1630 agree in '*Barbary.*' A. D.] '*Barbara*' has no better authority than that of the second folio."

P. 452. (96) "*sighing*"

So the quarto of 1630.—The folio has "singing."—This is not in the quarto of 1622.

P. 453. (97) "*more* . . . . . *more*"

"Why write '*mo*'? This, indeed, is the spelling of the folio [and of the quarto of 1630:—this is not in the quarto of 1622]; but the folio has '*mo*'

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or '*moe*' in numberless places, where no one has thought it necessary so to read, unless the rhyme demanded it." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 290.

P. 455. (97*) "*be 't so:*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "But *so*" (qy. if intended for "But, soft"?).

P. 456. (98) "*Two or three groan:*"

"Fol. '*groane.*' Qu." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 290; where Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes in a note, "'*Groans*' is the quarto reading. Recent editors follow the folio; but how could people at a distance distinguish whether groans proceeded from one person or from more, when the groaners were lying close together?" Surely, if Lodovico heard, first, Cassio exclaiming "What, ho! no watch!" &c., and then Roderigo crying out "O wretched villain!" he might well say "Two or three groan."

P. 459. (99)

"*Put out the light,—and then put out thy light:*"

The old eds. have "—— *and then put out* the *light.*"—I agree with Malone *ad l.* and Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 291) that the reading now given is the true one, though Boswell objects to it as introducing "a cold conceit" (he, we may suppose, having suddenly forgotten what a crop of "conceits" there is in Shakespeare). Compare the context;

"but once *put out thy light,*

. . . . . .

I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can *thy light* relume."

P. 460. (100) "*guiltiness*"

"I think '*guilt*'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 291. An alteration made long ago.

P. 461. (101)

"Oth. *It is too late.* [Smothers her.
Emil. [within] *My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord!*"

So the folio and the quarto of 1630.—The quarto of 1622 has

"Oth. *Tis too late.*
Des. O Lord, Lord, Lord.
Em. *My Lord, my Lord,*" &c.;

and though in my *Remarks* on Mr. Collier's first edition of *Shakespeare* I protested against the insertion of "Oh Lord, Lord, Lord," as having been most probably foisted into the text by the players,—as disgustingly vulgar, instead of terrible or pathetic,—and as being rendered not a little comic by the words which immediately follow,

"My *lord*, my *lord!* what, ho! my *lord*, my *lord!*"—

my protest appears to have had no other effect than to make Mr. Collier the more determined to retain it in his second edition.

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P. 461. (102) "*Ha! no more moving?*
Still as the grave."

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 144) proposes

"*Ha! no more moving?* still,
Still as the grave."

P. 462. (103)
"*O, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done!*"

Here several modern editors silently print "*O*, good my *lord*," &c.; which perhaps the author wrote, for Emilia has just before twice used that form of expression; but the old copies agree in "*O my good lord*," &c.—In this line the old eds. have "murders."

P. 463. (104) "*tup*"

Here the old eds. have the spelling "top." See note 76.

P. 465. (105) "[Falling on the bed.

Here the folio has no stage-direction, but the quartos have as above; which Mr. Collier seems to have forgotten, when, after mentioning that his Ms. Corrector makes Othello here throw himself *upon the ground*, he speaks of the *falling on the bed* as a stage-direction only found in modern editions. —1865. Mr. Collier in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* rectifies this mis-statement.

P. 466. (106) "*Precious villain!*"

"This is a place where the quarto 1630 affords a different and an inferior reading to the two older editions: it has '*pernicious* villain.' At all events, *pernicious* does not suit the measure." COLLIER.—"'*Precious* villain' is more in the style of Cloten than of Othello: qu. '*Pernicious*' with quarto 2. This could scarcely have crept in from '*pernicious* caitiff' 80 lines below. Collier's metrical objection is 'naught.' See Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. Art. ix. Collier himself reads [with the folio] '*woman*' for '*wife*' in the line above." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 467. (107) "*O Desdemon! dead, Desdemon! dead! O!*"

So the folio, except that it has "—— *dead. Oh*, oh!"—The quartos have "*O* Desdemona, Desdemona, *dead*, *O* o, o."

P. 467. (108) "*of a damnèd slave*,"

The folio has "*of a* cursed *Slaue*:" but I prefer the reading of the quartos, because Othello has a little before exclaimed "*O cursèd, cursèd slave!*"

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P. 468. (109) "*villain!*"

Ritson would read "villany."

P. 468. (110) "*confess'd but even now*"

The quarto of 1622 has "*confest* it *euen now.*"—The folio, and the quarto of 1630, have "*confest* it *but euen now.*"

P. 469. (111) "*of one whose hand,*
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe;"

So the quartos.—The folio has

"*Of one, whose hand*
(*Like the base* Iudean) *threw,*" &c.—

Malone adopted "Júdean," thinking that "the word '*tribe*' is strongly in favour of the reading:" but Boswell observes; "The word *tribe* is not, as Mr. Malone seemed to suppose, peculiarly applicable to the Jews. It meant in Shakespeare's time, as we learn from Cokeram, *a kindred*, and it is constantly used at this day in speaking of the Indians." [It was rather unnecessary to refer to Cokeram, since, *in the present play*, Iago says,

"Good heaven, the souls of all my *tribe* defend
From jealousy!" p. 421.

Boswell proceeds] "The Jews are not in general described as willing to throw away what is valuable; and it is not likely that Shakespeare would allude to an anecdote of a single individual, of which perhaps none of his auditors had ever heard; but in our author's time, when voyages of discovery to America were common, each *putter out of five for one* was probably stimulated by a description of the riches he might find there, and of the facility with which the Indians *base*, on account of their ignorance, would part with them. I will only add, that two succeeding poets have given the Indians the same character;

'So the *unskilfull Indian* those bright gems
Which might adde majestie to diadems
'*Mong the waves scatters*—'
Habington's *Castara,—To Castara weeping.*

So also in *The Woman's Conquest*, by Sir Edward Howard;

'Behold my queen—
Who with no more concern Ile cast away
Then Indians do a pearl that ne're did know
Its value.' "

The latter part of the above note (the most valuable of Boswell's contributions to the illustration of Shakespeare) proves, I think, decidedly, that Othello alludes to no particular story, but to "the Indian" as generally described: and to the passages just cited, the following one may be added;

"The wretched Indian spurnes the golden ore."
Drayton's *Legend of Matilda*, sig. Ff 7,—*Poems*, 8vo, n. d.—

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Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 292) says, "'*Indian*,' certainly;" and quotes the preceding line of Drayton, which I had long before adduced in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's editions of Shakespeare.*

P. 469. (112) "*med'cinable*"

So the folio ("Medicinable").—The quartos have "medicinall."

P. 469. (113) "[Stabs himself with a dagger.

The quartos have "He stabs himselfe."—The folio has no stage-direction here.

In p. 466 Othello, on offering to stab Iago, is disarmed by Montano; but he has "another weapon—a sword of Spain," ibid. Of that second weapon, after wounding Iago, he is also deprived: this is shown, not only by the exclamation of Lodovico, "Wrench his sword from him," p. 467, but by the remark of Cassio, "This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon," p. 469. The instrument he now uses must therefore have been a dagger which was concealed about his person.

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

On May 20th, 1608, "A booke called Anthony and Cleopatra" was entered in the Stationers' Registers by Edward Blount; and the entry, no doubt, refers to our author's play, which, we may presume, had been produced only a short time before that date. It did not, however, make its appearance in print till the publication of the folio of 1623.—In *Antony and Cleopatra* Shakespeare has adhered with remarkable closeness to the Life of Antonius in North's *Plutarch* (translated from the French of Amiot). He owes nothing, either to Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594, or to the Countess of Pembroke's *Tragedie of Antonie* (a translation from the French of Garnier), 1595.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARK ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } triumvirs.
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS,
EROS,
SCARUS,*
DERCETAS, } friends to Antony.
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO,
MECÆNAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS, } friends to Cæsar.
THYREUS,
GALLUS,
MENAS,
MENECRATES, } friends to Pompey.
VARRIUS,†
TAURUS, lieutenant-general to Cæsar.
CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to Antony.
SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army.
EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.
ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES, attendants on Cleopatra.
A Soothsayer.
A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, queen of Egypt.
OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar and wife to Antony.
CHARMIAN, } attendants on Cleopatra.
IRAS,

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—*In several parts of the Roman empire.*

* "'Scarus' in *Antony and Cleopatra*, fol. '*Scarrus*,' is 'Scaurus'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 323.

† "*Varrius.* This is perhaps L. *Varius* Cotyla, an officer and companion of Antony's. (Plut. Anton. xviii. Cic. Philippic. v. 2; viii. 10, 11; xiii. 12.) Shakespeare found him in North's Plutarch (p. 919, eds. 1603 and 1612), and perhaps by a slip of memory took him for a friend of Pompey's. The possibility, however, is so slight that it is only just worth mentioning." *Id.* ibid.

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Alexandria. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars', now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges[1] all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust. [*Flourish within.*] Look where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, *with their Train;* Eunuchs *fanning her.*

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.
Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

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Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.
Ant. Grates me:—the sum.
Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee."
Ant. How, my love!
Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like:—
You must not stay here longer,—your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would say?—both?—
Call in the messengers.—As I'm Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers!
Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair [*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.
Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.
Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,(2)
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now:—what sport to-night?
Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.
Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes,—to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose(3) every passion fully strives

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To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger; but thine, and all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it:—speak not to us.
[*Exeunt Ant. and Cleo. with their Train.*

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?
Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.
Dem. I'm full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a* Soothsayer.(4)

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge(5) his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer,—
Sooth. Your will?
Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?
Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.
Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.
Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.
Sooth. I make not, but foresee.
Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.
Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.
Char. He means in flesh.
Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

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Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more beloving than belov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You've seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my children shall have no names:—prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile[6] every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend!—Alexas,—[7]

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come, his fortune, his fortune!—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'd do't!

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw[8] you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam?

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither.—Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONY *with a* Messenger *and* Attendants.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:
But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

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Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.—On:—
Things that are past are done with me.—'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.
Mess. Labienus—
This is stiff news—hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrătes;
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia;
Whilst—
Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—
Mess. O, my lord!
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue:
Name Cleopatra as she 's call'd in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
When our quick minds(9) lie still; and our ills told us
Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.
Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*
Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news![10] Speak there!
First Att. The man from Sicyon,—is there such an one?
Sec. Att. He stays upon your will.
Ant. Let him appear.—
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another Messenger.

What are you?
Sec. Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.
Ant. Where died she?
Sec. Mess. In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*
Ant. Forbear me. [*Exit Sec. Mess.*
There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;

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The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off:
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—Ho, Enobarbus!

Re-enter ENOBARBUS.(11)

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: we see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion,(12) let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned

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with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion[13] that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broachèd in the state
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her leave to part.[14] For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people—
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past—begin to throw
Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger: much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires[15]
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.[16]

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—
I did not send you:—if you find him sad,

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Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return. [*Exit Alexas.*

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool,—the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:
In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I'm sick and sullen.

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. I'm sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the married woman?—You may go:
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,—
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! yet at the first
I saw the treasons[17] planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and true,
Though you in swearing shake the thronèd gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you su'd staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;—

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Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed[18] scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: my more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness:—can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best:
See when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: by the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war
As thou affect'st.

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Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be:—I'm quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.
Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love,[19] which stands
An honourable trial.
Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.
Ant. You'll heat my blood: no more.
Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.
Ant. Now, by my[20] sword,—
Cleo. And target.—Still he mends;
But this is not the best:—look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.
Ant. I'll leave you, lady.
Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
That you know well: something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.
Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.
Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel victory![21] and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!
Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,

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That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Rome. An apartment in* CÆSAR'S *house.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, *and* Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
[*Giving him a letter.*
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor:[22] from Alexandria
This is the news:—he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think[23] he had partners: you shall find there
A man who is the abstract[24] of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You're too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes him,—
As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils,[25] when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for 't:[26] but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud

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As his own state and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports[27]
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd[28] by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying[29] the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails.[30] When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign

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The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this—
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'tis time we twain(31)
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end
Assemble we(32) immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord; what you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I know(33) it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Alexandria. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam?

Cleo. Ha, ha!—
Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason!(34)

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Char. Madam, I trust, not so.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian!
Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious madam.
Cleo. Indeed!
Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wott'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"
For so he calls me:—now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspéct, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd—the last of many doubled kisses—
This orient pearl:—his speech sticks in my heart.

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Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Alex. "Good friend," quoth he,
"Say, the firm Roman[35] to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,[36]
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.[37]
Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o' th' year between th' extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.
Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad,—for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,—
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else.[38]—Mett'st thou my posts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?
Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?
Char. O that brave Cæsar!
Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.
Char. The valiant Cæsar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.
Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgment:—cold in blood,

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To say as I said then!—But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Messina. A room in* POMPEY'S *house.*

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, *and* MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.
Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.
Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full.(39) Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.
Men. From Silvius, sir.
Pom. He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!

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Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field[40] of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicúrean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varrius!

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:—
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected: since he went from Egypt 'tis
A space for further travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd[41] upon him; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertainèd cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be 't as our gods will have 't! It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II. *Rome. A room in the house of* LEPIDUS.

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, t' entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.
Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day.
Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.
Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.
Eno. Not if the small come first.
Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark ye,(42) Ventidius.
Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.
Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: then, noble partners,—
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,—
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

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Ant. 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.(43)

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir.

Cæs. Nay, then.

Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent
By what did here befal me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you.(44) Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you've not(45) to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.(46)

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Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I'm certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience,—which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,—I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but next day
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar!

Ant. No,
Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it.—But, on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath.

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them;
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;

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And then when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken,(47) Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone.(48)

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.(49)

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,

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To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be but tales,(50)
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so,"
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon 's:

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Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.(51)

Ant. What 's his strength
By land?

Cæs. Great and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.*

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—My honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested.(52) You stayed well by 't in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.

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The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumèd that
The winds were love-sick with them; th' oars were silver,[53]
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow[54] the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings:[55] at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,[56]
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible pérfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed:

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He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.
Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.
Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.
Eno. Never; he will not:(57)
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.
Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessèd lottery to him.
Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in* CÆSAR'S *house.*

Enter ANTONY, CÆSAR, OCTAVIA *between them; and* Attendants.

Ant. The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.
Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.
Octa. Good night, sir.(58)
Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.*

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Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah,—you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither![59]

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in my motion,[60] have it not in my tongue: but yet hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon, that's[61] thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear,[62] as being o'erpower'd: therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou'rt sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But he away, 'tis noble.[63]

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to naught; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' th' east my pleasure lies.

Enter Ventidius.

O, come, Ventidius,

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You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;
Follow me, and receive 't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.
Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the(64) Mount
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You'll win two days upon me.
Mec. Agr. Sir, good success!
Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Alexandria. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music,—music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let's to billiards: come, Charmian.
Char. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman.—Come, you'll play with me, sir?
Mar. As well as I can, madam.
Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though 't come too short,

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The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd[65] fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, "Ah, ha! you're caught."

Char. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time,—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy!—
Ram[66] thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead!—if thou say so, villain,[67]
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss,—a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free and healthful, why so tart a favour[68]
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,

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Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is[69] well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like "But yet," it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon "But yet"!
"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,

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And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. [*Draws a knife.*

Mess. Nay, then I'll run.—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:
The man is innocent.(70)

Cleo. Some innocents scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again:—
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—call.

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.
[*Exit Charmian.*

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.

Re-enter CHARMIAN *and* Messenger.

Come hither, sir.
Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I've done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say "Yes."

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

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Cleo. He is married?
Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal: he's married to Octavia.
Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of![71]—Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*
Char. Good your highness, patience.
Cleo. In praising Antony,[72] I have disprais'd Cæsar.
Char. Many times, madam.
Cleo. I am paid for 't now.
Lead me from hence;
I faint:—O Iras, Charmian!—'tis no matter.—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.
[*Exit Alexas.*
Let him for ever go:—let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way 's a Mars.[73]—[*To Mardian*] Bid you Alexas
Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Near Misenum.*

Flourish. Enter POMPEY *and* MENAS *from one side, with drum and trumpet: from the other,* CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, *with* Soldiers *marching.*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.
Cæs. Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know

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If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was't
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire; and what
Made the[74] all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge th' ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us—
For this is from the present—how you take
The offer[74*] we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You've made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome; this greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back

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Our targes[75] undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know, then,
I came before you here a man prepar'd
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' th' east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by 't.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part; and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I've heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings,[76] sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard:

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And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of(77) that:—he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now: how far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;
And well am like to do; for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I've seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt all except Menas and Enobarbus.*

Men. [*aside*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

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Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep 't back again.

Men. You've said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *On board* POMPEY'S *galley, lying near Misenum.*

Music. Enter two or three Servants, *with a banquet.*

First Serv. Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants

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are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

Sec. Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.

First Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.

Sec. Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out "No more;" reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

First Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

Sec. Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

First Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

Sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, *with other Captains.*

Ant. [*to Cæsar*] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By th' height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine!—A health to Lepidus!

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. [*aside to Pom.*] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [*aside to Men.*] Say in mine ear: what is't?

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Men. [*aside to Pom.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [*aside to Men.*] Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus!

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*aside to Men.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. [*aside to Pom.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.

Pom. [*aside to Men.*] I think thou'rt mad. The matter?
[*Rises, and walks aside.*

Men. I've ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What's else to say?—
Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quicksands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, or you sink.(78)

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

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Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.(79)

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on't! In me 'tis villany;
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [*aside*] For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus!

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas!

Men. Enobarbus, welcome!

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.
[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.*

Men. Why?

Eno. 'A bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

Men. The third part, then, is drunk:(80) would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho!—
Here is to Cæsar!

Cæs. I could well forbear 't.
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.(81)

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Ant. Be a child o' the time.
Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer:
But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one.
Eno. [*to Antony*] Ha, my brave emperor!
Shall we dance now th' Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?
Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.
Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.
Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—
The while I'll place you: then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear(82) as loud
As his strong sides can volley.
[*Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us till the world go round,
Cup us till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good night.—
Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You see we 've burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarb
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.
Pom. I'll try you on the shore.(83)
Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.
Pom. O Antony,
You have my father's house,—But, what? we 're friends.
Come, down into the boat.

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Eno. Take heed you fall not.
[*Exeunt all except Enobarbus and Menas.*
Menas, I'll not on shore.
Men.(84) No, to my cabin.—
These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd, sound out!
[*A flourish, with drums.*
Eno. Hoo! says 'a.—There's my cap.
Men. Hoo!—Noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A plain in Syria.*

Enter VENTIDIUS *in triumph, with* SILIUS *and other* Romans, Officers, *and* Soldiers; *the dead body of* PACORUS *borne before him.*

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army.—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.
Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots,(85) and
Put garlands on thy head.
Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I've done enough: a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,—
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.(86)
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person: Sossius,

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One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction.(87) Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with 's will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rome. An ante-chamber in* CÆSAR'S *house.*

Enter AGRIPPA *and* ENOBARBUS, *meeting.*

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

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Agr. Of Antony?[88] O thou Arabian bird!
Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say "Cæsar,"—go no further.
Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.
Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—yet he loves Antony:
Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures,[89] scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number,—hoo!—
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel[90] down, kneel down, and wonder.
Agr. Both he loves.
Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. [*Trumpets within.*] So,—
This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.
Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, *and* Octavia.

Ant. No further, sir.
Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in't.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band
Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it; for far better[91] might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.
Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.
Cæs. I have said.
Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.
Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.
Octa. My noble brother!—
Ant. The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,

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And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What,
Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's down-feather,
That[92] stands upon the swell at full of tide,[93]
And neither way inclines.

Eno. [*aside to Agr.*] Will Cæsar weep?

Agr. [*aside to Eno.*] He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. [*aside to Agr.*] He were the worse for that were he a horse;
So is he being a man.

Agr. [*aside to Eno.*] Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. [*aside to Agr.*] That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound he wail'd,
Believe 't, till I wept too.[94]

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses Octavia.*

Ant. Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound within. Exeunt.*

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SCENE III. *Alexandria. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afeard to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to.

Enter the Messenger.

Come hither, sir.
Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it?—Come thou near.
Mess. Most gracious majesty,—
Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?
Mess. Ay, dread queen.
Cleo. Where?
Mess. Madam, in Rome;
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mess. She is not, madam.
Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongu'd or low?
Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.
Cleo. That's not so good:—he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.
Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and dwarfish!—
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.
Mess. She creeps,—
Her motion and her station are as one;
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Mess. Or I have no observance.

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Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing;
I do perceive 't:—there's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.
Mess. Madam,
She was a widow,—
Cleo. Widow!—Charmian, hark.
Mess. And I do think she's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?
Mess. Round even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part, too, they 're foolish that are so.—
Her hair, what colour?
Mess. Brown, madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.(95)
Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: go make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.
Char. Nothing, madam.
Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.
Cleo. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!
Cleo. I've one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV. *Athens. A room in* ANTONY'S *house.*

Enter ANTONY *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable impórt,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantly of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them;[96] most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,[97]
Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. O, my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
Sure,[98] the good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!"
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours
Than yours[99] so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between 's: the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stay[100] your brother: make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your[101] reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,

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Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has[102] mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* EROS, *meeting.*

Eno. How now, friend Eros!

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair[103] of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other.[104] Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries "Fool Lepidus!"
And threats the throat of that his officer
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE VI. *Rome. A room in* CÆSAR'S *house.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this and more
In Alexandria: here's the manner of 't:—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd; at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all th' unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,(105)
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings;(106)
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Who does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' th' isle: then does he say he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.

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I've told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change: for what I've conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not, then, be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA *with her Train.*(107)

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee castaway!

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: but you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
Th' ostentation(108) of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grievèd ear withal; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct(109) 'tween his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in Athens.

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Cæs. No, my most wrongèd sister;[110] Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' th' earth for war: he hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,[111] with a
More larger list of sceptres.

Oct. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceivèd both how you were wrong'd,[112]
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers[113]
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only th' adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir?[114]

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,
Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister! [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE VII. ANTONY'S *camp, near the promontory of Actium.*

Enter CLEOPATRA *and* ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
Eno. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
And say'st it is not fit.
Eno. Well, is it, is it?
Cleo. If not denounc'd against us, why should not we
Be there in person?
Eno. [*aside*] Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.
Cleo. What is't you say?
Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's time,
What should not then(115) be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome
That Phótinus(116) an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.
Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.
Eno. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY *and* CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium
He could so quickly cut th' Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne?—You have heard on't, sweet?
Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,

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To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! what else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd,—
Your mariners are muleters,(117) reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy, sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renownèd knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have(118) sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from th' head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,

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And our twelve thousand horse.—We'll to our ship:
Away, my Thetis!

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier!

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well:—away!

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*

Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius,(119) Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour, and throes forth
Each minute some. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE VIII. *A plain near Actium.*

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, *and others.*

Cæs. Taurus,—
Taur. My lord?
Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Another part of the plain.*

Enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' th' hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Another part of the plain.*

Enter CANIDIUS, *marching with his land army one way; and* TAURUS, *the lieutenant of* CÆSAR, *with his army, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
Th' Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:
To see't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!
Eno. What's thy passion?

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Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt,—(120)
Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The breese upon her, like a cow in June,—
Hoists sails and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has(121) given example for our flight
Most grossly by his own!

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts?
Why, then, good night indeed.

Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE XI. *Alexandria. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

Enter ANTONY *and* Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon 't,—
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither:
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I've a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.
All. Fly! not we.
Ant. I've fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone:(122)
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends(123) that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that(124) be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I've lost command,
Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by. [*Sits down.*

Enter CLEOPATRA *led by* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS; EROS *following.*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him,—comfort him.
Iras. Do, most dear queen.
Char. Do! why, what else?
Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, sir?
Ant. O fie, fie, fie!
Char. Madam,—
Iras. Madam, O good empress,—

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Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam,(125) speak to him:
He is unqualitied with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—sustain me:—O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.(126)

Ant. I have offended reputation,—
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind(127)
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit
Thy full(128) supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

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Cleo. Pardon, pardon!
Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead.—
Some wine, within[129] there, and our viands!—Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII. CÆSAR'S *camp in Egypt.*

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, *and others.*

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?
Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.
Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.[130]
Cæs. Be 't so:—declare thine office.
Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.
Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen

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Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgracèd friend,
Or take his life there: this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Euph. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit Euphronius.*

[*To Thyreus*] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: dispatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
And in our name, what she requires: add more,
From thine invention, offers:(131) women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thyreus;(132)
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony or we in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though(133) you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?(134)
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The merèd question: 'twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Prithee, peace.

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Enter ANTONY *with* EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is that his answer?
Euph. Ay, my lord.
Ant. The queen shall, then, have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.
Euph. He says so.
Ant. Let her know't.—
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.
Cleo. That head, my lord?
Ant. To him again: tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons(135) apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.
[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*
Eno. [*aside*] Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stage'd to the show,
Against a sworder! I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!(136)—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.
Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose(137)
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.
[*Exit Attendant.*
Eno. [*aside*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty well held to fools does make

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Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?
Thyr. Hear it apart.
Cleo. None but friends: say boldly.
Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.
Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know
Whose he is we are, and that's Cæsar's.
Thyr. So.—
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.(138)
Cleo. Go on: right royal.
Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cleo. O!
Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrainèd blemishes,
Not as deservèd.
Cleo. He's a god, and knows(139)
What is most right: mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.
Eno. [*aside*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit.*
Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shrowd,(140)
The universal landlord.

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Cleo. What's your name?
Thyr. My name is Thyreus.
Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this:—in deputation[141]
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I'm prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.
Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.
Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?
Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.
Eno. [*aside*] You will be whipp'd.
Ant. Approach, there!—Ay, you kite!—Now, gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried "Ho!"
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry "Your will?"—Have you no ears? I am
Antony yet.

Enter Attendants.

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.
Eno. [*aside*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.
Ant. Moon and stars!—
Whip him.—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here,—what's her name,

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Since she was Cleopatra?—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—this Jack[142] of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him. [*Exeunt Attendants with Thyreus.*
You were half blasted ere I knew you:—ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,—
O misery on't!—the wise gods seel our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at's, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out: for, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say "God quit you!" be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The hornèd herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.

Re-enter Attendants *with* THYREUS.

Is he whipp'd?

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First Att. Soundly, my lord.
Ant. Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?
First Att. He did ask favour.
Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do 't,
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into th' abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchèd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, begone! [*Exit Thyreus.*
Cleo. Have you done yet?
Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!
Cleo. I must stay his time.
Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?
Cleo. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?
Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite![143]
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying[144] of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless,—till the flies and gnats of Nile

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Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I'm satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
There's hope in't yet.(145)

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:
I had thought(146) t' have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen;
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend(147)
Even with his pestilent scythe. [*Exeunt all except Enobarbus.*

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge; and(148) I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: when valour preys on(149) reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. CÆSAR'S *camp at Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR, *reading a letter;* AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, *and others.*

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony:—let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die;(150) meantime
Laugh at his challenge.
Mec. Cæsar must think,(151)
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction:—never anger
Made good guard for itself.
Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—within our files there are,
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done:(152)
And feast the army; we have store to do 't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Alexandria. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.
Eno. No.
Ant. Why should he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He's twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,

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Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?
Eno. I'll strike, and cry "Take all."
Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants: let's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter Servants.

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
And(153) thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you've serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.
Cleo. [*aside to Eno.*] What means this?
Eno. [*aside to Cleo.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.
Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.(154)
Servants. The gods forbid!
Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.
Cleo. [*aside to Eno.*] What does he mean?
Eno. [*aside to Cleo.*] To make his followers weep.
Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be it is the period of your duty:
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't!
Eno. What mean you, sir,

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To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd: for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense;
For I spake to you for your comfort,(155)—did desire you
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you
Where rather I'll expect victorious life
Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Before* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

Enter two Soldiers *to their guard.*

First Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.
Sec. Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?
First Sold. Nothing. What news?
Sec. Sold. Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.
First Sold. Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

Sec. Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.
Third Sold. And you. Good night, good night.
[*The first and second go to their posts.*
Fourth Sold. Here we: [*the third and fourth go to their posts*] and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.
Third Sold. 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose. [*Music as of hautboys underground.*
Fourth Sold. Peace! what noise?
First Sold. List, list!
Sec. Sold. Hark!
First Sold. Music i' the air.

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Third Sold. Under the earth.
Fourth Sold. It signs well,(156) does it not?
Third Sold. No.
First Sold. Peace, I say!
What should this mean?
Sec. Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.
First Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do? [*They advance to another post.*
Sec. Sold. How now, masters!
Soldiers. [*speaking together*] How now!
How now! do you hear this?
First Sold. Ay; is't not strange?
Third Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
First Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how 't will give off.
Soldiers. [*speaking together*] Content. 'Tis strange.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and others attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS *with armour.*

Come, my good fellow, put mine iron on:—(157)
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her:—come.
Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for?
Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart:—false, false; this, this.
Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.
Ant. Well, well;
We shall thrive now.(158)—Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefly, sir.

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Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—(159)
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou: dispatch.—O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see
A workman in't.

Enter a Captain *armed.*(160)

Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.
Capt. A thousand, sir,
Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.
[*Shout and flourish of trumpets within.*

Enter other Captains *and* Soldiers.

Sec. Capt.(161) The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.
All. Good morrow, general.
Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads:
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.—
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.
[*Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers.*
Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.
Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,—but now—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE V. ANTONY'S *camp near Alexandria.*

Trumpets sound within. Enter ANTONY *and* EROS; *a* Soldier *meeting them.*

Sold.(162) The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!
Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.
Ant. Who's gone this morning?
Sold. Who!
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say "I am none of thine."
Ant. What say'st thou?
Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.
Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Most certain.
Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him—
I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings;
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men!—Dispatch.—Enobarbus!(163)
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. CÆSAR'S *camp before Alexandria.*

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR *with* AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, *and others.*

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.
Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

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Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.
Cæs. Go charge Agrippa
Plant[164] those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt all except Enobarbus.*
Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry on
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade[165]
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier *of* Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.
Eno. I give it you.
Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: best you[166] saf'd the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*
Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows[167] my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel.

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I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Field of battle between the camps.*

Alarums. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA *and others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter ANTONY, *and* SCARUS *wounded.*

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.
Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They're beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.
Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'Tis sport to maul a runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and tenfold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Under the walls of Alexandria.*

Alarums. Enter ANTONY, *marching;* SCARUS, *and Forces.*

Ant. We 've beat him to his camp:—run one before,

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And let the queen know of our gests.[168]—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see 's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown[169] all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—[*To Scarus*] Give me thy hand;

Enter CLEOPATRA, *attended.*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—[*To Cleo.*] O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triúmphing!

Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We 've beat them to their beds. What, girl! though gray
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:—
Kiss it, my warrior:—he hath fought to-day
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand:—
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,

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With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. CÆSAR'S *camp.*

Sentinels *at their post.*

First Sold. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court-of-guard: the night
Is shiny; and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.
Sec. Sold. This last day was(170)
A shrewd one to 's.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—
Third Sold. What man is this?
Sec. Sold. Stand close, and list him.
Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessèd moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—
First Sold. Enobarbus!
Third Sold. Peace!
Hark further.
Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*

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Sec. Sold. Let's speak
To him.
First Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.
Third Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.
First Sold. Swoons[171] rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.[172]
Sec. Sold. Go we to him.
Third Sold. Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.
Sec. Sold. Hear you, sir?
First Sold. The hand of death hath raught him. [*Drums afar off.*] Hark! the drums
Demurely wake the sleepers.[173] Let us bear him
To the court-of-guard: he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.
Third Sold. Come on, then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body.*

SCENE X. *Ground between the two camps.*

Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS, *with Forces, marching.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.
Scar. For both, my lord.
Ant. I would they'd fight i' the fire or i' the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven:—forward, now,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour.[174] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. *Another part of the same.*

Enter CÆSAR, *with his Forces, marching.*

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force

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Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII. *Another part of the same.*

Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd: where yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*
Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers[175]
Say they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.
[*Alarums afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost;[176]
This foul Egyptian hath betrayèd me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all:—bid them all fly; begone. [*Exit Scarus.*
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That spaniel'd[177] me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,—[178]
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,

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Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:[179]
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits;[180] and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her preparèd nails. [*Exit Cleopatra.*

'Tis well thou'rt gone,
If it be well to live; but better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me:—teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:
To the young[181] Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot; she dies for 't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you're dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument!—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was "Antony,"

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And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death.—To the monument!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter ANTONY *and* EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros. Ay, noble lord.
Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forkèd mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
Eros. Ay, my lord.
Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.
Eros. It does, my lord.
Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar,(182) and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword.
Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

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Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.
Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd: what thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake
Was, "Antony! most noble Antony!"
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.
Ant. Dead, then?
Mar. Dead.
Ant. Unarm me, Eros;(183) the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep.—[*To Mardian*] That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. [*Exit Mardian.*
Off, pluck off:—
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier:—bruisèd pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile. [*Exit Eros.*
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture:—since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further: now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.—
Eros!—I come, my queen.—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?
Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I've liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword

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Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble-minded(184)
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells
"I'm conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come,—which now
Is come indeed,—when I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me: do't; the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensu'd?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me!

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee! [*Turning from him.*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

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Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.
Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?
Ant. Now, Eros.
Eros. Why, there then [*falls on his sword*]:—thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*
Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead?(185) not dead?—
The guard, ho!(186)—O, dispatch me!

Enter DERCETAS *and* Guard.

First Guard. What's the noise?
Ant. I've done my work ill, friends: O, make an end
Of what I have begun.
Sec. Guard. The star is fall'n.
First Guard. And time is at his period.
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.
First Guard. Not I.
Sec. Guard. Nor I.
Third Guard. Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*
Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?
Der. There, Diomed, there.
Dio. Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit Dercetas.*
Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me

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Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw—
Which never shall be found—you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—call my guard, I prithee.

Dio. What, ho, the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls!

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

First Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I've led you oft: carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*

SCENE XV. *The same. A monument.*

Enter, above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

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Char. Be comforted, dear madam.
Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter, below, DIOMEDES.

How now! is he dead?
Dio. His death 's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' th' other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.(187)

Enter, below, ANTONY, *borne by the* Guard.

Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world.—O Antony,
Antony, Antony!—Help, Charmian; help, Iras, help;—
Help, friends below!(188)—let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace!
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.
Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here impórtune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.
Cleo. I dare not, dear,—
Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not th' imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Assist, good friends.
Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

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Cleo. Here's sport indeed!—How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools,—O, come, come, come;
[*They draw Antony up.*
And welcome, welcome! die where[189] thou hast liv'd:
Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Nor[190] cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman,—a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women, [*Antony dies.*
The crown o' th' earth doth melt.—My lord! my lord![191]—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,

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And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*Faints.*

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,—

Iras. Madam,—

Char. O madam, madam, madam,—

Iras. Royal Egypt,
Empress,—

Char. Peace, peace, Iras!

Cleo. No more, but e'en[192] a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares.—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at th' injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women, look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out!—Good sirs, take heart:—[193]
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:—
This case of that huge spirit now is cold:
Ah, women, women!—come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's body.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I. CÆSAR'S *camp before Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, *and others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
The pauses that he makes.(194)
Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Enter DERCETAS, *with the sword of* ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to us?
Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.
Cæs. What is't thou say'st?
Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.
Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,(195)
And citizens to their dens:—the death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.
Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hirèd knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

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Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings[196]
To wash the eyes of kings.
Agr.[197] And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.
Mec. His taints and honours
Wag'd[198] equal with him.
Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.
Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.
Cæs. O Antony!
I've follow'd thee to this:—but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look'd[199] on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: but yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season:

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him;
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?[200]
Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forc'd to.
Cæs. Bid her have good heart:
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we

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Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot learn[201]
To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [*Exit Gal.*] Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius?

Agr. Mec. &c. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Alexandria. A room in the monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.[202]

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.[203]

Enter, to the gates of the monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, *and* Soldiers.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt;

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And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: let me report to him
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Gal.(204) You see how easily she may be surpris'd:

[*Here Proculeius*(205) *and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.*

[*To Proculeius and the Guard*] Guard her till Cæsar come.

[*Exit.*

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!

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Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*
Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
[*Seizes and disarms her.*
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.
Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?
Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
Th' undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.
Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!
Pro. O, temperance, lady!
Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,(206)
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chástis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark-nak'd, and let the water-flies(207)
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!
Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent me for thee: for the queen,(208)
I'll take her to my guard.
Pro. So, Dolabella,

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It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
[*To Cleo.*] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd there was an emperor Antony:—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tunèd spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas[209]
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or[210] ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, t' imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,

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Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites(211)
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I'm loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me, then, in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know't. [*Flourish within.*

Within. Make way there,—Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS, *and* Attendants.

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [*Cleopatra kneels.*

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,—
Which towards you are most gentle,—you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking

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Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valu'd;
Not petty things admitted.(212)—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing.—Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips(213) than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
Th' ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,—
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek,(214) that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity

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As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods![215] it smites me
Beneath the fall I have.—[*To Seleucus*] Prithee, go hence;
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through th' ashes of my chance:[216] wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit Seleucus.*

Cleo. Be't known that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.[217]

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons:[218] no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so. Adieu.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.*

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers Charmian.*

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I've spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

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Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?
Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit.*
Cleo. Dolabella!
Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.
Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.
Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.
Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit Dolabella.*
Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves,
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.
Iras. The gods forbid!
Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras:—saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.
Iras. O the good gods!
Cleo. Nay, that's certain.
Iras. I'll never see't; for I am sure my nails[219]
Are stronger than mine eyes.
Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.[220]

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Re-enter CHARMIAN.

Now, Charmian!—
Show me, my women, like a queen:—go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—sirrah Iras,[221] go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;
And, when thou'st done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise? [*Exit Iras. A noise within.*

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence:
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. [*Exit Guard.*

What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I'm marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter one of the Guard, *with* Clown *bringing in a basket.*

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Rememberest thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt,—truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say shall never be saved by half that they do: but this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

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Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[*Sets down his basket.*

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy o' the worm. [*Exit.*

Re-enter IRAS *with a robe, crown, &c.*

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me: now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
T' excuse their after wrath:—husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I'm fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*(222)

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,

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The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curlèd Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal wretch,
[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—
[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
What should I stay— [*Dies.*

Char. In this vile world?[223]—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal!—Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.[224]

Enter the Guard, *rushing in.*

First Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

First Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger. [*Applies an asp.*
O, come apace, dispatch: I partly feel thee.

First Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's beguil'd.

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Sec. Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call him.
First Guard. What work is here!—Charmian, is this well done?
Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?
Sec. Guard. All dead.
Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.
Within. A way there, a way for Cæsar!

Re-enter CÆSAR *and his Train.*

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.
Cæs. Brav'st at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes,(225) and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.
Dol. Who was last with them?
First Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his basket.
Cæs. Poison'd, then.
First Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.
Cæs. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external(226) swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.
Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

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First Guard. This is an aspic's trail: and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as th' aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

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P. 497. (1) "*reneges*"

In this line "*reneges*," if so written by Shakespeare, must be pronounced as a dissyllable,—*reneagues*, *reneegs*. (In *King Lear*, act ii. sc. 2, the quartos have "*Reneag*, affirme, and turne their halcion beakes," &c.)—It has been proposed to read here "reneys."—The folio has "reneages."

P. 498. (2) "*Love and her soft hours*,"

See note 56 on *The Comedy of Errors*, vol. ii. p. 62.

P. 498. (3) "*whose*"

The folio has "who."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 499. (4)
"Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a *Soothsayer*."

The folio has "Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Southsayer, Rannius, Lucillius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas."—"It is not impossible, indeed, that 'Lamprius, Rannius, Lucilius,' &c. might have been speakers in this scene as it was first written down by Shakespeare, who afterwards thought proper to omit their speeches, though at the same time he forgot to erase their names as originally announced at their collective entrance." STEEVENS.—So in the opening of *Much Ado about Nothing*, the old eds. make Leonato enter with "Innogen his wife" (and again at the commencement of act ii. with "his wife"), though not a line throughout the play is given to any such character. See note 1, vol. ii. p. 147.

P. 499. (5) "*charge*"

So Southern in his copy of the first folio, Warburton, and Theobald.—The folio has "change."—The late Mr. W. W. Williams (in *The Parthenon* for May 17th, 1862, p. 89) would substitute "hang."

P. 500. (6) "*And fertile*"

Warburton's correction.—The folio has "& foretell."

P. 500. (7) "*Alexas*,—"

In the folio this name is printed as a prefix to the rest of the speech.

P. 501. (8) "*Saw*"

The folio has "Saue."—Corrected in the second folio.

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P. 502. (9) "*minds*"

So Warburton.—The folio has "windes;" an error which, as Malone observes, it has also in *King John*, act v. sc. 7;

"and his siege is now
Against the *winde*," &c.

P. 502. (10) "*From Sicyon, ho, the news!*"

The folio has "*From Scicion* how *the newes?*" which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters to "*From Sicyon* now *the news?*" (as he alters in *The Merchant of Venice*, act v. sc. 1, the old reading, "Peace, *how* the Moone sleepes with Endimion," &c. to "Peace! *now* the moon," &c.).—See the next note.

P. 503. (11) "*My idleness doth hatch.—Ho, Enobarbus!*
Re-enter ENOBARBUS."

The folio has

"*My idlenesse doth hatch.*
Enter Enobarbus.
How now *Enobarbus.*"

But the right reading is indubitably "*Ho, Enobarbus!*" In all probability the author's manuscript had "How *Enobarbus*," to which some transcriber or the original compositor, who did not understand what was meant, added "now."—Afterwards in this play (p. 579), the folio has "The Guard, *how?* [*i.e.* ho!] Oh dispatch me."—"How" frequently occurs as the old spelling of "ho:" see note 133, vol. ii. p. 253, and note 82, vol. ii. p. 428.—When, in my *Few Notes*, &c. p. 150, I brought forward the present correction, I was not aware that Capell had anticipated me; for the *Varior. Shakespeare* gives "How now! *Enobarbus!*" without any annotation.

P. 503. (12) "*Under a compelling occasion,*"

The folio has "*Vnder a compelling* an *occasion.*"

P. 504. (13) "*the tears live in an onion*"

Qy. "*the tears* lie *in*," &c.?—On "*Lie* and *live* confounded" see Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 210.

P. 504. (14) "*And get her leave to part.*"

So Pope.—The folio has "*And get her* loue *to part.*"—"The same error has happened in *Titus Andronicus*, and therefore I have no longer any doubt that [here] *leave* was Shakespeare's word. In that play [act iii. sc. 1] we find

'He *loues* his pledges dearer than his life,'

instead of 'He *leaves*,' &c." MALONE.

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P. 504. (15) "*To such whose place is under us, requires*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*To such whose* places *vnder vs*, require."

P. 504. (16) "*I did not see him since.*"

"Read '*Madam*, I did not see him since'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 294.

P. 505. (17) "*treasons*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 246) would read "treason."

P. 506. (18) "*Equality of two domestic powers*
Breed"

See note 114 on *Love's Labour's lost*, vol. ii. p. 251.

P. 507. (19) "*And give true evidence to his love,*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "*evidence*" to "credence;" which, says Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 280), "would be specious, but that the occurrence of *trial* in the next line shows that the old text is right."—In the Sec. Part of *Henry VI.* act iii. sc. 2, we have "*true evidence.*"—Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 77) cites this passage with the reading "*evidence.*"

P. 507. (20) "*my*"

Inserted by the editor of the second folio.

P. 507. (21) "*laurel victory!*"

Altered in the second folio to "Lawrell'd *victory*," which I suspect Shakespeare wrote here; though Malone says that the earlier reading "was the language of his time."

P. 508. (22) "*Our great competitor:*"

So Heath conjectured; and so too Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "One *great*," &c., which I believe to be a decided error; though Boswell tells us that "*one* great competitor is *any one* of his great competitors."

P. 508. (23) "*Vouchsaf'd to think*"

The first folio has "vouchsafe *to thinke;*" the second folio "did vouchsafe *to think.*"

P. 508. (24) "*abstract*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "abstracts."

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P. 508. (25) "*soils*,"

The folio has "foyles."—The change was made by Malone, who observes; "In the Mss. of our author's time *f* and *f* are often undistinguishable, and no two letters are so often confounded at the press. Shakespeare has so regularly used this word [*in Hamlet, Love's Labour's lost, Measure for Measure, Sec. Part of Henry IV., Henry VIII., Troilus and Cressida,*] in the sense required here, that there cannot, I imagine, be the smallest doubt of the justness of this emendation."

P. 508. (26) "*Call on him for 't:*"

"*Call on him,*" says Johnson, "is *visit him.*"—Mr. Staunton explains it "*Call him to account for it.*"—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "Fall *on him for't.*"

P. 509. (27) "*to the ports*
. . . . . *men's reports*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*to the* fleet."—I do not mean to say that the old text is wrong; but there is something disagreeable in the two lines ending with the same syllable.

P. 509. (28) "*dear'd*"

So Warburton.—The folio has "fear'd."

P. 509. (29) "*lackeying*"

Theobald's emendation.—The folio has "lacking."

P. 509. (30) "*lascivious vassails.*"

The folio has "*lasciuious* Vassailes;" and Mr. Knight prints "*lascivious* vassals," though the rest of the speech so distinctly shows that here "*vassails*" and not "vassals" are in question.

P. 510. (31) "*'tis time we twain*"

Has been altered to "time is it that *we twain.*"

P. 510. (32) "*we*"

The folio has "me;" which Mr. Knight retains!—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 510. (33) "*know*"

The folio has "knew."—"Of course '*know*'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 295.

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P. 510. (34) "Char. *You think of him too much.*
Cleo. *O, 'tis treason!*" &c.

"I suspect '*'tis*' of being an interpolation; and so Steevens;

'You think of him
Too much.
Cleo. O, treason!
Char. Madam, I trust not so.'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 295.—Capell gave the reading and arrangement here recommended.

P. 512. (35) "*the firm Roman*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 295) says; "What can '*firm*' mean here? Read 'the *first* Roman'."—But does not "*firm*" mean *constant?*

P. 512. (36) "*an arm-gaunt steed,*"

Here "*arm-gaunt*" has been explained to mean—"lean and thin by much service in war,"—"made gaunt (or thin) by long use of arms,"—"thin-shouldered,"—and "slender as one's arm."—Hanmer prints "*an arm*-girt *steed;*" also given by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—Mason proposes (very badly) "a termagant *steed;*" and so Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 297). —Boaden conjectures "*an* arrogant *steed.*"—Mr. W. N. Lettsom (note on Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 298) remarks; "It has long struck me that '*arme-gaunt*' is a mere misprint for '*rampaunt*' [i.e. prancing]; and I have lately observed that this reading has been proposed by Mr. R. G. White [who now, in his ed. of *Shakespeare*, adopts Hanmer's emendation]."

P. 512. (37) "*Was beastly dumb'd by him.*"

The folio has "*Was beastly* dumbe *by him;*" which Mr. Singer, in the new edition of his *Shakespeare*, retains, considering "dumb" as the past tense of "dum:" but in our author's *Pericles*, Introd. to act v., the old copies have "Deepe clearks she *dumb's*" [and "*dumbs*"], &c.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*Was* boastfully *dumb'd by him,*" because he happened not to perceive the meaning which Shakespeare evidently intended "*beastly*" to convey, viz. *in the manner of a beast,*—i.e. *by inarticulate sounds*, which rendered vain all attempts at speaking on the part of Alexas. (The adverb "*beastly*" occurs in *The Taming of the Shrew*, act iv. sc. 2,

"Fie on her! see, how *beastly* she doth court him!"

and in *Cymbeline*, act v. sc. 3,

"and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun *beastly.*")—

1865. "In the passage from *Antony and Cleopatra*, *dumbe* has been defended by a reference to the Anglo-Saxon: a preposterous abuse of etymology, even if the Anglo-Saxon adjective *dumb* really were the past participle of *Demman.*" Note by Mr. W. N. Lettsom on Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 62.

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P. 512. (38) "*no man else.*"

The folio has "*no* mans *else.*"—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 513. (39) "*My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope*
Says it will come to the full."

Theobald printed "*My* power's a *crescent,*" &c., observing; "It is evident beyond a doubt that the poet's allusion is to the moon; and that Pompey would say, He is yet but a half-moon or crescent; but his hopes tell him that crescent will come to a full orb."

P. 514. (40) "*field*"

The late Mr. W. W. Williams (in *The Parthenon* for May 17, 1862, p. 89) would read "fold."

P. 514. (41) "*warr'd*"

The folio has "wan'd."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 515. (42) "*Hark ye,*"

The folio has "Hearke."

P. 516. (43) "*I should do thus.*"

Opposite these words the folio has a stage-direction, "*Flourish;*" instead of which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*They shake hands.*"

P. 516. (44) "*And have my learning from some true reports,*
That drew their swords with you."

See note 140 on *Love's Labour's lost*, vol. ii. p. 254.

P. 516. (45) "*not*"

Inserted by Rowe.

P. 516. (46) "*excuses.*'

Qy. "excuse"?

P. 518. (47) "*spoken,*"

Qy. "spoke"?

P. 518. (48) "*your considerate stone.*"

On this speech, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, Mr. Collier's note runs thus; "*i. e.* I will be as considerate as a stone. Johnson's notion that Enobarbus meant to call Antony 'a considerate stone,' does not seem

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to us, recollecting that the words were those of a rough free-spoken soldier, such 'an absurdity' as it appeared to the Rev. Mr. Dyce ('Remarks,' p. 246). In speaking of the note in our first edition, he ought to have remembered two things, which he has entirely overlooked, viz. that we gave the very text he supports, and that we ourselves said that no change was needed," &c.

Mr. Collier's mis-statements are marvellous. The "notion that Enobarbus meant to call Antony 'a considerate stone'" *never occurred to any critic except Mr. Collier himself*, though he now speaks of it as "JOHNSON'S *notion*."

The note of Johnson is; "This line is passed by all the editors, as if they understood it, and believed it universally intelligible. I cannot find in it any very obvious, and hardly any possible meaning. I would therefore read 'Go to then, *you* considerate *ones*.' You who dislike my frankness and temerity of speech, and are so *considerate* and discreet, *go to*, do your own business."

Mr. Collier's note in his first edition is; "It may be a question, whether Enobarbus means to call Antony 'a considerate stone,' or to say merely that he will be silent as a stone. If the former, we must, with Johnson, change 'your' of the folios to *you;* but the latter affords a clear meaning without any alteration of the ancient text."

On the immediately preceding note I observed; "Enobarbus call Antony *a stone!* he would as soon have ventured to throw one at him. Johnson's proposed alteration, of which Mr. Collier cites only a part, bad as it certainly was, did not involve such an absurdity." *Remarks*, &c. p. 246.

I have thus distinctly proved that "the notion that Enobarbus meant to call Antony 'a considerate stone'" belongs exclusively to Mr. Collier; for which proof, as he is now inclined to think rather favourably of that "notion," he will surely thank me.

P. 518. (49) "*Say not so, Agrippa:*
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness,"

The folio has

"*Say not*, say *Agrippa; if* Cleopater *heard you, your* proofe *were*," &c.

P. 519. (50) "*truths would be but tales,*"

So Pope. "Rightly, I think," says Walker, *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 165.—The folio omits "*but*."—Capell prints "*truths would* then *be tales*."

P. 520. (51) "Ant. *Where lies he?*
Cæs. *About the Mount Misenum.*"

The folio has "— *the Mount*-Mesena."—

"Arrange and write;

'Where lies he?
Cæs. 'Bout
The Mount Misenum.'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 298.

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P. 520. (52) "*digested.*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "disgested."—See note 12 on *Coriolanus*, vol. vi. p. 240.

P. 521. (53)

"*Purple the sails, and so perfumèd that*
The winds were love-sick with them; th' oars were silver,"

In the second line Mr. Knight adheres to the pointing of the folio,

"The winds were love-sick: with them the oars were silver;"

and he observes, "The ordinary reading is 'The winds were love-sick with them.' *The reading which the old punctuation gives us is surely more poetical!*"

P. 521. (54) "*glow*"

The folio has "gloue."

P. 521. (55)

"*Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,*
So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings:"

Here in my first edition I altered "*Nereides*" to "Nereïds,"—wrongly; for formerly the word used to be written "*Nereides;*" see, for instance, the article "*Nereides*" in Heywood's *Various Historie concerninge Women*, &c. p. 36, ed. 1624.—In the third line for "*adornings*" Warburton substitutes "adorings;" a more than plausible emendation, and pronounced by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 299) to be "undoubtedly the true reading."

P. 521. (56) "*the silken tackle*
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,"

Here "*tackle*" is a plural. (The second folio has "Tackles").—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "Smell *with the touches,*" &c.—In reference to the Corrector's reading, Mr. W. N. Lettsom (note on Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 300) observes; "Cleopatra, of course, did not waste money in buying scents, when every one of her waiting-maids had a perfumery at her fingers' ends."

P. 522. (57) "*Never; he will not:*"

The folio has no point after "*Never:*" but this does not read like a passage where the author meant to use the double negative.—In the third folio there is a comma after "*Never.*"

P. 522. (58) "*Good night, sir.*"

In the folio these words form part of the preceding speech.—They were given by the editor of the second folio to Octavia.—"Antony has already said 'Good night, sir,' to Cæsar in the three first words of his speech. The repetition would be absurd." RITSON.

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P. 523. (59) "*thither!*"

Mason would read "hither."

P. 523. (60) "*motion,*"

"*i. e.*" says Warburton, "the divinitory agitation."—Theobald substituted "notion."

P. 523. (61) "*that's*"

So the second folio; which reading agrees with the passage of Plutarch cited in the next note.—The first folio has "that."

P. 523. (62) "*Becomes a fear,*"

Mr. Collier now prints with his Ms. Corrector "*Becomes* afeard;" and observes in his note; "We should not be disposed to disturb the text, if the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632 had not precisely agreed with that of Upton, approved by Johnson [—no, *dis*approved by Johnson. A. D.]. The scene is taken from North's 'Plutarch:' 'For thy Demon, said he (that is to say, the good angell and spirit that kepeth thee) is *affraied* of his: and being coragious and high when he is alone, becometh fearfull and timerous when he commeth neare unto the other.' Life of Antonius, p. 985, edit. 1579."—Walker says, "I should prefer '*afeard*,' but I cannot away with '*afeard—o'erpower'd*'." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 299.

P. 523. (63) "*But he away, 'tis noble.*"

The folio has "*But he* alway *'tis Noble;*" which the editor of the second folio sagaciously altered to "*But he* alway is *Noble*"!

P. 524. (64) "*the*"

Added in the second folio.

P. 525. (65) "*Tawny-finn'd*

The folio has "*Tawny* fine."

P. 525. (66) "*Ram*"

Altered by Hanmer to "Rain." "The term employed in the text is much in the style of the speaker." MALONE.

P. 525. (67) "*if thou say so, villain,*"

Walker conjectures "*if thou* do *say so, villain.*" *Shakespeare's Versification,* &c. p. 48.

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P. 525. (68) "*why so tart a favour*"

The "*why*" added by Rowe (and by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector) is absolutely necessary for the sense of this passage, to say nothing of the metre.

P. 526. (69) "*is*"

The folio has "'tis."

P. 527. (70) "*The man is innocent*," &c.

"Arrange, rather, as my ear requires ;

'The man is innocent.
Cleo. Some innocents
Scape not the thunderbolt.'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 300.

P. 528. (71)

"*O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,*
That art not what thou'rt sure of!"

Of the various alterations of this passage—from Hanmer's to Mr. Grant White's—I scarcely know which is the worst.

In the second edition of his *Shakespeare* Mr. Collier prints

"Oh! that his fault should make a knave of thee
That art not. What! thou'rt sure of't?"

"Our punctuation," he says, "of this disputed passage is that of Monck Mason ; and we also adopt his emendation of 'of't' for *of*. . . . . The Rev. Mr. Dyce is in somewhat of a dilemma here : he complains ('Remarks,' p. 246) that nonsense is made of the passage by not printing 'of' *of't* in our first edition, and yet he 'strongly protests against any deviation from the old editions,'—just as if we had deviated : we gave the very words and letters of the 'old editions.'"

The subterfuge to which Mr. Collier has recourse on the present occasion is highly discreditable to him ; "WE GAVE THE VERY WORDS AND LETTERS OF THE 'OLD EDITIONS'"! Now, the reading of the folio 1623 is

"Oh that his fault should make a knaue of thee,
That art not what th'art [later folios "thou art"] sure of."

and Mr. Collier in his first edition printed

"O! that his fault should make a knave of thee
That art not! What! thou'rt sure of?"

giving, it may be admitted, "the very words and letters of the old editions," *but pointing the passage so as entirely to alter its meaning.* Hence my remark (to which Mr. Collier alludes above) ;

"Monck Mason's punctuation, with the change of 'of' to '*of't*,' afforded at least a sense : but Mr. Collier, by adopting that punctuation without changing 'of' to '*of't*,' has made the passage mere nonsense. I should strongly protest against any deviation from the old eds. here. 'That art not what thou'rt sure of' may mean 'That art not the evil tidings of which thou givest me such assurance.'"

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P. 528. (72) "*In praising Antony*," &c.

"Arrange and write, perhaps;

'In praising Antony, I' have disprais'd Cæsar.
Char. Many times, madam.
Cleo. *I'm* paid for't now.—Lead me from hence; I faint:
O, Iras—Charmian—'Tis no matter.—Go
To *th'* fellow, good Alexas; bid him report
The feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination,' &c." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 300.

P. 528. (73) "*The other way's a Mars.*"

i. e. "The other way he is a Mars." (Usually altered to "*The other way* he's *a Mars.*")

P. 529. (74) "*the*"

Added in the second folio.

P. 529. (74*) "*offer*"

The folio has "offers." But see what follows.

P. 530. (75) "*targes*"

Here, as also in *Cymbeline*, act v. sc. 5, several editors are agreed in altering "*targes*" to "targe;" and Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 253) would print both here and in *Cymbeline* "targe'" as a plural form. When he adds (p. 254) that "*Targe* in the singular would not be Elizabethan English," I am not sure that I understand him:—but compare the following passages of Chapman's *Homer;*

"and strooke the strong Chersidamas,
As from his chariot he leapt downe, beneath his *targe* of brasse."
Iliad, B. xi. p. 150, ed. folio.

"And (with his lance) strooke through the *targe* of that braue Lycian king." B. xii. p. 167.

"With sword and fire they vext for them their *targes* hugely round,
With oxehides lin'd," &c. B. xii. p. 168.

"Deiphobus thrust forth his *targe*," &c. B. xiii. p. 172.—

In a note on the line of *Cymbeline* Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare*, ed. 1856) observes; "The plural *targes* seems to have been formerly a monosyllable [*targs*], as in French, where its oldest form is *targues*." That Chapman at least did not use it as a monosyllable is shown by the third of the passages just cited from his *Homer*.

P. 530. (76) "*meanings*,"

The folio has "meaning."

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P. 531. (77) "*of*"

Added in the third folio.

P. 534. (78) "*or you sink.*"

The folio has "for *you sinke.*"—Corrected by Walker, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 321.—Theobald printed "'fore *you sink.*"

P. 535. (79) "*All then is thine.*"

So Southern in his copy of the folio 1685, Pope, and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "*All* there *is thine.*"

P. 535. (80) "*then, is drunk:*"

The folio has "*then* he *is drunk.*"

P. 535. (81) "*And it grows fouler.*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*and it* grow *fouler*" (out of which Mr. Singer, in his *Shakespeare*, 1856, makes "An *it* grow *fouler*,"—not a probable reading).

P. 536. (82) "*bear*"

The folio has "beate."

P. 536. (83) "*on the shore.*"

"Perhaps, '*ashore*' or '*on shore.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 300.

P. 537. (84) "Men."

This prefix is by mistake omitted in the folio.

P. 537. (85) "*chariots,*"

Qy. "chariot"?

P. 537. (86)

"*Better to leare undone, than by our deed*
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away."

Steevens reads;

"*Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire*
Too high a fame, when him we serve's away."

"Probably;

'for learn this, Silius: better
To leave undone, than by our deed acquire,' &c.

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or perhaps;

'Better to leave undone,
Than by our deed acquire too high a fame,
When him we serve's away.'"
Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 300.

P. 538. (87) "*Thou hast, Ventidius, that*
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction."

"The meaning seems to be, as Warburton was the first to show,—Thou hast that (*wisdom*, or *prudence*) wanting which a soldier shows himself hardly better than his senseless sword." STAUNTON.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "Gains" for "*Grants.*"

P. 539. (88) "*Of Antony?*"

The folio has "Oh Anthony."—Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 539. (89) "*figures,*"

The folio has "Figure."

P. 539. (90)
"*Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number,—hoo!—*
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel," &c.

Something has dropped out from the first line. (A modern arrangement is;
"*Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, hoo, his love*
To Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel," &c.)

P. 539. (91) "*for far better*"

So Capell and Walker.—The folio omits "*far.*"—Hanmer printed "*for* much *better.*"

P. 540. (92) "*That*"

"Qy. '*Thus*'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 301.

P. 540. (93) "*at full of tide,*"

The folio has "*at* the *full of Tide*" (an error occasioned by the preceding "*the*").—The editor of the second folio corrected the line; and "thus," says Mr. Knight gravely, "the freedom of the rhythm is destroyed, whilst the image is weakened"!

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P. 540. (94) "*till I wept too.*"

Theobald's correction.—The folio has "*till I* weepe *too;*" which Steevens and Capell vainly endeavour to defend. (According to Capell, Theobald's correction introduces a violation of character: but Enobarbus is not altogether "unused to the melting mood;" for afterwards (p. 565) we find him saying,

"Look, they weep;
And *I, an ass, am onion-ey'd,*" &c.)

P. 542. (95)

"Mess. *Brown, madam: and her forehead*
As low as she would wish it."

Nares (*Gloss.* in v. "Forehead"), and Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 174), propose to read

"*Mess.* Brown, madam.
Cleo. And her forehead?
Mess. As low as she would wish it."—

When Malone observed that "*You* and *she* are not likely to have been confounded, otherwise we might suppose that our author wrote 'As low as *you* would wish it';" and when Mr, Collier's Ms. Corrector made the same alteration,—they were neither of them aware that the Messenger uses a cant phrase: "I once," writes Steevens, "overheard a chambermaid say of her rival 'that her legs were as thick *as she could wish them.*'"

P. 543. (96) "*them;*"

The folio has "then."

P. 543. (97) "*he not took't,*"

Thirlby's correction; and a certain one.—The folio has "*he not* look't." —The editor of the second folio prints "*he* had look't," which is downright nonsense; and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*he* but look'd," which is little better than nonsense.

P. 543. (98) "*Sure,*"

This insertion, to prop up a manifestly imperfect line, was proposed by me in my former edition.—Steevens inserts "And."

P. 543. (99) "*yours*"

The folio has "your."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 543. (100) "*stay*"

The folio has "staine" (a misprint for "*staie*").—Boswell and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector saw what was the true reading.

P. 543. (101) "*Your*"

The folio has "You."—Corrected in the second folio.

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P. 544. (102) "*has*"

The folio has "he's."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 544. (103) "*Then, world, thou hast a pair*"

Hanmer's correction.—The folio has "*Then* would *thou* hadst a *paire*."

P. 544. (104) "*They'll grind the one the other.*"

Here the folio omits "*the one*" (the transcriber's or compositor's eye having glanced from the first "*the*" to the second).

P. 545. (105) "*Lydia,*"

"For '*Lydia*,' Mr. Upton, from Plutarch, has restored 'Lybia'." JOHNSON.—"In the translation [of Plutarch] from the French of Amyot, by Thos. North, in folio, 1597, will be seen at once the origin of this mistake: 'First of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of *Lydia*, and the lower Syria'." FARMER.—"The present reading is right; for, in p. 547, where Cæsar is recounting the several kings whom Antony had assembled, he gives the kingdom of *Lybia* to Bocchus." MASON.

P. 545. (106) "*His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings;*"

The folio has "*His Sonnes* hither *proclaimed the* King *of Kings.*"

P. 546. (107) "with her Train."

"So say the old copies, and there can be no possible reason for following the example of modern editors by omitting the words. It must have been a small train; she had not 'an army for an usher,' as appears by what follows; but she was not wholly unattended." COLLIER.

P. 546. (108) "*ostentation*"

Theobald substituted "ostent;" and Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 302) proposes "'ostention' (properly 'ostension')."

P. 546. (109) "*obstruct*"

The folio has "abstract."

P. 546. (110) "Oct. *My lord, in Athens.*
Cæs. *No, my most wrongèd sister;*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 145) would read

"Oct. *My lord, in Athens.*
Cæs. No,
No, my most," &c.

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P. 547. (111) "*Polemon and Amyntas,*
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,"

Here Upton would make an alteration, which, as Steevens says, "obviates all impropriety;"

"Polemon and Amyntas
Of Lycaonia; and the King of Mede:"

but the old text is doubtless what the author wrote.

P. 547. (112) "*Till we perceivèd both how you were wrong'd,*"

So Capell.—The folio has "*Till we* perceiu'd *both how you were* wrong led."

P. 547. (113) "*make them ministers*"

The folio has "makes his *Ministers;*" the second folio "*Make* his *Ministers.*"

P. 547. (114) "*Is it so, sir?*" &c.

"Arrange, perhaps;

'Is it so, sir?
Ces. Most certain. Sister, welcome!
Pray you, be ever known to patience:—
My dearest sister!'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 303.

P. 548. (115) "*then*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 303) conjectures "thence."

P. 548. (116) "*Phótinus*"

So the name is also accented in Lord Stirling's *Doomsday:* see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification,* &c. p. 173.

P. 549. (117) "*muleters,*"

The folio has "Militers;" the second folio "Muliters." (In *The First Part of Henry VI.* act iii. sc. 2, the folio has "base *Muleters* of France," &c.)

P. 549. (118) "*I have*"

Hanmer prints "Why, *I have;*" a very probable emendation.

P. 550. (119) "*Marcus Octavius,*" &c.

"This speech, according to the prefix in the folio 1623, belongs to a person whose name began with *Ven.;* perhaps for *Vennard,* an actor in the part of Canidius. The mistake is also in the later folios." COLLIER.

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P. 552. (120) "*ribaudred nag of Egypt,*—"

Here "*ribaudred*" has been altered to "ribald" and to "ribald-rid."—Again, Tyrwhitt suggested that "*nag*" should be changed to "hag,"—in which alteration Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector and Mr. Singer agree with him. Mr. Collier defends it by asking, "how was leprosy to afflict a *nag?*"—as if *a real nag* were in question! Mr. Singer (in his *Shakespeare*, 1856) says, "the poet would surely not have called Cleopatra a *nag!*" But since she has been previously (p. 547) called "a trull," I see no reason for wondering that she should now be called "*nag*," i.e. jade, hackney. ("Know we not Galloway *nags?*" exclaims Pistol, alluding to Doll Tearsheet. *Sec. Part of Henry IV.* act ii. sc. 4.)

P. 552. (121) "*he has*"

The folio has "his *ha's.*"—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 553. (122) "*be gone:*"

Capell prints "*begone*, begone;" Steevens conjectures "*begone*, I say."

P. 553. (123) "*Friends, be gone: you shall*
Have letters from me to some friends"

"Perhaps '*Fellows*, be gone' (*socii*)." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 288. Here Walker would alter what an earlier line (the second) of this speech proves to be quite right. Whether or not there be any error in "*some friends*" I cannot determine.

P. 553. (124) "*that*"

The folio has "them."

P. 554. (125) "*Go to him, madam,*" &c.

"Perhaps the right arrangement is;

'Go to him, madam, speak to him; *he's* unqualitied
With very shame.
Cleo. Well, then,—sustain me:—O!'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 303.

P. 554. (126) "*but*
Your comfort makes the rescue."

Qy. "*Your comfort* make *the rescue*"? for here "*but*" means *unless.*

P. 554. (127) "*By looking back what I have left behind*"

Has been altered to "*By looking back* on *what*," &c.; very improperly, the old text having the same meaning.

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P. 554. (128) "*And thou shouldst tow me after : o'er my spirit*
Thy full"

The folio has

"*And thou should'st* stowe *me after. O're my spirit*
The *full.*"

P. 555. (129) "*within*"

"This word might be fairly ejected, as it has no other force than to derange the metre." STEEVENS.—It was thrown out by Hanmer.

P. 555. (130) "*To his grand sea.*"

"Meaning—the sea that he (the dew-drop) arose from," &c. Capell's *Notes*, &c. vol. i. P. i. p. 40.—"Shakespeare might have considered the sea as the source of dews as well as rain. *His* is used instead of *its.*" STEEVENS.—Hanmer printed "*To* the *grand sea ;*" which is pronounced to be right by Walker, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 314, vol. iii. p. 303, and by his editor in a note in the last-mentioned place.

P. 556. (131) "*add more,*
From thine invention, offers :"

"Read '*and* more,
From thine invention, *offer.*' "
Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 253.—

In this passage Mr. Grant White would make a very violent transposition.

P. 556. (132) "*Thyreus ;*"

The folio has "Thidias" here and afterwards.

P. 556. (133) "*What though*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 157) proposes "What *an though ;*" "unless," he adds, "'What *although*' [given by several editors] be allowable, which I doubt."

P. 556. (134) "*follow ?*"

"Surely, for the sake of metre, we should read [with Pope] 'follow *you?*' " STEEVENS.

P. 557. (135) "*comparisons*"

Pope substituted "caparisons."

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P. 557. (136) "*That he should dream,*
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*Knowing all* miseries, *the full*," &c. —"The words *full* and *emptiness* prove to a demonstration that '*measures*' is the right word." *Blackwood's Magazine* for Oct. 1853, p. 467.

P. 557. (137) '*nose*"

Very probably "noses;" with Walker, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 251.

P. 558. (138) "*Further than he is Cæsar.*"

The folio has "*Forther then he is* Cæsars;" an error occasioned perhaps by "that is *Cæsars*" at the end of the preceding speech. (Later in this play, p. 576, the folio has the same mistake,—"Packt Cards with *Cæsars*," &c.). —Here the editor of the second folio made the proper correction.—Malone retains "*Further than he is* Cæsar's" (with a monstrous explanation); and so does Mr. Collier, silently.—1865. Mr. Collier now prints "*Cæsar.*"

P. 558. (139) "*Not as deservèd.*
Cleo. *He's a god,*"

"Fol. '*deserved.*' So read, and '*He's*' (ἀφχαϊκῶς '*H' is*') for '*He is*'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 305.

P. 558. (140) "*And put yourself under his shrowd,*"

A line manifestly mutilated: Hanmer added to it "the great;" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, more happily, makes it end with "who is."

P. 559. (141) "*deputation*"

So Warburton (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folio has "disputation."

P. 560. (142) "*this Jack*"

The folio has "the *Iacke.*"—(Compare above, "Take hence *this Jack.*")

P. 561. (143) "*Cæsarion smite!*"

The folio has "Cæsarian smile."

P. 561. (144) "*discandying*"

Thirlby's and Theobald's correction; and an obvious one.—The folio has "discandering;" which Mr. Knight, "without hesitation, restores"!

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P. 562. (145) "*There's hope in't yet.*"

Has been altered to "*There* is *hope in* it *yet*," that it might make up a verse with the following, "That's my brave lord!": but in Antony's third speech after this we find "*There's* sap *in't* yet."

P. 562. (146) "*I had thought*," &c.

"Arrange;

'I' had thought t' have held it poor:
But, since my lord is Antony again,
I will be Cleopatra.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 306.

P. 562. (147) "*for I will contend*," &c.

"Arrange and write, perhaps;

'for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.
Eno. Now he'll outstare
The lightning. To be furious, is to be
Affrighted out of fear; and, in that mood,' &c."
Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 306.

P. 562. (148) "*and*"

"Ought we not [with Hanmer] to expunge the '*and*?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 306.

P. 562. 149) "*on*"

The folio has "in."

P. 563. (150) "*I have many other ways to die;*"

Hanmer printed "He hath *many*," &c.; which, as Farmer observes, "most indisputably is the sense of Plutarch, and given so in the modern translations; but Shakespeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one [North's]: '—— Cæsar answered him, that he had many other wayes to dye then so.'"

P. 563. (151) "*Cæsar must think*,"

"Ritson suggests, 'Cæsar *needs* must think.' Possibly, 'Cæsar, *we* must think'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 262.

P. 563. (152) "*See it done:*"

In all probability, "*See it* be *done*."

P. 564. (153) "*And*"

An addition by Rowe,—positively required.

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P. 564. (154) "*that I might do you service*
So good as you have done."

"Does not the sense imperatively require 'So good as y' have done *me*'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 254. But is not "me" implied in the old text?

P. 565. (155) "*For I spake to you for your comfort,*"

"Rather 'I spake '*t* you for your comfort'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 306. (So Pope, except that he printed "speake '*t*".)

P. 566. (156) "*It signs well,*"

"*i.e.* it is a good sign, it bodes well." STEEVENS.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 307) would read "*It* sings *well.*"

P. 566. (157) "*Come, my good fellow, put mine iron on:*"

The folio has "*Come good Fellow, put* thine *Iron on;*" and, according to Malone, "*Thine iron* is the iron which thou hast in thy hand, *i.e.* Antony's armour;" an utterly improbable reading and explanation, since just before Antony has twice said "*mine* armour." Nor, as the context shows, is Antony here speaking of *Eros's armour:*—he afterwards bids Eros "put on his defences."—That the word which has dropt out of the folio in this line was "*my*" (Rowe's addition) is proved by Antony's next speech but one, "Seest thou, *my good fellow?*"

P. 566. (158)

"Cleo. *Nay, I'll help too.*
What's this for?
Ant. *Ah, let be, let be! thou art*
The armourer of my heart:—false, false; this, this.
Cleo. *Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.*
Ant. *Well, well;*
We shall thrive now."

Stands thus in the folio;

"Cleo. *Nay, Ile helpe too,* Anthony.
What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art
The Armourer of my heart: False, false: This, this,
Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it must bee.
Ant. *Well, well, we shall thriue now.*"

(the prefix "Anthony" having crept into the text, and another prefix being omitted by mistake).—I give the modern distribution (Hanmer's, slightly altered by Malone); and it is doubtless the right one.

P. 567. (159) "*shall hear a storm.—*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*shall* bear *a storm;*" which alteration Mr. Singer, in his *Shakespeare Vindicated,* &c. p. 295, calls "very doubtful;" yet in his recently published *Shakespeare* he has adopted it.

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P. 567. (160) "a *Captain* armed."

The folio has "an Armed Soldier:" but what is said to him by Antony shows that he is not one of the common file.

P. 567. (161) "Sec. Capt."

The folio has "Alex."

P. 568. (162) "Sold."

To the first three speeches of the Soldier in this scene the folio prefixes "Eros."

P. 568. (163) "*Dispatch.—Enobarbus!*"

Altered by the editor of the second folio to "*Dispatch* Eros" (not, as Mr. Collier states by mistake, to "Eros, dispatch").—Walker observes; "*Enobarbus* in *Antony and Cleopatra* is frequently used as if it were a trisyllable, in whatever way the anomaly is to be explained." *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 186 (where the present passage is quoted).

P. 569. (164) "*Go charge Agrippa*
Plant," &c.

Here Mr. Collier puts a full-point, and Mr. Knight a colon, after "*Agrippa;*" though the meaning of the passage is obviously "Go and enjoin Agrippa to plant those that," &c.—1865. Mr. Collier in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* rectifies his mistake; but Mr. Grant White adopts it.

P. 569. (165) "*persuade*"

The folio has "disswade;" "perhaps rightly," says Johnson; though the corresponding passage in North's *Plutarch* distinctly proves it to be wrong.

P. 569. (166) "*best you*"

Most probably "*best* that *you*."

P. 569. (167) "*blows*"

Had been altered to "bows;" but Johnson rightly brought back the original reading,—"*blows*" meaning "swells."

P. 571. (168) "*our gests.*"

i. e. our exploits.—So Theobald ("as Mr. Warburton likewise prescribes"); a very obvious correction: yet, in the *Varior. Shakespeare*, the reading of the folio, "*our* guests," is retained, with a note by Johnson to inform us that "guests" means Antony's officers whom he intends to bring to sup with Cleopatra!

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P. 571. (169) "*you have shown,*" &c.

"I think;

'you' have shown all Hectors. *Go,*
Enter the city,' &c.

At any rate, something has dropped out at the end of the line." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 307.

P. 572. (170) "*This last day was,*" &c.

"Arrange;

'This last day was
A shrewd one to us.
Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—
3 *Sold.* What man is this?
2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list him.
Eno. Be witness to me,' &c."

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 307.

P. 573. (171) "*Swoons*"

Here the folio has "Swoonds" (and so the later folios). See note 93 on *The Winter's Tale*, vol. iii. p. 519.

P. 573. (172) "*for sleep.*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "fore *sleep.*"

P. 573. (173)

"*The hand of death hath raught him. Hark! the drums*
Demurely wake the sleepers."

Here Warburton explains "*Demurely*" to mean *Solemnly.*—Hanmer prints

"*The hand of death hath* caught *him.*
Hark how *the* drums' din early wakes *the sleepers.*"

And Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "Do early *wake the sleepers.*"—That "early" is feeble and inexpressive, I agree with Mr. Singer (in his note *ad l.* 1856); who conjectures "Clam'rously *wake,*" &c.—Qy. "Do merrily *wake,*" &c.?

P. 573. (174) "*But this it is; our foot*
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven:—forward, now,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour."

The folio has

"*But this it is, our Foote*
Vpon the hilles adioyning to the Citty
Shall stay with vs. Order for Sea is giuen,
They haue put forth the Hauen:

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Where their appointment we may best discouer,
And looke on their endeuour."

and Mr. Knight sees no necessity for any addition to the old text: according to him, "The sentence—

'order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven'—

is parenthetical. Omit it, and Antony says, that the foot-soldiers shall stay with him, upon the hills adjoining to the city,

'Where their appointment we may best discover'."

But, though Mr. Collier and Mr. Singer (in his second edition) are satisfied with Mr. Knight's view of the passage, I nevertheless think it utterly ridiculous. I cannot for a moment doubt that after the word "*haven*" something has been accidentally omitted either by the transcriber or the printer.—Rowe inserted "Further on;" Capell, "Hie we on;" Malone, "Let's seek a spot;" and Tyrwhitt (in his copy of the second folio in the British Museum), "Let us go."—1865. Mr. Grant White's addition is "Ascend we then."

P. 574. (175) "*augurers*"

The folio has "Auguries."

P. 574. (176) "*All is lost*," &c.

"Certainly wrong; besides that the pause between the two speeches is too great to allow of the sense being continued in the same line. Read [with Theobald]

'All's lost; this foul Egyptian hath betray'd me'."

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 309.

P. 574. (177) "*spaniel'd*"

Hanmer's correction.—The folio has "pannelled."

P. 574. (178)

"*For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,*
. . . . . .
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,—"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 233) observes that here something is "wrong surely; perhaps it is the latter '*charm*' that is corrupt. '*Grave*,' too, looks suspicious." Again (in the same work, vol. iii. p. 309), having cited the second of the above lines, he says, "For '*Soule*' (fol. p. 361, col. 2) read '*Snake*'" (compare "*serpent* of old Nile," p. 511).—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*O this false* spell *of Egypt, this* great *charm*."—Examples of "*grave*" in the sense of *deadly* or *destructive* are adduced from Chapman's *Homer* by Steevens *ad l.*

P. 575. (179) "*plebeians;*"

To be pronounced "*plébians.*" See note 53 on *Coriolanus*, vol. vi. p. 247.

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P. 575. (180) "*For poor'st diminutives, for doits;*"

Warburton's correction.—The folio has "*For poor'st Diminitiues, for* Dolts;" which Mr. Knight retains (and his explanation of the passage is very curious—"the 'poor'st diminutives' are the lowest of the populace, as the 'dolts' are the most stupid. We must therefore understand *for* to mean for the gratification of"!).

P. 575. (181) "*young*"

This word has been rejected by several editors; and assuredly, while it injures the metre, it adds nothing to the sense.

P. 576. (182) "*Cæsar,*"

The folio has "Cæsars."

P. 577. (183) "*Unarm me, Eros;*"

So Rowe.—"In the folios," says Mr. Collier, "this is printed '*Unarme* Eros,' and the old corrector of that of 1632 puts it 'Unarm *me*, Eros,' which we cannot believe to be right, because the measure is thus unnecessarily disturbed. Steevens, almost wantonly, read 'Eros, unarm'." A note which shows that Mr. Collier has rather odd ideas on the subject of metre.

P. 578. (184) "*less noble-minded*"

The folio has "*lesse Noble* minde;" which Malone and Steevens defend at great length.—"Read '*less noble-minded*'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 310; where his editor observes, "So Rowe and all the earlier editors. Malone and Steevens have done their best to darken noon. Compare for the meaning of '*minded*,' *Taming of the Shrew*, ii. 1;

'I am as peremptory as she proud-minded'."

P. 579. (185) "*not dead?*"

Most probably, with Pope, "*not* yet *dead?*"

P. 579. (186) "*ho!*"

The folio has "how?"—See note 11.

P. 581. (187) "*thither.*"

Altered by the editor of the second folio to "hither:" but the original word agrees well enough with what precedes.

P. 581. (188) "*Help, friends below,*" &c.

"Arrange;

'help, friends, below!
Let's draw him hither.

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Ant. Peace: not Cæsar's valour
Hath o'erthrown Antony, but Antony's
Hath triumph'd on itself.
Cleo. So should it be that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony;'

(the last line and a half is thus arranged in some editions;) and, as I conjecture,—

'But woe 'tis so!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt; only,' &c.

The repetition of the word 'dying' was, perhaps, taken from a later passage." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 310.—

Here Theobald (indebted to Pope for the word at the end of the first line) gave

'Ant. *I am dying, Egypt, dying; only* yet
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—Come down.
Cleo. *I dare not,*
(Dear, *dear my lord,* your *pardon,* that *I dare not,*)
Lest I be taken," &c.—

Ritson says; "Theobald's insertion ['Come down'] seems misplaced, and should be made at the end of the next line but one. I would therefore read

'I lay upon thy lips.
Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not *come down.*'"

P. 582. (189) "*where*"

The folio has "when."

P. 582. (190) "*Nor*"

The folio has "Not."—Corrected by Rowe.

P. 582. (191) "*My lord! my lord!*"

The folio has merely "*My lord;*" but, as Walker observes (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 144), "surely the repetition is required."

P. 583. (192) "*e'en*"

Capell's and Johnson's correction.—The folio has "in."

P. 583. (193) "*How do you, women?*
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women, look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out!—Good sirs, take heart:—"

Here to the words "*Good sirs, take heart,*" is usually added a stage-direc-

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tion "[*To the Guard below:*" but by "*sirs*" Cleopatra means Charmian and Iras:—in act v. sc. 2, she says, "*Sirrah* Iras, go." That in former days women were frequently so addressed, is proved by numerous passages of our old writers: *e.g.* in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*, act iv. sc. 3, the Mother says to Viola, Nan, and Madge,

> "*Sirs*, to your tasks, and show this little novice
> How to bestir herself," &c.;

and presently after, Nan and Madge call each other "*Sirrah*." Again, in *A King and no King*, by the same dramatists, act ii. sc. 1, we find

> "*Spa.* I do beseech you, madam, send away
> Your other women, and receive from me
> A few sad words, which, set against your joys,
> May make 'em shine the more.
> *Pan. Sirs*, leave me all. [*Exeunt Waiting-women.*"

P. 584. (194)

> "*Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks*
> *The pauses that he makes.*"

Here Hanmer printed "*Being so frustrate, tell him he* but *mocks*," &c.; Steevens conjectured that either "*frustrate*" should be changed to "frustrated," or that we might read "*Being so frustrate, tell him* that *he mocks*," &c. (Capell gave "frustrated," and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector inserts "that"); while Malone's alteration is,

> "*Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks* us by
> *The pauses that he makes.*"—

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 9) says, "Can a good sense be made out of the original reading? the play of words seems a very strong argument in its favour; indeed, it seems impossible that this should be accidental:" and he cites the following examples of "*frustrate*" used as a trisyllable;

> "The law that should take away your old wife from you,
> The which I do perceive was your desire,
> Is void and *frustrate;* so for the rest:
> There has been since another parliament
> Has cut it off."
> Massinger, Middleton, and W. Rowley's *Old Law*,—
> Massinger's *Works*, iv. 578, ed. Gifford, 1813.

> "Confirm his banishment with our hands and seals.
> *Lan.* What we confirm the king will *frustrate.*
> *Y. Mor.* Then may we lawfully revolt from him."
> Marlowe's *Edward II.*,—*Works*, p. 187, ed. Dyce, 1858.

P. 584. (195) "*A greater crack: the round world*
Should have shook lions into civil streets," &c.

Something would certainly seem to have dropped out here.—Hanmer printed "*A greater crack* in nature: *the round world*," &c.—Theobald altered the arrangement of the lines, and "*in*" to "Into," thus;

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"A greater crack: the round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets, and citizens
Into their dens," &c.

P. 585. (196) "*it is a tidings*"

So the second folio.—The first folio omits "*a*."—In the preceding act "*tidings*" has occurred as a noun singular; "*this tidings*," p. 579.

P. 585. (197) "Agr."

The folio has "*Dol.*;" and it prefixes "*Dola.*" to the next speech but one.

P. 585. (198) "*Wag'd*"

Altered by Rowe (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector) to "Weigh'd."—The second folio has "Way."

P. 585. (199) "*look'd*"

The folio has "looke."

P. 585. (200) "*Whence are you?*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 311) proposes to add "What?"—Capell adds "sir?"

P. 586. (201) "*learn*"

The folio has "leaue;" which Southern (in his copy of the fourth folio) and Pope altered to "live."—I adopt the correction made by Tyrwhitt in his copy of the second folio in the British Museum.

P. 586. (202) "Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS."

When the play was originally acted, they no doubt entered here (as in scene xv. of the preceding act) on what was called the upper-stage: but how the business of the present scene was managed after the seizure of Cleopatra, I cannot pretend to determine.

P. 586. (203) "*and never palates more the dug,*
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's."

So Warburton (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folio has

"*and neuer pallates more the* dung,
The beggers," &c.;

which is the usual modern text, "dung" being explained "gross and terrene sustenance;" while we are told that "*The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's*" means "Death."—To me the word "*nurse*" is almost alone sufficient evidence that "dung" is a transcriber's or printer's mistake for "*dug*;" which was the more liable to be corrupted, as it was formerly often spelt "*dugge*"

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(so the folio has, in *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 3, "on the nipple of my *Dugge*").—The sense I conceive to be, "and never more palates that dug which affords nourishment as well to the beggar as to Cæsar."—Johnson observes; "The difficulty of the passage, if any difficulty there be, arises only from this, that the act of suicide, and the state which is the effect of suicide, are confounded."

P. 587. (204) "Gal."

The folio has "*Pro.;*" which the editor of the second folio altered to "*Char.*"

P. 587. (205) "[Here Proculeius," &c.

This stage-direction (founded on North's *Plutarch*) is by Malone.

P. 588. (206) "*necessary*,"

Hanmer alters "*necessary*" to "accessary;" and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (between whom and Hanmer there is frequently an unaccountable agreement).

P. 588. (207) "*Lay me stark-nak'd, and let the water-flies*"

Here "*nak'd*" is generally altered to "naked," though the author evidently used the word as a monosyllable: and so it was often used by his contemporaries; *e.g.*

"Good Menelaus slew
Accomplisht Thoas, in whose breast (being *nak'd*) his lance he threw,
Aboue his shield, and freed his soule."

Chapman's *Homer,—Iliad*, B. xvi. p. 224, ed. fol.

"Stript *nak't* her bosome, shew'd her breasts," &c. *Id.* B. xxii. p. 300.

P. 588. (208) "*And he hath sent me for thee: for the queen*,"

I proposed this correction in a note on my former edition, and before the appearance of Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c., in which (vol. i. p. 8 and vol. iii. p. 311) the same correction is suggested.—The folio omits "*me*."—The editor of the second folio printed "*And he hath sent for thee:* as *for the Queene*."

P. 589. (209) "*an autumn 'twas*"

Theobald's correction.—The folio has "*An* Anthony *it was*."

P. 589. (210) "*or*"

The folio has "nor."

P. 590. (211) "*smites*"

So Tyrwhitt in his copy of the second folio in the British Museum, Capell, and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, Barron Field, and Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 311).—The folio has "suites."

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P. 591. (212) "*admitted.*"

Altered by Theobald to "omitted."

P. 591. (213) "*seal my lips*"

The folio has "seele *my lippes;*" and several editors have retained "seel," understanding it to mean—close up my lips as effectually as the eyes of a hawk are closed,—to *seel* hawks being a technical term:—so in p. 560 of this play we have "the wise gods *seel our eyes,*" &c. But here the spelling of the folio goes for little: in *King Lear*, act iv. sc. 6, the folio has "the power to *seale* th' accusers *lips;*" and in *The Sec. Part of Henry VI.* act i. sc. 2, "*Seale* vp yours *Lips,*" &c.

P. 591. (214) "*meek,*"

"I suppose, means here *tame*, subdued by adversity." MALONE.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 300) would read "weak;" which Pope gave.

P. 592. (215) "*The gods!*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "Ye *gods!*" which Mr. Singer adopts in his *Shakespeare*, 1856.—But compare "O me, *the gods,*" *Coriolanus*, act ii. sc. 3; "O *the gods!*" *Troilus and Cressida*, act iv. sc. 2, *Coriolanus*, act iv. sc. 1, *Cymbeline*, act i. sc. 1; "O *the* blest *gods!*" *King Lear*, act ii. sc. 4; and "O *the* good *gods!*" in the present play, p. 593.

P. 592. (216) "*the cinders of my spirits*
Through th' ashes of my chance:"

Walker cites this passage with the reading "*my* spirit" (rightly perhaps); and bids us read "change" for "*chance.*" *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 312.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also reads "*my* spirit," but alters "*my chance*" to "mischance," as Hanmer does.

P. 592. (217) "*Are therefore to be pitied.*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "And *therefore to be pitied;*" very unnecessarily. In the last clause of a sentence Shakespeare (like other old writers) sometimes omits "and."

P. 592. (218) "*prisons:*"

Qy. "prison"?—Johnson says, "I once wished to read 'poison';" which Hanmer had printed.

P. 593. (219) "*my nails*"

The folio has "mine *Nailes.*"—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 593. (220) "*Their most absurd intents.*"

Altered by Theobald to "*Their most* assur'd *intents;*" so too Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—"I have preserved the old reading. The design certainly appeared *absurd* enough to Cleopatra, both as she thought it unreasonable in itself, and as she knew it would fail." JOHNSON.

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P. 594. (221) "*sirrah Iras,*"

See note 193. (Nearly all the modern editors wrongly put a comma between these words.)

P. 595. (222) "[Kisses them. Iras falls and dies."

A modern stage-direction.—"Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, or I know not why she should fall so soon." STEEVENS.

P. 596. (223) "*In this vile world?*"

The folio has "*In this* wilde *World?*"—The correction was made by Capell, who saw (what is plain enough) that "vilde" had been by mistake transformed into "wilde." (The folio, with its usual inconsistency of spelling, has in some places "vild" and "vilde,"—in others "*vile.*")

1865. Here, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, Mr. Collier observes; "The epithet is 'wild' in all the early editions, and there is not the slightest pretext for altering it to the commonplace phrase, 'In this *vile* world,' as has been done under the supposition that *vile* having been of old often misprinted *vilde* (a form to which the Rev. Mr. Dyce strangely adheres), it was in this place mistaken for 'wild.' Charmian might well call the world 'wild,' desert, and savage, after the deaths of Antony, Cleopatra, and others whom she loved. . . . . If any change were made, we should prefer here *wide* to *vile;* but in truth it is an offence against all just rules of criticism to attempt an emendation where none is required. Rowe properly retained 'wild world.'"

On the above note I have to remark;

First, That I no longer "adhere" to the old spelling *vild:* see both my former and my present edition of *Shakespeare* passim.

Secondly, That the passages in early books where *vild* (*i. e. vile*) is misprinted *wild* are so very numerous, that there can be no doubt of the same error having been committed in the passage now under consideration. We meet with the following examples in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher;

"I will not lose a word
To this *wild* [read *vild*=*vile*] woman," &c.
The Maid's Tragedy, act iii. sc. 1.

"that now dares say
I am a stranger, not the same, more *wild* [read *vild*=*vile*]," &c.
The Faithful Shepherdess, act iv. sc. 4.

"To do these *wild* [so the first 4to, the later 4tos *vild*, folio 1679 *vile*] unmanly things."
The Scornful Lady, act iii. sc. 1.

"Or am I of so *wild* [read *vild*=*vile*] and low a blood," &c.
The Little French Lawyer, act iii. sc. 5.

Thirdly, That "*vile world,*" which Mr. Collier terms a "commonplace phrase," occurs in a passage of *The Sec. Part of King Henry VI.* act v. sc. 2,—a passage which (as it is not found in *The First Part of the Contention*, &c.) we may confidently ascribe to Shakespeare;

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"O, let the VILE WORLD end,
And the premisèd flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!"

Fourthly, That "*wide*"—which, "if any change were made, Mr. Collier would prefer to *vile*"—has no propriety here, not being (what is obviously required) a vituperative epithet.

P. 596. (224) "*Your crown's awry;*
I'll mend it, and then play."

The folio has "*your Crownes* away," &c.—After "*play*" the folio has a break.—"*and then play*] i. e. play her part in this tragic scene by destroying herself: or she may mean, that, having performed her last office for her mistress, she will accept the permission given her, in p. 594, to '*play* till doomsday.'" STEEVENS.

1865. On the words "*Your crown's awry,*" Steevens observes; "So in Daniel's Tragedy of Cleopatra, 1594;

'And, senseless, in her sinking down, she *wryes*
The diadem which on her head she wore;
Which Charmion (poor weak feeble maid) espyes,
And hastes to right it as it was before;
For Eras now was dead.'"

And Malone remarks; "The correction ['*awry*'] was made by Mr. Pope. The author has here as usual followed the old translation of Plutarch [North's]; 'They found Cleopatra starke dead layed upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feete; and her other woman called Charmian half dead, and trembling, *trimming the diadem* which Cleopatra wore upon her head.'"—The addition I have now made to my original note on this passage has been called forth by the thrice-foolish attempt to defend the blunder of the folio, "away," in *Notes on Shakespeare, No. II. By James Nichols, M.R.C.P., Engl.* p. 3.

P. 597. (225) "*purposes,*"

Qy. "purpose"?

P. 597. (226) "*external*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 312) queries "extern," citing from *Othello*, act i. sc. 1, "compliment *extern.*"

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CYMBELINE.

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CYMBELINE.

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623.—Malone is probably not far from the truth when he conjectures that *Cymbeline* was written in 1609; and he certainly is right when he observes, "the versification of this play bears, I think, a much greater resemblance to that of *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* than to any of our author's earlier plays." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 453.—Some incidents in this drama have been traced to two old French metrical romances and an early French miracle-play; but that Shakespeare was acquainted with the said romances and play seems very unlikely. "The general scheme of *Cymbeline*," says Malone, "is, in my opinion, formed on Boccace's novel (Day 2. Nov. 9:"—"*Bernabò da Genova, da Ambrogiuolo ingannato, perde il suo, e comanda che la moglie innocente sia uccisa. Ella scampa, e in abito d' uomo serve il Soldano: ritrova lo ingannatore; e Bernabò conduce in Alessandria, dove lo ingannatore punito, ripreso abito femminile, col marito ricchi si tornano a Genova:*" and in Shakespeare's time there may have been other translations of that novel (though they have not come down to us) besides the very rude version, or rather imitation of it, printed in 1518. A much later imitation of Boccaccio's novel (with the scene laid in England during the reigns of Henry the Sixth and Edward the Fourth) is the second Tale in a tract entitled *Westward for Smelts, or the Waterman's Fare of Mad Merry Western Wenches*, &c.: which both Steevens and Malone state was first published in 1603; but no edition earlier than that of 1620 is at present known; and in 1620 Shakespeare had been four years dead. On the passage, act ii. sc. 2,

"On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted," &c.,

Malone remarks; "Our author certainly took this circumstance from some translation of Boccaccio's novel; for it does not occur in the imitation printed in *Westward for Smelts*." (It occurs in one of the French romances before mentioned.) Mr. Collier observes (*Introd.* to this play); "The materials in Holinshed for the historical portion of 'Cymbeline' are so imperfect and scanty, that a belief may be entertained that Shakespeare resorted to some other more fertile source, which the most diligent inquiries have yet failed to discover. The names of Cymbeline and of his sons, Guiderius and Arviragus, occur in the old Chronicle, and there we hear of the tribute demanded by the Roman emperor, but nothing is said of the stealing of the two young princes, nor of their residence with Belarius among the mountains, and final restoration to their father." That the vision in act v. sc. 4 (whencesoever it was derived, or by whomsoever it was introduced) is not from Shakespeare's pen, may be considered as certain. (A particular account of the above-mentioned French romances and play, an English abridgment of Boccaccio's novel by Skottowe, and the tale from *Westward for Smelts*, &c., may be seen in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. ii.)

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, king of Britain.
CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.
POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.
BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.
GUIDERIUS, } sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons of Belarius.
ARVIRAGUS, }
PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, } Italians.
IACHIMO, friend to Philario, }
A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.
CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.
A Roman Captain.
Two British Captains.
PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.
CORNELIUS, a physician.
Two Lords of Cymbeline's court.
Two Gentlemen of the same.
Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.
IMOGEN,* daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.
HELEN, woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

Apparitions.

SCENE—*sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.*

* "*Imogen* seems a misreading for *Innogen*, the fabulous British heroine." Walker's *Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. ii. p. 31. Shakespeare originally intended to introduce an *Innogen* in *Much Ado about Nothing*: see note 1 on that play, vol. ii. p. 147.

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CYMBELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Britain. The garden of* CYMBELINE'S *palace.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.(1)
Sec. Gent. But what's the matter?
First Gent. His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son—a widow
That late he married—hath referr'd(2) herself
Unto(3) a poor but worthy gentleman: she's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.
Sec. Gent. None but the king?
First Gent. He that hath lost her too: so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match: but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.(4)
Sec. Gent. And why so?

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First Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her—
I mean, that married her, alack, good man!
And therefore banish'd—is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare:—I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

Sec. Gent. You speak him far.

First Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

Sec. Gent. What's his name and birth?

First Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join(5) his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success,—
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father,
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus;(6)
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber;
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd;
And in 's spring became a harvest; liv'd in court—
Which rare it is to do—most prais'd, most lov'd;
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature
A glass that feated them; and to the graver
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read

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What kind of man he is.

Sec. Gent. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

First Gent. His only child.
He had two sons,—if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,—the eld'st of them at three years old,
I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n; and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

Sec. Gent. How long is this ago?

First Gent. Some twenty years.

Sec. Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded! and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

First Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

Sec. Gent. I do well believe you.

First Gent. We must forbear: here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you're my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint.—For you, Posthúmus,
So soon as I can win th' offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril.—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

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Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—
Always reserv'd my holy duty—what
His rage can do on me: you must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure:—[*Aside*] Yet I'll move him
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How, how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements(7) from a next

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With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here
[*Putting on the ring.*
While sense can keep it on![8] And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so in our trifles
I still win of you: for my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner. [*Putting a bracelet upon her arm.*

Imo. O the gods!
When shall we see again?[9]

Post. Alack, the king!

Enter CYMBELINE *and* Lords.

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I'm gone. [*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heapest
A year's age on me![10]

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:
I'm senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

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Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthúmus:
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.
Cym. What, art thou mad!
Imo. Almost, sir: heaven restore me!—Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!
Cym. Thou foolish thing!—

Re-enter Queen.

They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Queen. Beseech your patience.—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace!—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.
Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being agèd,
Die of this folly! [*Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords.*
Queen. Fie! you must give way.

Enter Pisanio.

Here is your servant.—How now, sir! What news?
Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.
Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?
Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
Queen. I'm very glad on't.
Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back.—Why came you from your master?
Pis. On his command: he would not suffer me

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To bring him to the haven; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk awhile.

Imo. About some half-hour hence,
I[11] pray you, speak with me: you shall at least
Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A public place.*

Enter CLOTEN *and two* Lords.

First Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it.—Have I hurt him?

Sec. Lord. [*aside*] No, faith; not so much as his patience.

First Lord. Hurt him! his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a throughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

Sec. Lord. [*aside*] His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

Sec. Lord. [*aside*] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

First Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

Sec. Lord. [*aside*] As many inches as you have oceans.—Puppies![12]

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

Sec. Lord. [*aside*] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

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Sec. Lord. [*aside*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

First Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

Sec. Lord. [*aside*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

Sec. Lord. [*aside*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You'll go with us?

Sec. Lord.(13) I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

Sec. Lord. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in* CYMBELINE'S *palace.*

Enter IMOGEN *and* PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was, "His queen, his queen!"

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?(14)

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this(15) eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

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Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.—
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Rome. An apartment in* PHILARIO'S *house.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, *a* Frenchman, *a* Dutchman, *and a* Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy as since

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he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter—wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own—words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment,—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality.(16) But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.—Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon

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my mended judgment,—if I offend not[17] to say it is mended, —my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptable, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe[18] she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift:[19] the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may

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be stolen too: so, your brace[20] of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain[21] what you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more,—a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke!

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

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Iach. You are afraid,[22] and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—let there be covenants drawn between 's: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one.—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;—provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions;[22*] let us have articles betwixt us.—Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced,—you not making it appear otherwise,—for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand,—a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve:[23] I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE V. *Britain. A room in* CYMBELINE'S *palace.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, *and* CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew 's on ground, gather those flowers;
Make haste: who has the note of them?
First Lady. I, madam.
Queen. Dispatch.— [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?
Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are madam: [*Presenting a small box.*
But I beseech your grace, without offence,—
My conscience bids me ask,—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?
Queen. I wonder, doctor,(24)
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—
Unless thou think'st me devilish,—is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging,—but none human,—
To try the vigour of them,(25) and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.
Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.
Queen. O, content thee.—
[*Aside*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work: he's for his master,(26)
And enemy to my son.—

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Enter PISANIO.

How now, Pisanio!—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. [*aside*] I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. [*to Pisanio*] Hark thee, a word.

Cor. [*aside*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking-up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then
As great as is thy master; greater,—for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day that comes comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans,—
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
[*The Queen drops the box: Pisanio takes it up.*
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up

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Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial:—nay, I prithee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou chancest on;[27] but think
Thou hast thy mistress still,—to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit Pisanio.*

A sly and constant knave;
Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand-fast to her lord.—I've given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet; and which she after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

Re-enter PISANIO *and* Ladies.

So, so;—well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Pis. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,

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That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire[28] that's glorious: bless'd be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO *and* IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*
Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You're kindly welcome.
Iach. [*aside*] All of her that is out of door most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone th' Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.
Imo. [*reads*] "He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truest LEONATUS."[29]
So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.
Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop[30]
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach?[31] and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

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Imo. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be i' th' eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: nor i' th' appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.
Imo. What is the matter, trow?
Iach. The cloyèd will,—
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running,—ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.
Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?
Iach. Thanks, madam; well.—[*To Pisanio*] Beseech you, sir, desire
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.
Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit.*
Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?
Iach. Well, madam.
Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.
Imo. When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton—
Your lord, I mean—laughs from 's free lungs, cries "O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose

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But must be—will his free hours[32] languish for
Assurèd bondage?"

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter:
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you,—which I count[33] his beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me: what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do—
I was about to say—enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you—
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born—discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which

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Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing[34] it only here;—should I—damn'd then—
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood, as
With labour; then lie peeping[35] in an eye
Base and unlustrous[36] as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow;—it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul, your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick! A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery
Would make the great'st king double, to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,—
As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,—if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,[37]
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;

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And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Imo. What, ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st,—as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault:[38] if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us,—he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter who
He not respects at all.—What, ho, Pisanio!—

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit.—Blessèd live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.[39]

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended[40] god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,

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Which you know cannot err: the love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir: take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
T' entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord, myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.(41)

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord—
The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to-morrow!

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.

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Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,[42]
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Britain. Court before* CYMBELINE'S *palace.*

Enter CLOTEN *and two* Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

First Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

Sec. Lord. [*aside*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by[43] to curtail his oaths, ha?

Sec. Lord. No, my lord; [*aside*] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give[44] him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

Sec. Lord. [*aside*] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

Sec. Lord. [*aside*] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou?

Sec. Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

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Sec. Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

First Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?(45)

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on't!

Sec. Lord. [*aside*] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

First Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

First Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

Sec. Lord.(46) You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

Sec. Lord. [*aside*] You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost today at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

Sec. Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand,
T' enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land! [*Exit.*

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SCENE II. *The same.* IMOGEN'S *bedchamber in* CYMBELINE'S *palace: a trunk in one corner of it.*

IMOGEN *in bed, reading; a* Lady *attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?
Lady. Please you, madam.
Imo. What hour is it?
Lady. Almost midnight, madam.
Imo. I have read three hours, then: mine eyes are weak:
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly. [*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!
[*Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk.*
Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see th' enclosèd lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design 's(47)
To note the chamber: I will write all down:—
Such and such pictures;—there the window;—such
Th' adornment of her bed;—the arras, figures,
Why, such and such;—and the contents o' the story,—
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner movables
Would testify, t' enrich mine inventory:—
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,

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Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord.—On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I've pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,(48)
Screw'd to my memory?—She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus: here the leaf's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up.—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.—
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye!(49) I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.(50) [*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three,—Time, time!
[*Goes into the trunk. Scene closes.*

SCENE III. *The same. An ante-chamber adjoining* IMOGEN'S *apartments in the same.*

Enter CLOTEN *and* Lords.

First Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

First Lord. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship: You are most hot and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

First Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.—

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Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With every thing that pretty is,(51)
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

Clo. So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice(52) in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.(53) [*Exeunt Musicians.*

Sec. Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early; he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.

Enter CYMBELINE *and* Queen.

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with music,(54) but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits, and be friended

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With aptness of the season; make denials
Increase your services;(55) so seem as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless! not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
T' employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.
[*Exeunt all except Cloten.*

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still and dream.—By your leave, ho!— [*Knocks.*
I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.—
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

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Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?
Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?
Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.
Clo. There is gold for you;
Sell me your good report.
Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess!

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.
[*Exit Lady.*
Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.
Clo. Still, I swear I love you.
Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.
Clo. This is no answer.
Imo. But that you shall not say, I yield being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.
Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.
Imo. Fools are not mad folks.
Clo. Do you call me fool?
Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,—

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T' accuse myself,—I hate you; which I had rather
You felt than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,—
One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,—it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties—
Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls—
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary—in self-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil[56]
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above[57] thee,
Were they all made such men.

Enter PISANIO.

How now, Pisanio![58]

Clo. "His garment"![59] Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently—

Clo. "His garment"!

Imo. I am sprited with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's; shrew me,

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If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw't this morning: confident I am
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:[60]
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go and search. [*Exit Pisanio.*

Clo. You have abus'd me:—
"His meanest garment"![61]

Imo. Ay, I said so, sir:
If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*

Clo. I'll be reveng'd:—
"His meanest garment"!—Well. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Rome. An apartment in* PHILARIO'S *house.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and* PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state,[62] and wish
That warmer days would come: in these sear'd hopes,[63]
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness and your company
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do's commission throughly: and I think
He'll grant the tribute, send th' arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance

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Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe—
Statist though I am none, nor like to be—
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia[64] sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men[65] more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline
Now mingled with their courage[66] will make known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Enter IACHIMO.

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I've look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi.[67] Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I had lost it,[68]
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy

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A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.
Post. The stone's too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.
Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Post. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves(69) both
To who shall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.
Post. Proceed.
Iach. First, her bedchamber,—
Where, I confess, I slept not; but profess
Had that was well worth watching,—it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was—(70)

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Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me
Or by some other.
Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.
Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.
Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.
Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.
Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is(71) fretted: her andirons—
I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.
Post. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted you have seen all this,—and praise
Be given to your remembrance,—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.
Iach. Then, if you can,
[*Pulling out the bracelet.*
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!—
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.
Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir,—I thank her,—that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me, and said
She priz'd it once.
Post. May be she pluck'd it off

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To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too;

[*Gives the ring.*

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't.—Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they're made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.—
O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows if one o' her women,(72) being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her?

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't.—Back my ring:
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stol'n.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true,—nay, keep the ring,—'tis true: I'm sure
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honourable:—they induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of.

Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast—
Worthy the(73) pressing—lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger

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To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn—

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do 't; i' the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something— [*Exit.*

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards:(74)
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O, vengeance, vengeance!—
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her

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As chaste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
Or less,—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,(75)
Cried "O!" and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard.—Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be 't lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing,(76) slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd,(77) nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them:—yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Britain. A room of state in* CYMBELINE'S *palace.*

Enter, from one side, CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, *and* Lords; *from the other,* CAIUS LUCIUS *and* Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?
Luc. When Julius Cæsar—whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever—was in this Britain
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,—for him

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And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from 's, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbèd and palèd in
With rocks(78) unscalable and roaring waters;
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of "Came, and saw, and overcame:" with shame—
The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping—
Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point—
O giglet Fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's-town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

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Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from 's, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,—
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world,—against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.
Clo. We do.
Cym. Say, then, to Cæsar,(79)
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws,—whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry;—Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.
Luc. I'm sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then:—war and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted.—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.
Cym. Thou 'rt welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms,—a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.
Luc. Let proof speak.
Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat

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us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter PISANIO, *with a letter.*

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster 's her accuser?(80)—Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongu'd as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal! No:
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue.—O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to? [*Reading*] "Do't: the letter(81)
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity:"—O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a fedary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without?—Lo, here she comes.—
I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. How now, Pisanio!

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord,—Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer

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That knew the stars as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not
That we two are asunder,—let that grieve him,—
Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love;—of his content
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—bless'd be
You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike:
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods! [*Reads.*

"Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.(82) Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS."

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,—
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
O, let me bate,—but not like me;—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind;—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond,—say, and speak thick,—
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense,—how far it is
To this same blessèd Milford: and, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
T' inherit such a haven: but, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, t' excuse:—but first, how get hence:
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride(83)
'Twixt hour and hour?

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Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.
Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I've heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf:—but this is foolery:—
Go bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father: and provide me presently
A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.
Pis. Madam, you're best consider.
Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Wales: a mountainous country with a cave.*

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS; *then* GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop,(84) boys: this gate
Instructs you how t' adore the heavens, and bows you
To morning's holy office:(85) the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.
Gui. Hail, heaven!
Arv. Hail, heaven!
Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I've told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:

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This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bribe,(86)
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em(87) fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not
What air 's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
A prison for a debtor,(88) that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil o' the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour; which dies i' the search;
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times

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Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure:—O boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing,—as I've told you oft,—
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock and these demesnes have been my world:
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains!
This is not hunters' language:—he that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.*

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.(89)
They think they're mine; and, though train'd up thus meanly
I' the cave wherein they bow,(90) their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say, "Thus mine enemy fell,

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And thus I set my foot on's neck;" even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,—
Once Arviragus,—in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving.—Hark, the game is rous'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:(91)
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father.—The game is up. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Near Milford-Haven.*

Enter PISANIO *and* IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand:—ne'er long'd my mother so(92)
To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthúmus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From th' inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If 't be summer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted(93) him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man: thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

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Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [*reads*] "Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal."

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed, is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false! Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting,(94) hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I'm richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born where't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True-honest men being heard, like false Æneas,

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Were, in his time, thought false; and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthúmus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: do his bidding; strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: 'gainst self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart:—
Something's afore't:(95)—soft, soft! we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthúmus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows,(96) shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Prithee, dispatch:

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The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.(97)

Imo. Wherefore, then,
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court
For my being absent, whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
Th' elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I've heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be(98)
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursèd injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,

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And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing, Cloten,—(99)
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?(99*)
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't;
In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I'm most glad
You think of other place. Th' ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is,(100) and but disguise
That which, t' appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view;(101) yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus,—so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness—
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self—into(102) a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must

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Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit—
'Tis in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy,—which you'll[103] make him know,
If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou'rt all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us: this attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen:
What's in't is precious; if you're sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood:—may the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE V. *The same. A room in* CYMBELINE'S *palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, *and* Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so, farewell.
Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.
Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.
Luc. So, sir, I desire of you(104)
A conduct overland to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace and yours!(105)
Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit.—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.
Luc. Your hand, my lord.
Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!
[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*
Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us
That we have given him cause.
Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.
Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus

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Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: she looks us like[106]
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We've noted it.—Call her before us; for
We've been too slight in sufferance. [*Exit an Attendant.*

Queen. Royal sir,
Since th' exile of Posthúmus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,[107]
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st noise we make.[108]

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say,[109] follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.
[*Exit Cloten.*

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthúmus!—
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,

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Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthúmus: gone she is
To death or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son!
Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.
Queen. [*aside*] All the better: may
This night forestall him of the coming day! [*Exit.*
Clo. I love and hate her: for she's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all,—I love her therefore: but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthúmus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare is chok'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools
Shall—

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou 'rt straightway with the fiends.
Pis. O, good my lord!—
Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter—
I will not ask again. Close villain, I
Will have(110) this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthúmus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.
Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?

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He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home
What is become of her.

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!—

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word,—no more of "worthy lord;"
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*

Clo. Let's see't.—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [*aside*] Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Hum!

Pis. [*aside*] I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return agen!

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry,—that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me?—for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine,—wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

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Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would these garments were come. She said upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined, —which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,—to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, *with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous and true, preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true.—To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st.—Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her!—This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

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SCENE VI. *The same. Wales: before the cave of* BELARIUS.

Enter IMOGEN, *in boy's clothes.*

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I've tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou 'rt one o' the false ones: now I think on thee
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to't: 'tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy(111)
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*Goes into the cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth

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Finds the down-pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I'm throughly weary.

Arv. I'm weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in.
[*Looking into the cave.*
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
T' have begg'd or bought what I have took: good troth,
I have stol'n naught; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor.(112) Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted(113)
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
And 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I'm fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!

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'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom:—in honesty,
I bid for you as I do buy.(114)

Arv. I'll make't my comfort
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him
After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers.—[*Aside*] Would it had been so,(115) that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthúmus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free 't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.
[*Whispering.*

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them,—laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,—
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.(116)

Bel. It shall be so.
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we've supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to th' owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE VII. *Rome. A public place.*

Enter two Senators *and* Tribunes.

First Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ,—
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission.(117) Long live Cæsar!

First Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

Sec. Sen. Ay.

First Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

First Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.

First Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Britain. Wales: the forest near the cave of* BELARIUS.

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather—saving reverence of the word—for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself,—

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for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,—the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperceiverant thing(118) loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before her face:(119) and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may happily be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Before the cave of* BELARIUS.

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Bel. [*to Imogen*] You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.
Arv. [*to Imogen*] Brother, stay here:
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I'm very sick.
Gui. Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.
Imo. So sick I am not,—yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I'm ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me; society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I'm not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:

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I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how! how!

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
"My father, not this youth."

Bel. [*aside*] O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.(120)

Imo. [*aside*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I've heard!
Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Swallows some.*(121)

Gui. I could not stir him:
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field!—
We'll leave you for this time: go in and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

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Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you.
Bel. And shalt be ever.
[*Exit Imogen into the cave.*
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.
Arv. How angel-like he sings!
Gui. But his neat cookery![122] he cut our roots in characters;
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.
Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh,—as if the sigh
Was that it was for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.
Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,[123]
Mingle their spurs together.
Arv. Grow, patience![124]
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!
Bel. It is great morning. Come, away!—Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.
Bel. "Those runagates"!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he.—We're held as outlaws: hence!
Gui. He is but one: you and my brother search
What companies are near:[125] pray you, away;
Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*
Clo. Soft!—What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?[126]
I've heard of such.—What slave art thou?
Gui. A thing

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More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I'm loth to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear,—the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's-town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

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Re-enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell:—long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I'm absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear.(127)—But, see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS *with* CLOTEN'S *head.*

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse,—
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I'm perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads where—thank(128) the gods!—they grow,
And set them on Lud's-town.

Bel. We're all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour(129)

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Was nothing but mutation,—ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing—
As it is like him—might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail,
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear 'twill be reveng'd:
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

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Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself(130) thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder(131)
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music.*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!(132)
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Bel. Look, here he comes,(133)
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for!

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Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, *bearing* IMOGEN, *as dead, in his arms.*

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
T' have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.
Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not th' one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.
Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest[134] harbour in?—Thou blessèd thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?
Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.
Gui. Where?
Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought he slept; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.
Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.[135]
Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath:[136] the ruddock would,
With charitable bill,—O bill, sore-shaming[137]
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie

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Without a monument!—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground[138] thy corse.

Gui. Prithee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave!

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother;[139] use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile[140] must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it, then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And, though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that:[141] though mean and mighty rotting
Together have one dust, yet reverence—
That angel of the world—doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[*Exit Belarius.*

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to th' east;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on, then, and remove him.

Arv. So.—Begin.

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SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv. Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must,
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS *with the body of* CLOTEN.

Gui. We've done our obsequies: come, lay him down.
Bel. Here's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight, more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces.—
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strow.—
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is(142) their pain.

[*Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

Imo. [*awaking*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?—

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I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?—
I've gone all night:—faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow:—O gods and goddesses!
[*Seeing the body of Cloten.*
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope I dream;
For so(143) I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd,(144) felt.
A headless man!—The garments of Posthúmus!
I know the shape of 's leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his(145) Jovial face—
Murder in heaven?—How!—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forgèd letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me! where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left thy head on.—How should this be?(146) Pisanio?
'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed and Cloten's:(147) O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,

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That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!
[*Throws herself on the body.*

Enter Lucius, *a* Captain *and other* Officers, *and a* Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:
They are in readiness.(148)
Luc. But what from Rome?
Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the cónfiners
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.
Luc. When expect you them?
Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.
Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?
Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision,—
I fast and pray'd for their intelligence,—thus:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends—
Unless my sins abuse my divination—
Success to the Roman host.
Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.
Cap. He's alive, my lord.
Luc. He'll, then, instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this

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Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—alas!
There is no more such masters:(149) I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, and(150) all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ.—[*Aside*] If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee than master thee.—
My friends,(151)
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us

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Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in* CYMBELINE'S *palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, *and* Attendants.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son; [*Exit an Attendant.*
A madness,(152) of which her life's in danger,—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,(153)
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

First Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome.—
[*To Pisanio*] We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
Does yet depend.

First Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,

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Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.

First Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're ready:
The want is, but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw;
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away!

[*Exeunt all except Pisanio.*

Pis. I've had no letter(154) from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all:—the heavens still must work.
Wherein I'm false I'm honest; not true, to be true:
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Wales: before the cave of* BELARIUS.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life,(155) to lock it
From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

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Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands—may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from 's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely
That when they hear the[156] Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to th' army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,[157]
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: what thing is it that I never
Did see man die![158] scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have

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The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.
Gui. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!
Arv. So say I,—Amen.
Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys!
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—[*Aside*] The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn,
Till it fly out, and show them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Britain. The Roman camp.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *with a bloody handkerchief.*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd(159)
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little!—O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this: so had you sav'd
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,

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And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.(160)
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
And make me bless'd t' obey!—I am brought hither
Among th' Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose:—I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion,—less without and more within. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. A field between the British and Roman camps.*

Enter, from one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, IMOGEN, *and the* Roman Army; *from the other side, the* British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS *following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in skirmish,* IACHIMO *and* POSTHUMUS: *he vanquisheth and disarmeth* IACHIMO, *and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I've belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*

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The battle continues; the Britons *fly;* CYMBELINE *is taken: then enter, to his rescue,* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have th' advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.
Gui. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Re-enter POSTHUMUS, *and seconds the* Britons: *they rescue* CYMBELINE, *and all exeunt. Then re-enter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and* IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hoodwink'd.
Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Another part of the field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and a* British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did:
Though you, it seems, came from the fliers.
Lord. I did.
Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.
Lord. Where was this lane?
Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—

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An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for 's country:—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings,—lads more like to run
The country base than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd or shame,—
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
"Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand!"—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,—
For three performers are the file when all
The rest do nothing,—with this word, "Stand, stand,"
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness,—which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance,—gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
But by example,—O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!—gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' th' hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon
A rout, confusion-thick: forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made:(161) and now our cowards—
Like fragments in hard voyages—became
The life o' the need: having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!
Some slain before; some dying; some their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten, chas'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die or e'er resist are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance,—
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear

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Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane."

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;
For if he'll do as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You've put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you're angry.

Post. Still going?(162) [*Exit Lord.*
This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day how many would have given their honours
T' have sav'd their carcasses! took heel to do't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find him:
For being now a favourer to the Briton,(163)
No more a Briton, I've resum'd again
The part I came in: fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take: for me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep nor bear agen,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains *and* Soldiers.

First Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

Sec. Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave th' affront with them.

First Cap. So 'tis reported:
But none of 'em can be found.—Stand! who is there?

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Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.
Sec. Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!—
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here:—he brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE, *attended;* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Soldiers, *and* Roman Captives. *The* Captains *present* POSTHUMUS *to* CYMBELINE, *who delivers him over to a* Gaoler: *after which, all go out.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A prison.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and two* Gaolers.

First Gaol. You shall not now be stol'n, you've locks upon you;
So graze as you find pasture.
Sec. Gaol. Ay, or a(164) stomach.
[*Exeunt Gaolers.*
Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
T' unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
Then free for ever! Is't enough(165) I'm sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,

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A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,(166)
And cancel these cold bonds.—O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [*Sleeps.*

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, *father to* POSTHUMUS, *an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to* POSTHUMUS, *with music before them: then, after other music, follow the two young* LEONATI, *brothers to* POSTHUMUS, *with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle* POSTHUMUS *round, as he lies sleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law:
Whose father then, as men report
Thou orphans' father art,
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthúmus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

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First Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' th' other's villany?

Sec. Bro. For this, from stiller seats we come,(167)
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.

First Bro. Like hardiment Posthúmus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;(168)
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help;
Or we poor ghosts will cry

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To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity.

Both Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The* Ghosts *fall on their knees.*

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress't;
No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine:
And so, away! no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof.—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*The Ghosts vanish.*

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Post. [*waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers: but—O scorn!—
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born:
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise. [*Reads.*

"Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty."

'Tis still a dream;(169) or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter First Gaoler.

First Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

First Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

First Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, de-

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part reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty,—the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light being drawn of heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord![170] it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

First Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

First Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head, then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.[171]

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them.

First Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news,—I am called to be made free.

First Gaol. I'll be hanged, then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.*

First Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all

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he be a Roman: and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same.* CYMBELINE'S *tent.*

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, *and* Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targes of proof,(172) cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd naught
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*
By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add we're honest.

Cym. Bow your knees.
Arise my knights o' the battle: I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

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Enter CORNELIUS *and* Ladies.

There's business in these faces.—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prithee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, lingering,
By inches waste you: in which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show; yes, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft,(173) to work

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Her son into th' adoption of the crown:
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

First Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard[174] her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, *the* Soothsayer, *and other* Roman Prisoners, *guarded;* Posthumus *behind, and* Imogen.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous-diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which I'll make bold your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,

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Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I've surely seen him:
His favour is familiar to me.—
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor[175] wherefore,
To say "Live, boy:" ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no: alack,
There's other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One sand another

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Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele.(176)—What think you?
Gui. The same dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I'm sure
He would have spoke to us.
Gui. But we saw(177) him dead.
Bel. Be silent; let's see further.
Pis. [*aside*] 'Tis my mistress:
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad. [*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*
Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—[*To Iachimo*] Sir, step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.
Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Post. [*aside*] What's that to him?
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me(178) to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.
Cym. How! me?
Iach. I'm glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal.(179) By villany
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;
Whom thou didst banish; and—which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember—Give me leave; I faint.
Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.
Iach. Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—accurs'd

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The mansion where!—'twas at a feast,—O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heav'd to head!—the good Posthúmus—
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones—sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye,—

Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Posthúmus,
Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd,—therein
He was as calm as virtue,—he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of's bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of's car. Away to Britain

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Post I in this design:—well may you, sir,
Remember me at court; where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent:
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,—
O cunning, how I got it![180]—nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—
Methinks, I see him now—

Post. [*coming forward*] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend!—Ay me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all th' abhorrèd things o' th' earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthúmus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthúmus Leonatus; and
Be villany less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*

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Pis. O, gentlemen, help![181]
Mine and your mistress!—O, my lord Posthúmus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now.—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!
Cym. Does the world go round?
Post. How come these staggers on me?
Pis. Wake, my mistress!
Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.
Pis. How fares my mistress?
Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.
Cym. The tune of Imogen!
Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.
Cym. New matter still?
Imo. It poison'd me.
Cor. O gods!—
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: "If Pisanio
Have," said she, "given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat."
Cym. What's this, Cornelius?
Cor. The queen, sir, very oft impórtun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?
Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.[182]
Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

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Gui. This is, sure, Fidele.
Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again.(183) [*Embracing him.*
Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!
Cym. How now, my flesh, my child!
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?
Imo. Your blessing, sir. [*Kneeling.*
Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for't. [*To Guiderius and Arviragus.*
Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.
Imo. I'm sorry for't, my lord.
Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how nor where.
Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feignèd letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts(184)
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him
I further know not.
Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.
Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.
Gui. I've spoke it, and I did it.

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Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most incivil one: the wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I'm sorry for thee:[185]
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.[186]—[*To the Guard*] Let his arms alone;
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove that two on 's are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it, then!—
By leave,—thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;

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I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence:
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I've receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons!

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: here's my knee:
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue!

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere[187] offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
For such and so they are—these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,[188]
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:

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If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd awhile.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son: he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his queen-mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three?(189) Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more.—Bless'd pray(190) you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I've got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye(191) were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continu'd so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers?(192) how first met them?

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Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance: but nor the time nor place
Will serve our long inter'gatories.(193) See,
Posthúmus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy: the counterchange
Is severally in all.—Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
[*To Belarius*] Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The fórlorn soldier, that so(194) nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,(195)
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd.—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again: [*Kneeling.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
And deal with others better.

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Cym. Nobly doom'd!
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.
Arv. You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.
Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.
Luc. Philarmonus,—
Sooth. Here, my good lord.
Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.
Sooth. [*reads*] "Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty."
Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:
[*To Cymbeline*] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
Which we call *mollis aer;* and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier:* [*To Posthumus*] which *mulier* I divine
Is thy most constant wife;(196) who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.
Cym. This hath some seeming.
Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue

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Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace[197] we will begin :—and, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle,[198] at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd; which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
Th' imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crookèd smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's-town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there!—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace. [*Exeunt.*

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P. 635. (1) "*the king.*"

So Tyrwhitt (and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folio has "*the* Kings.' —But does the emendation now adopted set all right in this much-disputed passage?—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 72) suspects that a line is wanting before the present one.

P. 635. (2) "*referr'd*"

"What is '*referr'd*' here?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 313; where his editor asks, "Is not '*referr'd*' an erratum for '*affied*' or '*assur'd*'?"

P. 635. (3) "*Unto.*"

Capell prints "To;" which Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 318) would read.

P. 635. (4)

"*Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not*
Glad at the thing they scowl at."

Pope prints

"*Of the king's looks,* but *hath a heart that is not*
Glad," &c.;

and so Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 314) conjectures.—Theobald gives

"*Of the king's* look [Hanmer "*looks*"], but *hath a heart that is*
Glad," &c.

P. 636. (5) "*join*"

For this word—which is spelt in the folio "*ioyne*"—Mr. Swynfen Jervis proposes "win," and Mr. Grant White substitutes "gain."

P. 636. (6) "*Posthumus Leonatus;*"

Here several editors throw out "*Leonatus,*" for the sake of the metre: but it is necessary for the sense; and various passages in these plays show that Shakespeare (like his contemporary dramatists) occasionally disregarded metre when proper names were to be introduced. See note 2 on *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* vol. v. p. 199.

P. 638. (7) "*And sear up my embracements*"

In this passage "*sear up*" seems to be used simply for *close up.* The same expression, though with a different sense, occurs in Barnes's *Divils Charter,* 1607;

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"The diuill is witnesse with me when I seald it;
And cauteriz'd this conscience now *seard up*
To banish out faith, hope, and charity." Sig. B 2.

(Mr. Singer, in his recent edition, has substituted "*And* seal *up*," &c.)—1865. Steevens suggests that in this line perhaps "*sear*" ought to be spelt "cere;" which Mr. Grant White gives.

P. 639. (8) "*remain thou here*
While sense can keep it on!"

"The poet ought to have written 'can keep *thee* on,' as Mr. Pope and the three subsequent editors read. But Shakespeare has many similar inaccuracies. So in *Julius Cæsar* [act iii. sc. 1];

'Casca, you are the first that rears *your* hand,'

instead of '*his* hand.' Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece;*

'*Time's glory* is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,—
To ruinate proud buildings with *thy* hours,'—

instead of '*his* hours.' Again, in the [Third Scene of the] Third Act of the play before us;

'Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took *thee* for their mother,
And every day do honour to *her* grave.'" MALONE.—

"As none of our author's productions were revised by himself as they passed from the theatre through the press; and as *Julius Cæsar* and *Cymbeline* are among the plays which originally appeared in the blundering first folio; it is hardly fair to charge irregularities on the poet, of which his publishers alone might have been guilty. I must therefore take leave to set down the present, and many similar offences against the established rules of language, under the article of Hemingisms and Condelisms; and, as such, in my opinion, they ought, without ceremony, to be corrected.—The instance brought from *The Rape of Lucrece* might only have been a compositorial inaccuracy, like those which have occasionally happened in the course of our present republication." STEEVENS.

P. 639. (9) "*When shall we see again?*"

The very same words are addressed by Cressida to Troilus in *Troilus and Cressida*, act iv. sc. 4, vol. vi. p. 69. See note 120 *on Measure for Measure*, vol. i. p. 538; and note 2 on *King Henry VIII.* vol. v. p. 573.

P. 639. (10) "*thou heapest*
A year's age on me!"

Hanmer printed

"*thou heapest* many
A year's," &c.

Capell,

"*thou heap'st* instead
A year's," &c.

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P. 641. (11) "*I*"

Omitted in the folio.

P. 641. (12) "First Lord. *Stand you!* . . . . . .
. . . . . .
Puppies!".

Walker queries if in the heading of this scene "*two Lords*" should be "three *Lords;*" and then observes, "I think '*Puppies*' does not mean 1 Lord and Cloten. Qu.;

'1 *Lord.* Stand you! You have . . . . own.
3 *Lord.* But he . . . . ground.'"

Crit. Exam. &c. vol. iii. p. 316.

P. 642. (13) "Sec. Lord."

So Capell.—The folio has "1."

P. 642. (14) "*Then wav'd his handkerchief?*" &c.

"Arrange somewhat as follows;

'Then wav'd his handkerchief?
Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.
Imo. Senseless linen, happier
Therein than I!
And that was all?' &c."

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 316.

P. 642. (15) "*this*"

The folio has "his."

P. 644. (16) "*without less quality.*"

Altered by Rowe to "*without* more *quality.*"—Here Malone remarks; "Whenever *less* or *more* is to be joined with a verb denoting want, or a preposition of a similar import, Shakespeare never fails to be entangled in a grammatical inaccuracy, or rather, to use words that express the very contrary of what he means."

P. 645. (17) "*not*"

Omitted in the folio.

P. 645. (18) "*I could not but believe*"

So Malone.—The folio has "*I could not beleeue.*"

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P. 645. (19) "*the one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift:*"

Corrected by Rowe.—The folio has "*the one may be solde or giuen*, or *if there were wealth enough for the* purchases, *or*," &c.—(and Mr. Collier retains the "or," which he says "obviously" means "either:" but there can be no doubt that it was inadvertently repeated by the transcriber or compositor).

P. 646. (20) "*so, your brace*"

Has been altered to "*so*, of *your brace*."

P. 646. (21) "*you sustain*"

Altered by Rowe to "you'd *sustain*," and by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "you'll *sustain*,"—unnecessarily.

P. 647. (22) "*You are afraid*,"

So Warburton, who observes; "What Iachimo says in the close of his speech determines this to have been our poet's reading—'but I see you have some religion in you, that you *fear*'."—(Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*You are* afeard").—The folio has "*You are* a Friend;" which has been very unsuccessfully defended,—especially by Boswell, who ventures to suggest, "Does it not mean—You show yourself *a friend to your ring?*"

P. 647. (22*)

"*If I bring you no sufficient testimony* . . . .
. . . . . .
Post. *I embrace these conditions;*"

"This was a wager between the two speakers. Iachimo declares the conditions of it; and Posthumus embraces them, as well he might; for Iachimo mentions only *that* of the two conditions which was favourable to Posthumus; namely, that, if his wife preserved her honour, he should win: concerning the other, in case she preserved it not, Iachimo, the accurate expounder of the wager, is silent. To make him talk more in character, for we find him sharp enough in the prosecution of his bet, we should strike out the negative, and read the rest thus;

'If I bring you sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed, &c., my ten thousand ducats are *mine;* so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour, &c., she your jewel, &c. and my gold are *yours*.'" WARBURTON (whose alteration was adopted by Hanmer and Capell).

"I once thought this emendation right; but am now of opinion that Shakespeare intended that Iachimo, having gained his purpose, should designedly drop the invidious and offensive part of the wager, and to flatter Posthumus, dwell long upon the more pleasing part of the representation. One condition of a wager implies the other, and there is no need to mention both." JOHNSON.—(In opposition to the last sentence of Johnson's defence of the old text we surely may urge: Allowing that "one condition of a wager implies the other, there is no need to mention" *that one condition twice over in different words.*)

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P. 647. (23) "*starve:*"

Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare*, 1856) says that here the "sterue" of the folio has been inconsiderately changed to "*starve.*" I do not agree with him. They are one and the same word, whether it be used (as in the present passage) simply in the sense of *perish*, or in that of *dying with hunger:* see Richardson's *Dict.* in v. "*Starve.*" (The folio in *Coriolanus*, act iv. sc. 1, has

"Angers my Meate: I suppe vpon myselfe,
And so shall *sterue* with Feeding;"

in which passage Mr. Singer prints "*starve* with feeding.")

P. 648. (24) "*I wonder, doctor,*"

"We should read, I imagine, '*I* do *wonder.*'" Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 24; an insertion made long ago.

P. 648. (25) "*I will try the forces*
Of these thy compounds . . . . . .
. . . . . .
To try the vigour of them,"

"Possibly 'To *test* the vigour of them.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 289.

P. 648. (26) "*he's for his master,*"

"Read," says Walker, "'he's *factor* for his master.' So, in the latter part of the same scene, she calls him 'the agent for his master.' *Factor* in this sense is common in Shakespeare." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 256.

P. 650. (27) "*Think what a chance thou chancest on;*"

So Rowe (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folio has "*Thinke what a chance thou* changest *on.*"—Theobald printed "*Think what a* change *thou* chancest *on.*" ("A line in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* adds some [great] support to the reading 'thou *chancest* on,' which is much in Shakespeare's manner;

'Let there *bechance him* pitiful mis-*chances*'." MALONE.)

P. 651. (28) "*desire*"

The folio has "desires."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 651. (29) "*your trust* LEONATUS."

So Hanmer (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folio has "*your* trust. *Leonatus.*"—"'Trust' has been defended, but most ineffectually. Imogen had no special *trust* from Posthumus; and what she reads is certainly the end, not the beginning, of the letter; the first word that she reads, 'he,' necessarily implying a previous mention and introduction of Iachimo. In courtesy Imogen reads aloud her husband's commendation of her guest.

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'So far' may very properly be taken in the sense of 'So much,' and 'the rest,' of which Imogen speaks, may refer as well to an unmentioned part that goes before as to one that comes after." GRANT WHITE.—In the third line after this the folio has "take."

P. 651. (30) "*crop*"

Warburton reads "cope" (and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).

P. 651. (31) "*the number'd beach?*"

Altered by Theobald to "*th'* unnumber'd *beach?*" (and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—"Mr. Theobald's conjecture may derive some support from a passage in *King Lear* [act iv. sc. 6];

'the murmuring surge,
That on *th' unnumber'd* idle pebbles chafes—'

'*Th' unnumber'd*' and '*the number'd*,' if hastily pronounced, might easily have been confounded by the ear. If '*number'd*' be right, it surely means, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, *abounding in numbers* of stones, *numerous*." MALONE.

P. 653. (32) "*will his free hours*"

"Folio, '*will's* free houres,' &c. Possibly right; *hoürs*." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 309.

P. 653. (33) "*oount*"

The folio has "account."

P. 654. (34) "*Fixing*"

The folio has "Fiering."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 654. (35) "*lie peeping*"

So Johnson.—The folio has "by *peeping*;" and Mr. W. N. Lettsom (Preface to Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. p. xxvi.) observes that "the same error occurs in Goffe, *Courageous Turk*, ii. 1, 'Make him *by* snoring on a wanton breast;' and in Beaumont and Fletcher, *Mad Lover*, i. 1, '*By* wambling in your stomachs'."

P. 654. (36) "*unlustrous*"

The folio has "illustrious."—"Corrected by Mr. Rowe. That *illustrious* was not used by our author in the sense of *inlustrous* or *unlustrous*, is proved by a passage in the old comedy of Patient Grissell, 1603; '—the buttons were *illustrious* and resplendent diamonds'." MALONE.—And see Richardson's *Dict.* in v. "*Unlustrous*."—Mr. Collier prints "illustrous;" and he is followed by Mr. Singer in his *Shakespeare*, 1856 [and, 1865, by Mr. Grant

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White]: but Chapman at least uses "illustrous" in a sense the very reverse of what they would have it convey in our text;

> "Telemachus, into a roome built hie,
> Of his *illustrous* court, and to the eie
> Of circular prospect, to his bed ascended," &c.
> *Homer's Odyssey*, B. i. p. 15, ed. fol.

P. 654. (37) "*Should he make me*
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,"

I cannot but express my wonder at Mr. Grant White's thinking it necessary to substitute "*Should he make* thee," &c.—Iachimo evidently means "*If I were you*, should he make me," &c. Probably we ought here to read "Lie, *like*," &c.: see Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 209.

P. 655. (38) "*Of thy assault:*"

"I think 'of *this* assault'," says Walker, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 238.

P. 655. (39) "*into him;*
Half all men's hearts are his."

The modern editors generally alter "*into*" to "unto" (but there are other passages in these volumes where our author, like the writers of his day, uses "*into*" for "unto").—The folio has "men;" which was corrected in the second folio.

P. 655. (40) "*descended*"

The folio has "defended."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 656. (41) "*for it concerns*
Your lord, myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business."

Here a semicolon is usually put after "*Your lord*,"—wrongly, I believe; the sense being, "for it concerns your lord, myself, and other noble friends, *who* are partners in the business."

P. 657. (42) "*it shall safe be kept*,"

"I am not *quite* sure that we ought not to read 'it shall *be safe* kept'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 247.

P. 657. (43) "*standers-by*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 245) would read "stander-*by*."

P. 657. (44) "*give*"

The folio has "gaue."—Corrected in the second folio.

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P. 658. (45) "*to court to-night?*"

The folio has "*to Court night.*"—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 658. (46) "Sec. Lord."

Qy. "*First Lord*"?

P. 659. (47) "*design's*"

So the third folio.—The first folio has "designe."

P. 660. (48) "*that's riveted,*"

So the third folio.—The first folio has "*that's* riuete;" the second, "*thats* riveteds."

P. 660. (49)

"*Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning*
May bare the raven's eye!"

The folio, by a mis-spelling, has "*May* beare *the,*" &c.—Compare a passage in Drout's *Pityfull Historie of Gaulfrido and Barnardo le vayne,* &c. 1570;

"At last *the Rauens did discry*
Aurora to be neare," &c. Sig. F 2.—

"Mr. Barron Field," says Mr. Collier in his note *ad l.*, "thinks that this expression ['May bare the raven's eye'] has been hitherto understood too literally, as meaning that the 'raven's eye' is 'bared,' or *opened,* by the 'dawning:' he apprehends that night is here poetically described as 'the raven'." Mr. Singer also (*Shakespeare Vindicated,* &c. p. 304) pronounces it to be "a highly poetical image for returning day opening the eye of night."—Now nobody, I presume, will dispute that "*you dragons of the night*" means "you dragons that draw the chariot of the Night:" here, therefore, Night is a goddess; and can we suppose that in the very next line Shakespeare would turn her into a raven? Besides, how could the "*dawning*" be said to *open the eye of Night?* Do not poets invariably describe Night as betaking herself to repose at the dawn of Day?

"Darknesse is fled: looke, infant Morne hath drawne
Bright siluer curtains 'bout *the couch of Night.*"
Marston's *Antonio's Reuenge,* 1602, sig. B 2.—

1865. Mr. Collier in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* gives, with his Ms. Corrector, "*May* dare [*i.e.* dazzle] *the raven's eye;*" and also proposes (most ridiculously) "*May* blear *the raven's eye.*"

P. 660. (50) "*Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.*"

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification,* &c. p. 85) thinks—and probably he is right—that here "*this*" should be printed "this'," the contraction of "this is," which the folio has in *Measure for Measure,* act v. sc. 1.

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P. 661. (51) "*pretty is*,"

Hanmer printed "*pretty* bin,"—for the sake of a rhyme.

P. 661. (52) "*vice*"

The folio has "voyce;" which Mr. Knight deliberately prefers!

P. 661. (53) "*calves'-guts . . . . amend.*"

Here Rowe substituted "cat's-*guts*."—The folio has "amed," which was corrected in the second folio.

P. 661. (54) "*music*,"

The folio has "musickes;" which some editors retain: but why should the plural be used here by Cloten, who has previously said, "I would this *music* would come: I am advised to give her *music* o' mornings," &c.,—and "If this penetrate, I will consider your *music* the better," &c.? (I have already more than once noticed that the folio not unfrequently adds *s* to substantives when they manifestly ought to be in the singular number:—afterwards in the present play (p. 664) the folio has "*Clot. His* Garments? *Now the diuell.*")

P. 661. (55) "*Frame yourself*
To orderly solicits, and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Increase your services;"

The folio has

"*Frame your selfe*
To orderly solicity, *and*," &c.—

Corrected in the second folio.—Pope printed

"*Frame yourself*
To orderly solicits; and befriended
With aptness of the season, make denials," &c.

But what has Cloten's being "befriended with aptness of the season" to do with his "making denials increase his services"? Mason, however, stumbled on the same alteration; and from him it has been adopted both by Mr. Knight and by Mr. Singer in his recent edition;—Mr. Knight, moreover, reducing the close of this speech to a perfect chaos by altering the punctuation.—1865. The Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) print "*To orderly* soliciting," &c.; which slightly injures the metre.

P. 664. (56) "*soil*"

The folio has "foyle."

P. 664. (57) "*above*"

Mr. Singer, in his *Shakespeare*, 1856, prints "about."

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P. 664. (58) "Enter PISANIO.

How now, Pisanio!"

We have had the same words before (p. 649), and they occur afterwards (p. 674). But qy. are they right here? "*How*" (as I have several times before observed) is frequently the old spelling of "Ho:" and we might expect (as at p. 655)

"What, ho, *Pisanio!*
Enter PISANIO."—

Hanmer printed

"*Clot.* How now?
Imo. Pisanio!"

which Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 319) would give with the first speech altered to "How! how!"

P. 664. (59) "*garment'!*"

The folio has "Garments?"—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 665. (60) "*Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:*"

"Possibly '—— I *kissed* it' [an early alteration]. But '*kissed*' sounds exceedingly suspicious. Perhaps Steevens's '*it was upon* mine arm' may be right." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 319.

P. 665. (61) "'*His meanest garment'.!*" &c.

"Arrange, rather;

'His meanest garment!
Imo. Ay;
I said so, sir: if you will make 't an action,
Call witness to't.
Clo. I will inform your father.
Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady,'" &c.

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 320.

P. 665. (62) "*the present winter's state,*"

Walker, instancing the "Confusion of *f* and long *s*," says that here "*flaw* ought to be restored for the unmeaning word '*state*'." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 294.

P. 665. (63) "*these sear'd hopes,*"

The folio has "*these* fear'd hope;" the second folio, "*these* fear'd *hopes.*" —The alteration of "fear'd" to "*sear'd*" is proposed by Tyrwhitt in his copy of the second folio now in the British Museum; and it has been also made by Mr. Knight.—Since most copies of the folio, in *Measure for Measure*, act ii. sc. 4, have the misprint, "Growne *feard*, and tedious," I cannot think that the original reading here is to be defended on the supposition that "fear'd *hopes*" may mean "fearing hopes" or "hopes mingled with fears,"—like Lucan's "spe trepido" or Petrarch's "paventosa speme."

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P. 666. (64) "*The legions now in Gallia*"

The folio has "*The* Legion *now*," &c. ("So afterwards [p. 693], 'And that *the legions now in Gallia* are,' &c." MALONE.)

P. 666. (65) "*men*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 320) proposes to substitute, very unnecessarily, "now."

P. 666. (66) "*Now mingled with their courage,*"

The folio has "*Now* wing-led *with their* courages."—The error "wing-led" was corrected in the second folio.

P. 666. (67) "Phi."

The folio has "*Post.*"

P. 666. (68) "*If I had lost it,*"

The folio has "*If I* haue *lost it:*" but, though some passages occur in our old writers where "have" seems to be equivalent to "*had,*" the present one cannot, I think, be considered as belonging to that class. (In *Coriolanus*, act iv. sc. 7, the folio has

"Yet I wish Sir,
(I meane for your particular) you had not
Ioyn'd in Commission with him: but either *haue* borne
The action of your selfe, or else to him, had left it soly.")

P. 667. (69) "*leaves*"

The folio has "leaue."

P. 667. (70) "*Since the true life on't was—*"

Capell printed "*Since the true life* was in it."—Mason proposes "Such *the true life on't was.*"—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*Since the true life on't 'twas.*"—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 320) conjectures "*Since the true life on't was* not."

P. 668. (71) "*is*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 320) proposes to omit this word.

P. 669. (72) "*one o' her women,*"

The folio has "*one her women;*" the second folio, "*one* of *her women.*"—Mr. Collier retains the original reading, as elliptical: but in the preceding scene (p. 662) we have

"I will make
One of her women lawyer to me," &c.

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P. 669. (73) "*the*"

The folio has "her."

P. 670. (74) "*We are all bastards:*"

Pope printed "*We are* bastards all;" Capell, "*We are all bastards;* all,"—which is also proposed by Walker, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 322.

P. 671. (75) "*Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,*"

The folio has "*Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a* Iarmen on;" "*a* Iarmen on" being merely, as Rowe saw, the old spelling for "*a German one:*" so in the *Sec. Part of Henry IV.* act ii. sc. 1, the quarto of 1600 has "the *Iarman* [i. e. *German*] hunting in waterworke," &c.—Theobald asks, "Is not Westphalia a part of *Germany?* And where are boars more delicately fed, or more likely to be rank and hot after the female, than *German* ones?"—which note having failed to satisfy some recent editors, who still keep wondering why Shakespeare should especially mention *a German* boar, I subjoin the following extract from a very common book; "The forests [of Germany] are plentifully supplied with wild boars, which are reared to a large size. Westphalia is particularly noted for this species of game." *Edin. Encyclop.* (by Brewster), vol. x. p. 255.—(Here Pope printed "*a*-churning on;" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*a* foaming *one;*" and Mr. Singer, in his *Shakespeare*, 1856, gives "*a* briming *one*").

P. 671. (76) "*disdain,*
Nice longing,"

Several modern editors (even Mr. Collier) silently print "*Nice* longings, *slanders:*"—why did they not also change the preceding "*disdain*" to "disdains"?

P. 671. (77) "*All faults that may be nam'd,*"

The folio has "*All Faults that* name."—I give the reading of the second folio; but the alterations in that edition are merely conjectural; and here perhaps the author wrote "*All faults that* have a name."—1865. Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 258) would read "*All faults that* man can (*or* may) name."

P. 672. (78) "*rocks*"

Hanmer's correction.—The folio has "Oakes."

P. 673. (79) "*which to shake off*
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.
Clo. *We do.*
Cym. *Say, then, to Cæsar,*" &c.

Stands thus in the folio;

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"*which to shake off*
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Our selves to be, we do. *Say then to Cæsar*," &c.;

which the modern editors have variously altered,—to

"*which to shake off*
Becomes a warlike people (which *we reckon*
Ourselves to be) to do. *Say, then, to Cæsar*," &c.

to

"*which to shake off*
Becomes a warlike people, such as *we*
Reckon ourselves to be. Say then to Cæsar," &c.

and to

"*which to shake off*
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do *say, then, to Cæsar*," &c.—

With Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, I restore the words "*we do*" to Cloten; for to him they evidently belong.—1865. Mr. Staunton prints (not happily)

"*which to shake off*
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. Say then, we do, *to Cæsar.*
Our ancestor," &c.—

The Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) assign "*We do*" to "*Clo. and Lords.*"

P. 674. (80) "*What monster's her accuser?*"

The folio has "*What* Monsters *her* accuse?"

P. 674. (81) "*Do't: the letter*," &c.

"The *words* here read by Pisanio from his master's letter (which is afterwards [p. 680] given at length, and in prose,) are not found there, though the *substance* of them is contained in it. This is one of many proofs that Shakespeare had no view to the publication of his pieces. There was little danger that such an inaccuracy should be detected by the ear of the spectator, though it could hardly escape an attentive reader." MALONE.—Mr. Knight has contrived to persuade himself that here Pisanio is not reading the letter, but only commenting upon its substance.

P. 675. (82) "*could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.*"

Altered by Pope to "*could not be so cruel to me;* but *you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes;*" by Capell to "*could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would* not *even renew me with your eyes;*" and by Mr. Knight to "*could not be so cruel to me,* an *you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.*"—1865. Mr. Grant White prints "*could not be cruel to me,* so *as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.*"

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P. 675. (83) "*How many score of miles may we well ride*"

The folio has "*How many* store *of Miles may we well* rid."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 676. (84) "*Stoop*,"

Hanmer's correction.—The folio has "Sleepe."

P. 676. (85) "*To morning's holy office:*"

The folio has "*To* a *mornings holy office*," &c. See Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 90.

P. 677. (86) "*Richer than doing nothing for a bribe*,"

The folio has "——*for a* Babe;" which Steevens, Capell, and Malone retain, with various interpretations.—Rowe prints "——*for a* bauble;" a slight alteration, no doubt, since "bauble" was often written "bable."—Johnson recommends "——*for a* brabe" (which is adopted by Mr. Singer in his *Shakespeare*, 1856, though he understands "brabe" in a sense different from that which Johnson assigned to it); and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "——*for a* bob."—In my former edition I adopted Rowe's emendation: but I now prefer that of Hanmer, "——*for a bribe;*" which Walker mentions as undoubtedly right, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 275, where his editor adds in a note; "In Greene's *James IV.*, ed. Dyce, vol. ii. p. 112 [*Dram. and Poet. Works*, p. 203, ed. Dyce, 1861], Sir Bartram says of Ateuken;

> 'But he, injurious man, who lives by crafts,
> And sells king's favours for who will give most,
> Hath taken bribes of me, yet covertly
> Will sell away the thing pertains to me.'

This shows how a man may do nothing, or worse than nothing, for a bribe; a fact that seems incomprehensible to the primitive simplicity of the nineteenth century."

P. 677. (87) "'*em*"

The folio has "him;" a word, as we have before seen, frequently confounded with "'*em*" or "*them*" by transcribers and printers.

P. 677. (88) "*A prison for a debtor*,"

The folio has "*A Prison*, or *a Debtor*," &c. (which Mr. Hunter thinks the "better" reading. *New Illust. of Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 294).

P. 678. (89) "*Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.*"

"Could Shakespeare's ear have tolerated this line? Qu.;

> 'I'll meet you in the valleys.—How hard it is
> To hide the sparks of nature! these *two* boys

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Know little they are sons to th' king; nor Cymbeline
Dreams that they are alive.'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 322.

P. 678. (90) "*wherein they bow*,"

Warburton's correction.—The folio has "whereon the *Bowe*."

P. 679. (91) "*Euriphile*,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:"

See note 3.—"*Euriphile*, the nurse of the two young princes in *Cymbeline*, iii. 3, iv. 2, is perhaps a corruption of *Euriphyle*." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 31; where Walker certainly must have written "—— a corruption of *Eriphyle*."

P. 679. (92) "*ne'er long'd my mother so*," &c.

"We should arrange, I suspect;

'ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio!—
Man!—Where's Posthumus?—What is in thy mind,' &c."

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 323.

P. 679. (93) "*out-crafted*"

The folio has the spelling "*out*-craftied;" which, says Malone, "Shakespeare certainly wrote. So in *Coriolanus* [act v. sc. 3],

'chaste as the icicle,
That's *curdied* by the frost from purest snow.'"

But in such cases no stress can be laid on the spelling of the folio. In *Coriolanus*, act iv. sc. 6, it has

"you haue made faire hands,
You and your Crafts, you haue *crafted* faire:"

and while in *All's well that ends well* it has "muddied," in *The Tempest* it twice has "*mudded*;" see note 192 on the former play, vol. iii. p. 317.

P. 680. (94) "*Whose mother was her painting*,"

Hanmer printed "*Whose* feathers are *her painting*;" Capell, "*Whose* feather *was her painting*."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives most ingeniously "Who smothers her with *painting*."

P. 681. (95) "*afore't*:"

The folio has "a-foot."

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P. 681. (96)

"*And thou, Posthúmus, thou that didst set up*
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows,"

In the first line the second "*thou*" is a modern addition.—The folio has "*and* makes *me*," &c.—For "*fellows*" (explained "those of the same fellowship or rank with myself") Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "followers."

P. 682. (97) "*I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.*"

So Hanmer, whose reading has been usually adopted, and is surely the right one.—The folio omits "*blind.*"—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*I'll* crack *mine eyeballs first;*" which Mr. Collier in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* adopts, as being "a phrase perfectly natural." Now, "To *crack the eye-strings*" is a not uncommon expression, and, indeed, occurs in this very play, p. 643;

"I would have broke *mine eye-strings; crack'd them*, but
To look upon him," &c.:

but who ever heard of "*cracking the eyeballs,*" though Mr. Collier calls it "a phrase perfectly natural"?—Mr. Staunton, after observing that "Mr. Collier adopts the almost ludicrous alteration suggested by his annotator," proceeds to defend the old reading, "I'll wake mine eyeballs first," on the strength of a passage in *Lust's Dominion* (a play falsely ascribed to Marlowe in the title-page);

"I'll *still wake,*
And waste these balls of sight by tossing them
In busy observations upon thee,
Sweet Opportunity," &c.

But I cannot think that, in the above passage, the verb "*wake*" (after which Mr. Staunton throws out the comma) governs "eyeballs:" the meaning I conceive to be, "I'll still keep myself awake, and waste these balls," &c. (So in Spenser;

"All night she watcht; ne once adowne would lay
Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
But praying *still did wake*, and waking did lament."
The Faerie Queene, B. i. c. xi. st. 32.)

Some word, therefore, such as "*blind*" seems to be required after "*eyeballs;*" nor is the metre, which throughout this scene is far from irregular, complete without it.

P. 682. (98) "*It cannot be,*" &c.

"I am all but certain that we should read and arrange;

'It cannot be
But that my master is abus'd. Some villain,
And singular in's art, hath done you both
This cursed injury.
Imo. Some Roman courtezan, &c."
Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 323.

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P. 683. (99)

"*With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing, Cloten,*—"

Here "*Cloten*" is the addition made by Theobald to a line manifestly mutilated; which, however, according to Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 308), "is *quite as harmonious* and more effective" without any addition.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*With that harsh, noble, simple,* empty *nothing*."

P. 683. (99*) "*Where then?*"

Hanmer made these words the conclusion of the preceding speech.—"The rest of Imogen's speech induces me to think that we ought to read '*What* then?' instead of '*Where* then?' The reason of the change is evident." MASON.

P. 683. (100) "*if you could wear a mind*
Dark as your fortune is,"

Theobald, at Warburton's suggestion, printed "*if you could wear a* mien," &c.—But, observes Johnson, "to wear a *dark mind* is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness* applied to the *mind* is *secrecy;* applied to the *fortune* is *obscurity*."

P. 683. (101) "*Pretty and full of view;*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "Privy, yet *full of view*."

P. 683. (102) "*into*"

Qu. "to"?

P. 684. (103) "*you'll*"

The folio has "will."

P. 685. (104) "*So, sir, I desire of you*"

After "*sir*" the folio has a colon; which Mr. Collier alters to a full-stop. But though we have had before (p. 674) "*So, sir,*" as a complete sentence, here it can hardly be disjoined from the words which follow.

P. 685. (105) "*Madam, all joy befall your grace and yours!*"

The folio has "—— *your Grace, and* you."—Malone thinks we should read "—— his *grace and* you!"—The Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) print

"Madam, all joy befall your grace!
Queen. And you!"—

Mr. Swynfen Jervis proposes "—— *your grace, and* you, sir!"—I adopt, with some hesitation, the reading of Capell (which Steevens gives as his

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own conjecture: "*i. e.*" he says, "your relatives. So in *Macbeth* [act iii. sc. 1],

'And beggar'd *yours* for ever' ").

Compare, towards the end of the play, p. 735, what Cymbeline says, speaking of the Queen,—"*her* and *hers*."

P. 686. (106) "*she looks us like*"

The folio has "*She* looke *vs like*."—The editor of the second folio substituted "*She lookes* as *like*;" which Mr. Singer (with the earlier editors) adopts in his *Shakespeare*, 1856, observing that "all the recent editions have the awkward phrase '*She looks us like*.'" But, in spite of its "awkwardness," it is assuredly the right reading: our early writers frequently use the verb "*look*" with an ellipsis of the word which modern phraseology requires after it. So in the preceding play, p. 554,

"By *looking back what* I have left behind."

And see note 141 on *King Henry V.* vol. iv. p. 529.

P. 686. (107) "*strokes*,"

The folio has "stroke."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 686. (108) "*to the loud'st noise we make*."

"The folio, '*to th*' lowd of *noise*,' &c.; where 'of' is most probably a misprint of *st*, as Rowe supposed." GRANT WHITE.

P. 686. (109) "*Son, I say*,"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 146) proposes "*Son*,—son, *I say*."

P. 687. (110) "*Close villain, I*
Will have".

Stands thus in the folio;

"*Close Villaine*,
Ile *haue*;"

and Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 44) would read

"*Close* villany,
I'll have."

But (though the words "*villain*" and "*villany*" are often confounded by early printers) I do not believe that Shakespeare wrote "*villany*" here.

P. 690. (111) "*and if mine enemy*," &c.

"Arrange, rather;

'and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me,
He'll scarcely look on't.—Such a foe, good heavens!'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 326.

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P. 691. (112) "*Gold strew'd i' the floor.*"

Here "*i'*" has been altered to "o'" by editors who forgot that formerly "*in*" was often equivalent to "on." See note 21 on *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, vol. ii. p. 327.

P. 691. (113) "*parted*"

Pope printed "*parted* thence;" Capell, "*parted* so."

P. 692. (114) "*I bid for you as I do buy.*"

Has been altered to "*I'*d *bid for you as I* would [and "*I'*d"] *buy*," and to "*I bid for you as I'*d *buy*."

P. 692. (115) "'*Mongst friends,*
If brothers.—[Aside] *Would it had been so,*"

Is pointed in the folio thus,

"'*Mongst Friends?*
If Brothers: would," &c.;

(the folio sometimes having an interrogation-point where it is quite out of place: see note 106 on *King Henry VIII.* vol. v. p. 587). In the second folio thus,

"'*Mongst friends.*
If Brothers: would," &c.—

Rowe rectified the old punctuation (though Theobald takes the credit of having done so).

P. 692. (116) "*Since Leonatus' false.*"

Here, as Walker recommends (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 98), I have marked the elision of "is" after "*Leonatus.*"

P. 693. (117) "*he commends*
His absolute commission."

So Theobald (at Warburton's suggestion).—The folio has "*he* commands," &c.; which Capell maintains to be right, as "a direct Gallicism" (*Notes*, &c. vol. i. P. i. p. 114), and which, according to Johnson, means "he *commands* the commission to be given to you." But, as Mr. Singer observes (*Shakespeare*, 1856), "to *commend* was the old formula: we have it again in *King Lear*, 'I did *commend* your highness' letters to them.'"

P. 694. (118) "*this imperceiverant thing*"

The folio has "*this* imperseuerant *Thing.*"—In my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 258, I observed that the right reading (according to modern orthography) is "this *imperceiverant* thing," *i. e.* this undiscerning thing,—this thing without the power of *perceiving* my superiority to Posthumus; and I quoted from *The Widow* (a play attributed to Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton),

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"Methinks the words
Themselves should make him do't, had he but the *perseverance*
Of a cock-sparrow, that will come at Philip,
And can nor write nor read, poor fool!"
Act iii. sc. 2 (Middleton's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 388, ed. Dyce).

where, of course, "*perseverance*" is, with our present spelling, "*perceiverance*," i. e. discernment, power of *perceiving*.—More recently, in *Notes and Queries*, vol. vii. p. 400, the Rev. W. A. Arrowsmith has adduced numerous instances of the same substantive, with various spelling, from different authors: he also (*ibid.*) refers to a stanza in Hawes's *Pastime of Pleasure* (p. 43, Percy Soc. ed.), where both *perceyueraunce* and *perceyueraunt* occur;

"To vnderstandyng these iiii. accident,
Doctryne, *perceyueraunce*, and exercyse,
And also therto is equypolent
Euermore the perfyt practyse,
For fyrst doctryne in all goodly wyse
The *perceyueraunt* rowthe in hys bote of wyll
In vnderstandyng for to knowe good from yll."
Sig. F iii. ed. 1555.

P. 694. (119) "*before her face:*"

The folio has "*before* thy *face;*" the transcriber or compositor having here by mistake repeated "thy," in consequence of the preceding "*thy* head," "*thy* shoulders," "*thy* mistress," and "*thy* garments."—Malone defends the old reading, "*before* thy *face*," in the following preposterous note, of which he took the hint from Capell; "Shakespeare, who in *The Winter's Tale* makes a Clown say, 'If thou'lt see a thing to talk on after thou art dead,' would not scruple to give the expression in the text to so fantastic a character as Cloten. The garments of Posthumus might indeed be cut to pieces *before his face*, though his head were off; no one, however, but Cloten would consider this circumstance as any aggravation of the insult."—Cloten could have no possible object in cutting to pieces the garments of Posthumus before his face, even if Posthumus had been alive to witness the dissection. Cloten wishes to cut them to pieces before the face of Imogen, as a sort of revenge for her having said to him,

"His [Posthumus's] meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men." p. 664.

Cloten is certainly not the downright idiot that Capell and Malone would make him out to be.

P. 695. (120) "*So please you, sir.*"

Tyrwhitt would make these words the commencement of the next speech.—"Point

'So please you, sir—'

Arviragus is speaking to Belarius." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 326.

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P. 695. (121) "*Pisanio,*
I'll now taste of thy drug. [Swallows some."

Here the folio has no stage-direction.—Rowe, himself a dramatist, saw that at these words Shakespeare evidently intended Imogen to swallow secretly some of the "drug;" and he accordingly added a stage-direction (which is retained in the acting-copies of the play), "*Drinks out of the vial:*" but the "drug," it appears, was a solid.

P. 696. (122) "Gui. *But his neat cookery!*" &c.

The folio has

"*Gui. But his neate Cookerie?*
Arui. *He cut our Rootes,*" &c.

P. 696. (123) "*rooted in him both,*"

The folio has "*rooted in* them *both;*" which Mr. Hunter defends: "who," he asks, "can doubt that 'them' has for its antecedent the smile and the sigh?" *New Illust. of Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 297.

P. 696. (124) "*Grow, patience!*"

The folio has "*Grow* patient."—In the next line but one, Hanmer printed "—— *root* from thy *increasing vine!*"

P. 696. (125) "*What companies are near:*"

"Why the plural? A little below we have

'No company's abroad.'

And again,

'What company
Discover you abroad?'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 255.

P. 696. (126) "*mountaineers?*"

Here the folio has "Mountainers?" a form which I should have retained but that in the five other passages where the word occurs the folio spells it with the double *e*.

P. 698. (127) "*for defect of judgment*
Is oft the cure of fear."

The folio has "*Is oft the* cause *of Feare.*"—Theobald printed

"*for* th' effect *of judgment*
Is oft the cause *of fear.*"—

I adopt Hanmer's alteration; which is approved of by Capell in his *Notes*, &c. vol. i. P. i. p. 115; and which Malone and Mr. Collier have adopted.—Mr. Grant White (who gives Theobald's reading) says, with over-subtilty,

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that Hanmer made his correction "regardless of the incongruity between a negative condition and an active remedial agent."—Mr. Staunton prints

"*for defect of judgment*
Is oft the sauce *of fear.*"

P. 698. (128) "*thank*"

The folio has "thanks."

P. 698. (129) "*humour*"

The folio has "Honor."—Theobald restored the right word,—to do which, indeed, required no great acuteness.

P. 700. (130) "*how thyself*"

Pope's correction.—The folio has "thou *thyselfe*."—The editor of the second folio omitted "thou."

P. 700. (131) "*wonder*"

Pope printed "wonderful."—"Of course, '*wonderful*'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 327.

P. 700. (132) "*My ingenious instrument!*"

The folio has "*My* ingenuous *Instrument;*" which (though "*ingenious*" was often used for "ingenuous," and, in rare cases, the latter for the former) Shakespeare would not have written here.

P. 700. (133) "*Look, here he comes,*"

Walker proposes "Caldwal!—*Look here,*" &c. *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 145.

P. 701. (134) "*thy sluggish crare*
Might easiliest"

The folio has

"*thy sluggish* care
Might'st *easilest;*"

and so the second folio, except that it alters "Might'st" to "*Might.*"—Simpson substituted "*crare*" for "care."

P. 701. (135)
"*With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,*
And worms will not come to thee."

Another of those violent changes of person, which Malone defends, and which Steevens thinks it unfair to lay to the charge of Shakespeare. See note 8.

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P. 701. (136) "*no, nor*
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath:"

See last note on *The Winter's Tale*, vol. iii. p. 530.

P. 701. (137) "*sore-shaming*"

"*Foreshaming* or *forshaming*, I think; *for* as in *fordo*, *forwaste*, &c." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 297.—The old reading is surely right.

P. 702. (138) "*winter-ground*"

Warburton reads "*winter*-gown;" and so Walker, who says that the "*winter-ground*" of the folio is "for *winter-gowne*. (Or indeed *gowne* may have been written in the Ms. *gownd*, as the final *e* is often printed *d* in the folio; see art. lxii. on that point)." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 141.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*winter*-guard."

P. 702. (139) "*sing him to the ground,*
As once our mother;"

The folio has "*As once* to *our Mother*,"—"the compositor having probably caught the word 'to' from the preceding line. The correction was made by Mr. Pope." MALONE.

P. 702. (140) "*Euriphile*"

See note 91.

P. 702. (141) "*He was paid for that:*"

"Sir Thomas Hanmer reads 'He *has* paid for that,'—rather plausibly than rightly. '*Paid*' is for *punished*." JOHNSON.

P. 703. (142) "*is*"

The folio has "are."

P. 704. (143) "*so*"

Pope printed "sure;" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "lo,"—rightly perhaps.

P. 704. (144) "*imagin'd,*"

Qy. "imag'd"?

P. 704. (145) "*but his*"

"Write 'but 's'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 327.

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P. 704. (146)

"*And left thy head on.—How should this be?*"

So Hanmer.—The folio has "*And left* this *head on*," &c. (which was altered in the third folio to "*And left* his *head on*," &c.); the transcriber's or compositor's eye having caught "this" from the latter part of the line.

P. 704. (147) "*Cloten's:*"

The folio has "Cloten."

P. 705. (148) "*You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:*
They are in readiness."

So the second folio.—The first folio has

"*You heere at Milford-Hauen, with your Shippes:*
They are heere *in readinesse;*"

the transcriber or compositor having repeated "heere" by mistake.

P. 706. (149) "*There is no more such masters:*"

The modern editors usually print, with the second folio, "*There* are *no more*," &c.: yet earlier in this play (p. 672) they are content to give "there *is* no more such Cæsars," &c. (which, by the by, is not altered in the second folio).

P. 706. (150) "*and*"

Added by Capell; the line halting intolerably from omission.

P. 706. (151) "*And rather father thee than master thee.—*
My friends,"

"Write, I imagine,

'And rather father than master thee. My friends,' &c."

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 327.

P. 707. (152) "*A fever with the absence of her son;*
A madness,"

"Wrong surely; the latter '*A*' originating in the former." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 88.—Several of the earlier editors omit the latter "*A*."

P. 707. (153) "*But for thee, fellow,*"

"Surely, 'But for thee, *thee*, fellow' [which Capell gave]." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 146.

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P. 708. (154) "*I've had no letter*"

So Hanmer (which Capell slightly altered to "*I* have *had no letter*").—The folio has "*I* heard *no Letter*;" which is thus defended by Malone: "Perhaps '*letter*' here means, not an epistle, but the elemental part of a syllable. This might have been a phrase in Shakespeare's time. We yet say—I have not *heard* a *syllable* from him."

P. 708. (155) "*find we in life*,"

The folio has "we finde *in life*."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 709. (156) "*the*"

The folio has "their."

P. 709. (157) "*o'ergrown*,"

Understanding this word to refer more particularly to the hair and beard of Belarius, I observed in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 260; "Its meaning is sufficiently explained by what Posthumus afterwards says of Belarius,

'who deserv'd
So long a breeding as *his white beard* came to';"

and I noticed the strange inappositeness of a quotation from Spenser which Steevens adduces to illustrate it. Hence, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* Mr. Collier writes as follows; "The Rev. Mr. Dyce would poorly limit the meaning of 'o'ergrown' to the beard of Belarius; and he laughs at Steevens for quoting Spenser in some lines where 'o'ergrown with old decay' occurs. Such unquestionably was the meaning of 'o'ergrown' in this passage in 'Cymbeline,' the 'white beard' of Belarius being only a small part of the change produced in him by age. No reference could well be more apposite than that of Steevens; and we cannot but smile when we find Mr. Dyce, with surprising simplicity, complaining of commentators, who fancy that quotations are illustrative, merely because they contain a particular word in the text ('Remarks,' p. 259)."

It is plain that Mr. Collier knows the passage in Spenser only from the note of Steevens,—who (cunning dog, as he always showed himself!) purposely gave it thus mutilated;

"*o'ergrown* with old decay,
And hid in darkness, that none could behold
The hue thereof."

Entire, it stands;

"Both roofe, and floore, and walls, were all of gold,
But *overgrowne with dust and old decay*,
And hid in darknes, that none could behold
The hew thereof; for vew of cherefull day
Did never in that house itselfe display," &c.
The Fairie Queene, B. ii. c. vii. st. 29.

and if Mr. Collier still imagines that Spenser's description of THE CAVE OF MAMMON, "*o'ergrowne with dust and old decay*" (*i. e.* covered with dust and

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mouldiness—*pulvere et situ*), illustrates the word "*o'ergrown*" as applied by Shakespeare to Belarius, he is welcome to his opinion for me, and may continue to "smile at my surprising simplicity" in thinking that the quotation is altogether inapposite, and that Steevens, with equal propriety, might have cited from st. 4 of the same Book and Canto

> "His yron cote, all *overgrowne* with rust,
> Was underneath enveloped with gold," &c.

In conclusion, I may mention that Sir John Harington in his version of the *Orlando Furioso* has

> "Whose *beard with age was overgrowne* and gray."
> B. xv. st. 30.

> "This while Adonio, looking pale and wan,
> As erst I told, and *overgrown with haire*," &c.
> B. xliii. st. 89.

P. 709. (158) "*what thing is it that I never*
Did see man die!"

The modern editors (misled by the folio, which sometimes, as here, puts the interrogation-point for the exclamation-point) very improperly make this passage interrogative. By "what thing is it," &c., Arviragus means "what *a* thing is it," &c.,—the "*a*" in such exclamations being frequently omitted by our early writers: see note 23 on *Julius Cæsar*, vol. vi. p. 691.

P. 710. (159) "*for I wish'd*"

So Pope.—The folio has "*for I* am *wisht;*" which Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare*, 1856) alters to "*for I* e'en *wish'd*" (weakening the sense not a little).

P. 710. (160) "*you some permit*
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift."

In the last line of this very obscure passage Theobald altered "*dread it*" to "dreaded." As to "*elder*," I agree with Malone that Shakespeare here "considered the later evil deed as the elder."

P. 713. (161) "*they stoop'd eagles; slaves,*
The strides they victors made:"

The folio has

> "*they* stopt *Eagles, slaues*
> *The strides* the *Victors made.*"

P. 714. (162) "*Still going?*"

"*i.e.* You run away from me, as you did from the enemy." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 327.

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P. 714. (163) "*For being now a favourer to the Briton,*" &c.

"This is spoken of '*death*,' whom the speaker is seeking: but despairing to find him among the Britains, of whom he was '*now a favourer, I, no more a Britain*,' says he, '*have resum'd the part I came in*, the Roman, and will meet with him there." Capell's *Notes*, &c. vol. i. P. i. p. 118.—Hanmer substituted "*For being now a favourer to the* Roman," &c.

P. 715. (164) "*a*"

An interpolation?

P. 715. (165) "*Is't enough*"

"Does not the sense require 'Is't *not* enough'? The metre would admit it." Note by Mr. W. N. Lettsom apud Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 328.

P. 716. (166) "*If you will take this audit, take this life,*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 293) marks the first "*take*" as suspicious. But he does not notice the remarkable accumulation of *takes* in this speech: a little above we have

"*take*
No stricter render of me than my all.
. . . . . .
Who of their broken debtors *take* a third,
. . . . . .
For Imogen's dear life *take* mine;
. . . . . .
Though light, *take* pieces for the figure's sake."

P. 717. (167) "*come,*"

The folio has "came;" manifestly wrong.

P. 717. (168) "*look out;*"

The folio has "*looke*, looke *out*."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 719. (169) "'*Tis still a dream,*" &c.

"Something is lost. Perhaps Shakespeare wrote

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing; or
A senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie.'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 329.

P. 720. (170) "*of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord!*"

The folio has "Oh, *of this contradiction you shall now be quit; Oh, the*

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charity," &c.; the first "Oh" having been evidently inserted by mistake, in consequence of the transcriber's or compositor's eye resting on the second one.

P. 720. (171) "*or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.*"

The folio has "*or* to *take vpon your selfe*," &c.: it also has a blur (occasioned by the sticking up of what is technically called a *space*) before the next "*or*;" which blur Mr. Knight considers to be an *f*, and prints "for, *jump the after-inquiry on your own peril, and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.*"—1865. The Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) print "*or* do *take upon yourself*," &c.: but I feel sure that the "to" of the folio was repeated by mistake from the immediately preceding "*to* know."

P. 721. (172) "*Stepp'd before targes of proof*," &c.

See note 75 on *Antony and Cleopatra*, p. 609 of this volume.

P. 722. (173) "*yes, and in time,*
When she had fitted you with her craft,"

Here the "*yes*" is from the second folio; an insertion which, I confess, I hardly like, and which is pronounced to be "wrong" by Walker, who (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 329) proposes "*and in* due *time*."—In the second line Walker (*id.* vol. i. p. 294) would substitute "*fit*" for "*fitted*;" an alteration which seems less necessary here than in the *Taming of the Shrew*; see note 7 on that play, vol. iii. p. 182.

P. 723. (174) "*heard*"

The folio has "heare."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 724. (175) "*nor*"

Omitted in the folio.

P. 724. (176) "*One sand another*
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele."

Imperfectly as this is expressed, I am inclined to agree with Mr. Knight in thinking that we have here what Shakespeare wrote.—It has been altered in various ways.—Walker supposes that half a line has dropped out: he says, "Qu.,

'One sand another
Not more resembles [
Than he resembles] that sweet rosy lad,
Who died,' &c." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 329.

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P. 725. (177) "*saw*"

The folio has "see."

P. 725. (178) "*Thou'lt torture me*," &c.

In case this should seem obscure to some readers, I may notice that the meaning is—"Instead of torturing me to speak, thou wouldst (if thou wert wise, or aware) torture me to prevent my speaking that," &c.

P. 725. (179) "*I'm glad to be constrain'd to utter that*
Which torments me to conceal."

Here the "*Which*" (though we have "*that which*" in Iachimo's preceding speech) would seem to be an addition by the transcriber or printer. A modern arrangement is,

"*I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which*
Torments me," &c.;

and Boswell says, "If we lay an emphasis on *that*, it will be an hypermetrical line of eleven syllables. *There is scarcely a page in Fletcher's plays where this sort of versification is not to be found*,"—Fletcher's versification being essentially different from our author's!

P. 727. (180) "*it!*"

Added in the second folio.

P. 728. (181) "*help!*"

In all probability "*help*, help."

P. 728. (182) "*dead.*"

"i.e. *insensible, fainting*, in a state of suspended animation," says Mr. W. N. Lettsom apud *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 330, by Walker, who quotes "Stage Direction, iv. 2, fol. p. 389, col. i. '*Enter Arviragus, with Imogen* dead, *bearing her in his Armes*';" and "Spenser, F. Q., B. iv. C. vii. st. ix.,

'For she (deare ladie) all the while was *dead*,
Whilest he in armes her bore; but when she felt
Herself down soust, she waked out of dread,
Straight into griefe,' &c."

P. 729. (183) "*Think that you are upon a rock; and now*
Throw me again."

"A passage of impenetrable obscurity. There is probably a corruption of all the last five words. 'Rock' may be a misprint of 'neck;' and perhaps the original words were something like 'Think she's upon your neck.' No explanation has been given that is worth repeating." GRANT WHITE.—I believe the simple meaning of this affecting passage is; "Now prove your love; if you throw me from your arms now, my fall will be as fatal to me as if you had precipitated me from a rock."

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P. 729. (184) "*away he posts*," &c.

"Observe that Pisanio, v. 5, in the account he gives of Cloten's proceedings, says of him,

'away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate,' &c.;

though Cloten says nothing to this effect in his dialogue with Pisanio, iii. 5. Did Pisanio learn it from a subsequent conversation with the prince in his apartments? see the conclusion of the last-mentioned scene." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 332.

P. 730. (185) "*I'm sorry for thee:*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*I am* sorrow *for thee;*" which no one, I presume, will attempt to defend who recollects that the expression "*I am sorry*" occurs more than fifty times in our author's other plays.

P. 730. (186) "*Had ever scar for.*"

"*i. e.* for meriting, or in attempting to merit." Capell's *Notes*, &c. vol. i. P. i. p. 121.—I can see no reason to question the correctness of this passage.

P. 731. (187) "*mere*"

The folio has "neere."

P. 731. (188) "*Euriphile*,"

See note 91.

P. 732. (189) "*O, what, am I*
A mother to the birth of three?"

"Surely [with Hanmer];

'O what am I?
A mother to the birth of three!'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 330.

P. 732. (190) "*pray*"

Altered by Rowe to "may."

P. 732. (191) "*ye*"

The folio has "we."

P. 732. (192) "*brothers?*"

The folio has "Brother?"

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P. 733. (193) "*inter'gatories.*"

Here the folio has "Interrogatories:" but in *All's well that ends well*, act iv. sc. 3, and (twice) towards the close of *The Merchant of Venice*, it has the old contracted form of the word.

P. 733. (194) "*so*"

The folio has "no."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 733. (195) "*I am, sir,*"

Pope printed "'Tis *I am, sir.*"

P. 734. (196) "*Is thy most constant wife;*"

So Capell, who saw that here Posthumus is addressed.—The folio has "*Is* this *most constant Wife.*"—"The Soothsayer here manifestly addresses Posthumus again, and the pronoun ['*thy*'] is required as an antecedent to 'who,' which else must refer to Cymbeline, who was not embraced by Imogen; and if he had been, 'the letter of the oracle' would not have been thereby fulfilled." GRANT WHITE.

P. 735. (197) "*My peace*"

Altered by Hanmer to "By *peace.*"

P. 735. (198) "*Of this yet scarce-cold battle,*"

The folio has "*Of* yet this *scarse-cold-Battaile.*"—Corrected in the third folio.

END OF VOLUME SEVENTH.

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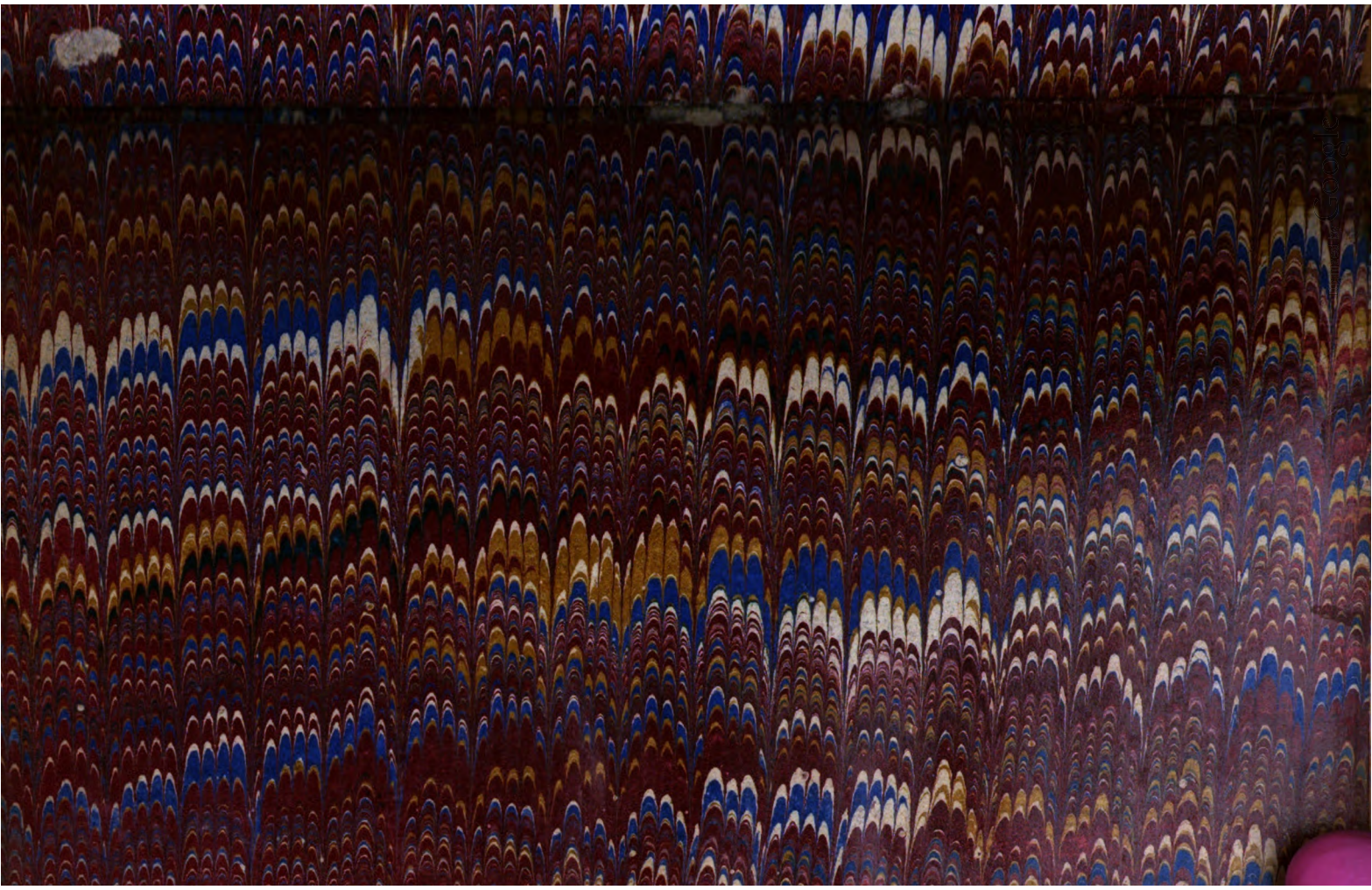

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